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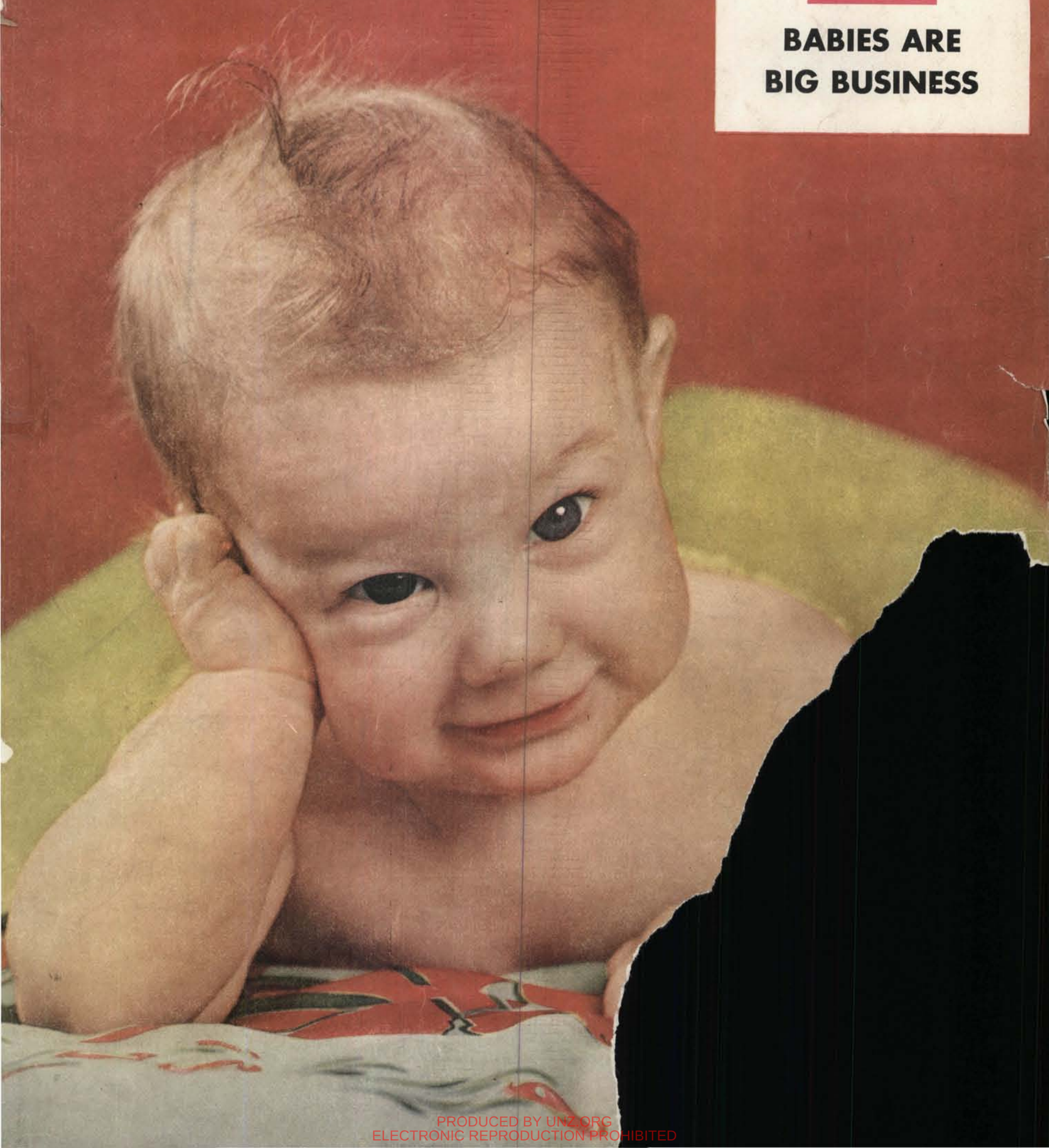
Collier's

May 3, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

HERBERT HOOVER
Tells His Story of
THE GREAT DEPRESSION

BABIES ARE BIG BUSINESS



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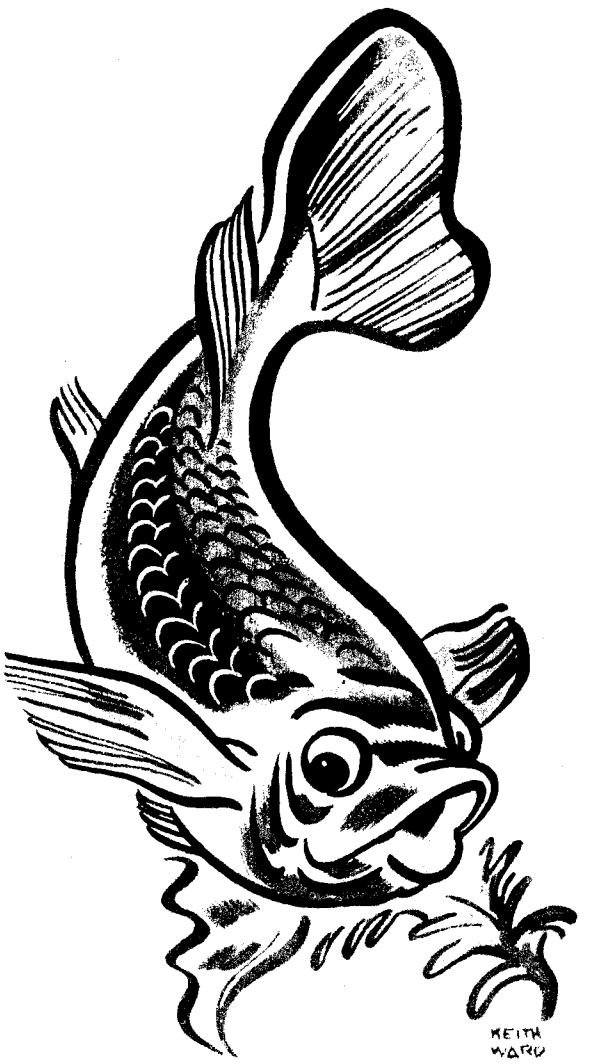

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puppy ... and a ... guppy

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"Ethyl" gasoline makes a worthwhile difference . . . because

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Picture OF THE MONTH

One of the nicest things that ever happened to the Navy is the rollicking new Technicolor musical "Skirts Ahoy"! M-G-M has brought up some of its biggest guns to sound this gay salute to America's mermaids, the Waves.

And who could make a better Wave than water queen Esther Williams? As a headstrong society girl, Esther joins up out of a desire to achieve something without her family's help. Her bunkmates turn out to be Joan Evans, a sweet and timid small-town girl who has been jilted at the altar, and blonde comedienne Vivian Blaine, (the doll of the stage hit "Guys and Dolls") who hopes to meet up with a certain sailor who dated her once!

In the frenzied activity of Great Lakes Naval Training Station the girls develop those qualities so important to a good sailor -- the camaraderie of the brig, and a hearty zest for griping!

You'll enjoy such song hits as "It Takes A Lot Of Water To Make A Wave", performed by Esther and the five DeMarco Sisters, the delightful novelty, "Hilda Matilda", and Vivian Blaine's rendition of "What Good Is A Gal Without A Guy"?

Navy technique comes to the aid of these ship-shapely sailors when they go on leave. Esther meets suave Barry Sullivan, Vivian rediscovers her sailor boyfriend, and Joan Evans' new-found confidence wins back the love of her former fiance, Keefe Brasselle. Incidentally, young and popular Brasselle reveals his singing talent in a smash ballad, "I Get A Funny Feeling".

"Skirts Ahoy!" abounds in musical specialties. Billy Eckstine, "Mr. B" himself, does a swoon-making screen debut singing "Hold Me Close".

Debbie Reynolds and Bobby Van contribute a happy song and dance sequence, and the tiny Tongay Aquatots join Esther Williams in an amazing underwater ballet. Joe Pasternak has produced "Skirts Ahoy!" with shrewd finesse, fitting a star-spangled cast and a variety of entertainment elements snugly and warmly together.

If you've been hoping these several years that the screen might yield another rousing entertainment like famed "Anchors Aweigh", here's your wish come true. You're bound to love these girls in Navy blue when you join the Waves and see the world of entertainment in "Skirts Ahoy!"

★ ★ ★

"SKIRTS AHOY!" starring ESTHER WILLIAMS, JOAN EVANS, VIVIAN BLAINE, Barry Sullivan, Keefe Brasselle, Billy Eckstine with The De Marco Sisters and Dean Miller. An M-G-M picture in color by Technicolor. Written by Isobel Lennart. Music by Harry Warren. Lyrics by Ralph Blane. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Produced by Joe Pasternak.

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May 3, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

This cheerful, quizzical citizen is young Phillip Meltzer, of Sunnyside, Long Island, who, with other folks his age, is currently celebrating National Baby Week. For Phillip, the celebration is a special one. His sister, Marion Sue, now five, was a Collier's cover girl on August 2, 1947. Both were snapped by Constance Bannister, famed baby photographer. For a new slant on our youngest generation, read Bill Davidson's Babies Are Big Business, on page 15.

Week's Mail

The Younger Generation

EDITOR: A resounding bravo for Our Teen-Agers—How Good Are Their Morals? (March 15th). The authors, Dr. Judson T. and Mary G. Landis, have written an able defense of the much-maligned younger generation.

In the course of my activities on behalf of the Paul Whiteman Teen Club of America, a national youth organization, I have the good fortune of meeting literally thousands of young people every week. Personally, I am very proud of our teen-agers and convinced that the future is in good hands.

Every Saturday night, after our TV Teen Club show on television, the Teen Club of America holds a dance for teen-agers in Philadelphia's Town Hall. The average attendance runs to about 2,000 kids. The dance and entertainment are good, clean fun, and the young folks love it. Boys and girls of all races and creeds and of diverse backgrounds mingle at these affairs. Yet we have never had any trouble of any kind.

It is my observation also, from my dealings with the hundreds of kids who audition each week for the TV and radio Teen shows, that the overwhelming majority of today's teen-agers are an industrious, serious lot.

We adults can solve the problem of mischievous kids by providing the teen-ager with guidance and wholesome outlets for his vast energy. It is no use telling kids where not to go unless you give them a happy, wholesome place where they *can* go for a good time.

PAUL WHITEMAN, Rosemont, N.J.

. . . As a representative of the group about which the article was written, I wish to extend my most sincere congratulation and appreciation to Collier's. Too often teen-agers are viewed through the jaundiced eye of hypercritical and overly prudish adults as living in debauchery and corruption. All teen-agers aren't rowdies, drunkards or dope addicts. They are people trying to adjust themselves to a rapidly changing society.

I have faith in our generation. Teen-agers of today are better informed than their parents. They have more and better schooling. Our schools are citadels of democracy—not "cesspools of vice," as newspapers seem to take such delight in portraying them.

Let's have a little more co-operation and less of the age-old enmity between the generations. LEON BENNETT, Paducah, Ky.

. . . Three cheers for your article on Our Teen-Agers.

The Miami Daily News has a Youth Roundup Club with 20,000 active members, teaching boys and girls from the first grade through high school everything from tap dancing to fencing.

The Dade County, Florida, Juvenile Court says there has not been one case of a Roundupper having a juvenile record.

BETTY WARD, Youth Editor,
Miami Daily News, Miami, Fla.

. . . I have read Dr. and Mrs. Landis' article with keen interest. As one who has given 37 years' service to 50,000 youngsters

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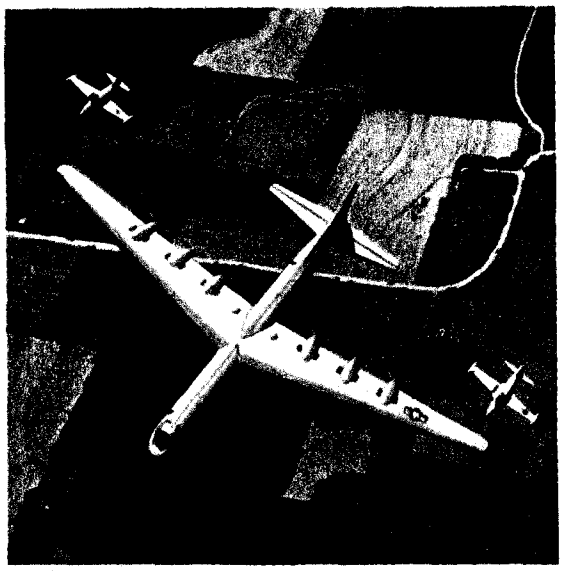
Radar fire control systems for the Navy's biggest guns.

Radar fire control systems for guns that guard our skies.



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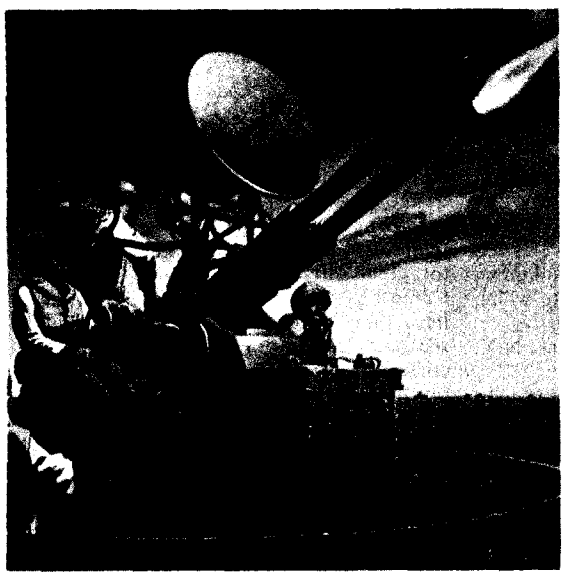
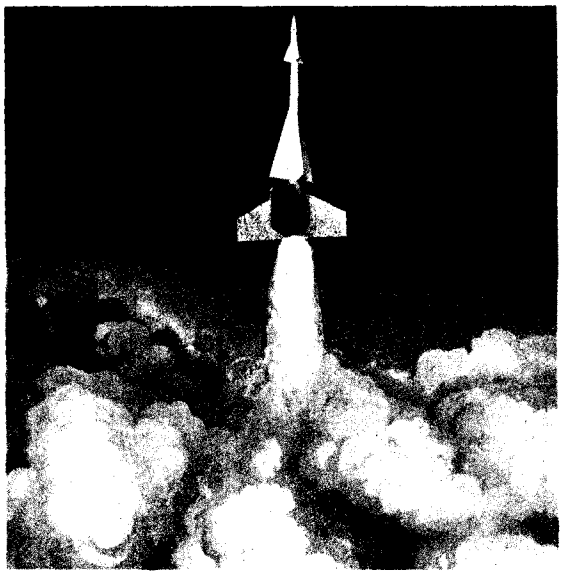


Radar fire control systems for naval anti-aircraft guns.

Multi-channel radio sets for military aircraft of all types.



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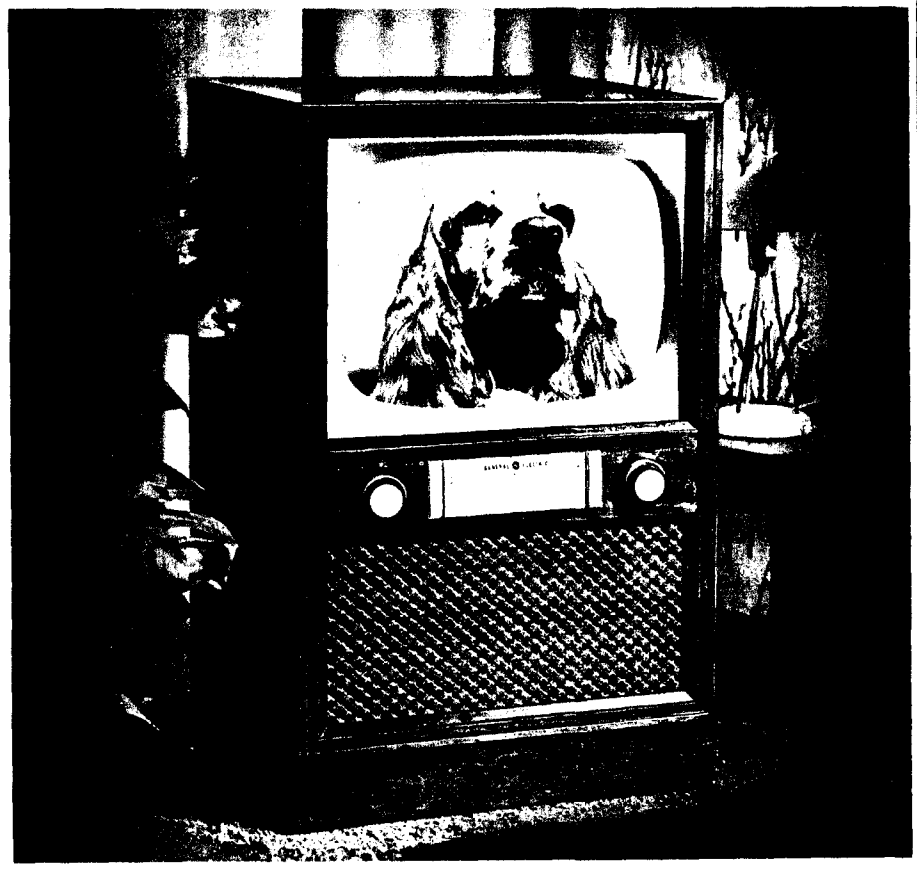

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of this age group, I would say you have made an excellent contribution.

I am a little disturbed over the authors' lack of information of one of the largest teen-age programs in America, the Y.M.C.A. movement for Hi-Y boys and Tri-Hi-Y girls, with a membership of 800,000 youth.

The Hi-Y movement for boys has been in operation since 1885, and the Tri-Hi-Y girls' movement (of which I was the originator) since 1924. Hundreds of Teen Towns, Teen-Age Canteens, etc., have been sponsored by these groups for many years.

REID O. BESSERER, Lakeport, N.H.

Wrong Roberts

EDITOR: In reference to your 1952 All-America basketball team (March 15th) I have been asked to inquire about your selection of Dave Roberts as honorable mention for the Pacific Coast.

Whether you know it or not, Dave Roberts didn't start a single conference game for Washington State this season and very few times did he play at all. On what basis, then, do you pay him such honors?

Perhaps you meant our All-Coast (Northern Division) forward Eric Roberts. Eric broke the Northern Division free-throw record this season; besides, he tallied enough points this season to keep himself among the leaders in PCC scoring.

By the way, just as a matter of clarification—Dave and Eric are not related.

BUD BENDIX, Pullman, Wash.

Eric was the Roberts intended. The trouble came about because all but one of the coaches on Collier's panel listed the players by last name only. We regret that we picked the wrong Roberts from Washington State's roster.

'52-Model Lexicography

EDITOR: In your editorial of March 15th The High Price of Innocence, you say: "There are two reasons why this New York State hassel is of interest to the country at large."

What, please, is a *hassel?* It is unknown to any of the standard dictionaries to which I have access, including the O.E.D.

ROBERT D. HOLRAN, New York, N.Y.

A hassel is somewhat akin to a rhubarb. If this current expression survives long enough to make the dictionaries, it will probably be defined as: argument, disagreement.

Mr. X

EDITOR: "Mr. X" Goes to Moscow, by Louis Cassels (March 15th), sounds good. We may not all agree with Mr. Kennan in some details, but let that go. He appears to know the Russian people and their leaders perhaps better than they know themselves. I for one am sure he hits the bull's-eye.

This new ambassador, being a trained diplomat, should stiffen our weak backbone in foreign affairs. In our diplomatic games we usually bet on a plug hat and striped pants. Naturally, the trained experts pull our leg. EDWARD E. HALL, Alhambra, Cal.

Q. & A.

EDITOR: A group of Past Presidents of our Women's Club asked me to review the article They're Sticking Stalin with a Pitchfork (Feb. 23d).

Their reaction was the same as mine had been when I read the article. It never should have been published.

Some of us have been subscribers to Collier's for many years. We feel that we have a right to ask some questions and have them answered. I hope that I may have an answer to take back to them when we meet again in May.

1. Is Collier's so hard up for sensational material to print that they are willing to betray these brave patriots, even down to the last detail of their operations?

2. Does Collier's believe there are no Communists in this country who read and report to Russia?

3. Finally, is it Collier's purpose to aid the Communist cause?

LENA M. EGGLESTON, South Pasadena, Cal.

1. The article in question was prepared with the co-operation and approval of these "betrayed" patriots.
2. We are quite sure that the Kremlin knew about the NTS before Collier's article appeared.
3. See letter from V. Sokolov-Samarin, Week's Mail, April 12th, in which a member of the NTS commends Collier's for "the most comprehensive and intelligent account of the revolutionary anti-Communist struggle . . ."

"Loved Every Minute"

EDITOR: I enjoyed Rosemary Wright's The Generals Call Me "Mom" (March 15th), particularly her reference to "the 3d Cavalry," which my husband was in prior to World War II. He was in the famed "President's Own" 3d U.S. Cavalry Mounted Band.

As an Army wife of 15 years, I can join Rosemary Wright in saying of the Army, "I've loved every minute of it." Even with my husband now in Korea, I look forward to many more years of excitement as part of our great United States Army.

MRS. GEORGE B. GUTHRIDGE, JR., Vancouver, Wash.

Camp Fire Anniversary

EDITOR: After reading the article Girl Scouts Are Good Scouts (March 15th), and then noting the references made to the "campfire girls" in the article about Harry Wilson (same issue), I am a little annoyed at the obvious lack of attention given to those references.

That the Girl Scouts are equally as fine an organization as the Camp Fire Girls and quite deserving of the two-page picture spread devoted to them on the occasion of their 40th anniversary I would be the first to agree. However, when reference to the Camp Fire Girls is made in an article, I believe they are equally deserving of proper recognition. As you will note above, the correct and familiar name of the organization is the Camp Fire Girls—three words, all capitalized. Also, the units in which the girls meet are known as groups, not "chapters."

I might add that the Camp Fire Girls are also celebrating the anniversary of their founding in 1910, this month. Unknown to most, the Camp Fire Girls are the older of the two organizations!

JANE L. BICKNELL, Ithaca, N.Y.

Educator of Presidents

EDITOR: I found the article by George Stimpson, What You *Don't* Know about Our Presidents (March 8th), very interesting. However, I have found that a venerable institution, the College of William & Mary in Virginia, has been done an injustice. W & M has educated three Presidents —not only Jefferson and Tyler, but also James Monroe.

With a stretch or two we can add Peyton Randolph, the first President of the Continental Congress, and George Washington, who received his surveyor's license at the college.

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR JACKS,
MR. AND MRS. EUGENE ZUCH,
Bronxville, N.Y.

Missing Buttons

EDITOR: Commenting upon Joan Gustafson's letter regarding the photograph of Comrade Zhukov's missing button (Week's Mail, March 15th), it seems unlikely that it will result in any disciplinary action.

People in possession of *all* their buttons would hardly be expected to be loyal Communists, or to follow the party line.

GRANVILLE V. FOY, Essex, Conn.

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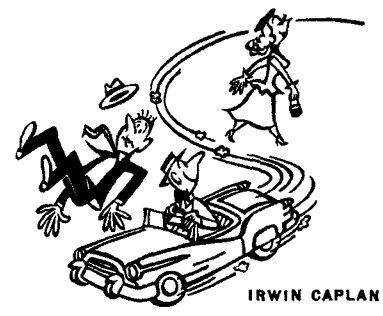
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We have received intelligence to the effect that more than a thousand electronic brains, robot intellects, quick computers, thinking machines and such now are operating in America, helping us arrive at our 48 States of Mind. Like the fabulous Mark One, the Reac, the Binac, the Seac, Univac, Eniac and the Swac, the last of which can solve 150 algebraic equations simultaneously. "And look at us," cries Mr. Mal Donkhoerst, of Flint, Michigan. "It ain't the machines' fault, but maybe we better go back to trying to get along with the few personal brains God gave us."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Raymond D. Jewett, safety director of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Automobile Club, has made an analysis of traffic pedestrian accidents reported by the


IRWIN CAPLAN

National Pedestrian Protection Contest Committee, which sponsored a competition to determine the safest cities in this respect. Mr. Jewett finds that of 29,304 pedestrians injured by cars in 1951, only 9,304 were women—better than three to one in favor of the fairer, and more cautious, sex.

★ ★ ★

Why can't we get somebody working in Washington who can parlay a thousand dollars' worth of something the government already owns into three-four hundred grand that the government could use? This absurdly simple question is asked by Mr. Ray B. Jones, of New Orleans. "Why," asks Mr. Jones reasonably, "should the government ask me for more taxes to buy something that will soon be sold for a few bucks to some smart egg who will sell it to some other jockey for more than it cost in the first place?" We are trying to work out an answer to this question.

★ ★ ★

Somebody tried to burn down the Internal Revenue Building in Burlington, Vermont. The residents were taking that in stride until the police spoke up. Police said it was a mystery. Astonished everybody.

★ ★ ★

Among the problems OPS director Ellis Arnall is asked to solve is a shortage of hair for the tails of hobbyhorses. The gentleman slipping us this piece of discouraging information, a hobbyhorse manufacturer, doesn't want his name used lest he be called before a Congressional investigating committee. "Shortages in steel and aluminum were bad enough," says he glumly, "but this is just about the end of the vanishing American way of life."

★ ★ ★

An equally discouraging report comes from Canada—from Mr. Duff Canavain, of Edmonton, to be precise. Seems that in Alberta you can buy all the land you want, but the provincial government owns the minerals beneath. Which led one farmer to remark to Mr. Canavain: "Me? I own three hundred acres. Own 'em heaven high. Government owns them hell deep. Breathe good, mister. It's anybody's air."

★ ★ ★

Once there was a sultan or something in the Near East or somewhere whose harem was located five miles from his palace. (At least, those are the details we get from Mr. George Ekonomopolis, of St. Louis, Missouri.) This sultan had a very nimble bodyguard whose daily duty it was to ankle to the harem and fetch back a couple of entertaining wives. But one day this bodyguard dropped dead. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-seven. The sultan didn't pass on until he was ninety. And it all goes to prove, says Mr. Ekonomopolis, that it's not women who kill you, but the constant running after them.

★ ★ ★

And North Carolina's Supreme Court granted a new trial to a gent convicted of giving a boy $50 for burning down a store and dance hall. Reason: court held that the prosecutor had not proved that the building thus destroyed was a building. Which prompted a word of advice from the Raleigh News and Observer. Next time, suggested the newspaper, after the unfortunate prosecutor has demonstrated to the court's satisfaction that it was indeed a building that burned down, he "had better also prove that the fire that burned it down was a fire." Nothing like being sure.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Irving Goldfrap, of Billings, Montana, received an ad in his mail informing him that a trip around the world was just the thing for him, and would cost a mere $21,000. Mr. Goldfrap figured this to mean about $500 a day. He answered immediately. Said he'd be glad to take about fifteen minutes' worth.

★ ★ ★

Scientists at Ohio State University are trying to record the sounds made by the stars. They hope to broadcast it. Mrs. Annette M. Loam, of Cleveland, has written

them to lay off, reminding them that this is an election year and that there's too much noise here already.

★ ★ ★

Having just about exhausted itself by passing a law forbidding gents to peer, after dark, into windows of rooms occupied by ladies, the Alabama legislature hauled off and, amidst general rejoicing, passed another making it unlawful "for horses, mares, mules, jacks, jennies, colts, cows, calves, yearlings, bulls, oxen, sheep, goats, lambs, kids, hogs, shoats and pigs to go at large in any county in the state." Studying this act carefully, Mr. Wayne H. Weaver, lawyer,

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NO MATTER WHAT THE OCCASION...

Give the pen that gives the most~

Eversharp

Most Beauty—Most Value—
Most Advanced Writing Features . . .
For Smoother, Easier, *Better* Writing!

ONLY EVERSHARP GIVES ALL THESE—

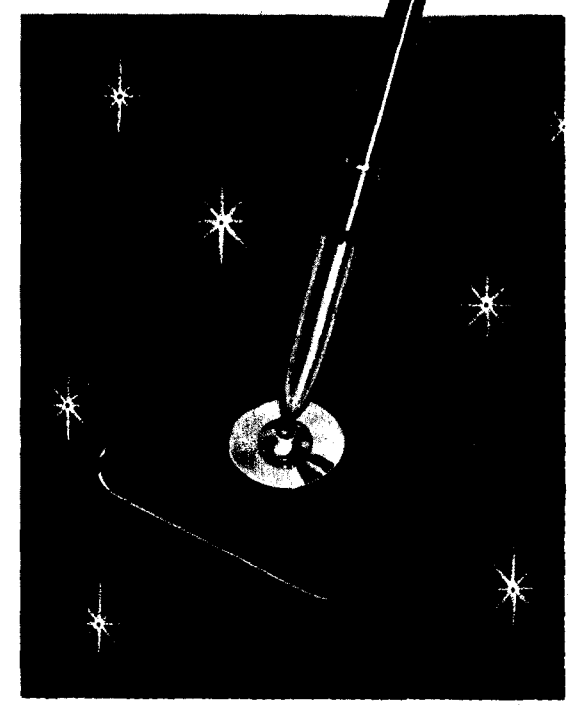
WRITES INSTANTLY. Magic Feed—found only in Eversharp — prevents flooding, leaking. Gives you instant starting, controlled flow.

WRITES CLEANER. Positive Flip-Fill. Cleanest, fastest way to fill a pen. Just flip the lever —and pen's brim-full. No finger staining.

WRITES SMOOTHER. 14 Karat Gold Points, extra-large. *Hand-wrought.* Velvet-smooth. Styled for *every* hand . . . every writing need.

WRITES LONGER. Special Breather Tube *insures largest ink capacity ever.* You write more words—more easily—without refilling.

• *Eversharp is the only pen tested and approved by the United States Testing Company for its excellent craftsmanship and writing qualities.*



Distinguished Gift for Home or Office

LUXURIOUS DESK SET

Lustrous solid jet black glass base. Streamlined, gold-plated humidor that keeps pen moist—ready for instant use always . . .

$10.65 (F. E. Tax Incl.)

Pen with silver-colored cap and gold filled band—hand-wrought 14 kt. Gold Point . . .

$5.75 (F. E. Tax Incl.)

Complete set in handsome gift case—includes famous matching Eversharp Repeater Pencil that "automatically" feeds new points when you need new points . . .

$10.00 (F. E. Tax Incl.)

Other EVERSHARP Sets — $7.00 to $125.00

IT'S EVERSHARP FOR EVERYONE . . .

Graduate, Bride and Groom, Mother and Dad

When you see Eversharp's magnificent beauty . . . when you realize that *no other pen* gives such superb writing performance—day in and day out throughout the years . . . you'll be pleasantly surprised at the remarkably low prices. You'll agree that here is the smartest gift for everyone on your list — including yourself. *Today* choose this most welcome of all gifts — a brilliantly styled Eversharp Pen and Pencil Set!

GIVE EVERSHARP — AND YOU GIVE THE FINEST!

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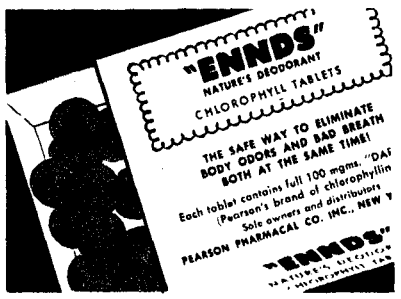
STOP TRIPLE "O"

...don't let any odor offense come between you!


"ENNDS"
NATURE'S DEODORANT
CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS
THE SAFE WAY TO ELIMINATE BODY ODORS AND BAD BREATH BOTH AT THE SAME TIME!
Each tablet contains full 100 mgms. "DAF"
(Pearson's brand of chlorophyllin
Sole owners and distributors
PEARSON PHARMACAL CO. INC., NEW Y
"ENNDS"

HIGH POTENCY "ENNDS"

more effective than any other chlorophyll product—act faster, longer, more thoroughly to stop all odor offense all day!

YOU READ in Reader's Digest how chlorophyll, Nature's most effective deodorant, has miraculous power to stop odors of breath and body *both at once!*

Now, here's even greater news! America's most popular chlorophyll tablets, *high potency* "ENNDS", have power to protect you from *all three* forms of odor offense (breath, body and OTHER personal odors)...faster, longer, more completely than ever before possible!

Protect you from TRIPLE "O" all day!

Yes, *high potency* "ENNDS" go to work *at once*...are so effective that just one or two tablets stop TRIPLE "O" for all day!

You see, "ENNDS" are made from a more potent *form* of chlorophyll that acts faster, longer, more thoroughly throughout your system than any other chlorophyll product. *High potency* "ENNDS" tablets are triple effective.

High potency "ENNDS" stop not only breath and perspiration odors. They act internally even to check odors of "difficult days" and other odors people don't discuss. They keep you *fresh as a daisy* . . . from head to toe!

"ENNDS" are *guaranteed* to stop TRIPLE "O"...or money back! You wouldn't *expect* such protection from chewing gum or candy substitutes, or from old-fashioned deodorants, mouthwashes, toothpastes or so-called "deodorant" soaps that act only on the surface!

High potency "ENNDS"* Chlorophyll Tablets are completely safe—pleasant tasting! At drug counters everywhere.

Over 90% stopped TRIPLE "O" in clinical test

Scientific odor test . . . with hundreds of examinations of factory and office workers proved that "ENNDS" stopped Triple "O" worries as never before possible! You see, high potency "ENNDS" act inside body (where odors start) to destroy all personal odors...keep you safe from offending *always!*

Trial Size—49¢ • Pocket Size—$1.25 • Economy Size—$2.75 • Hospital Size—$12.50

Also available in Canada

"ENNDS" contain "Darotol," Pearson's special brand of high potency chlorophyllins

"ENNDS"

CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

of Haleyville, Alabama, discovers that no provision for notifying the animals is included. Moreover, no punishment for the wandering brute is stipulated.

★ ★ ★

Now that spring is here, husbands relax. They grow kinder, gentler, more solicitous for the welfare of the little woman. Wives appear in public with fewer shiners. That's a fact. In short, wife beating declines as the weather becomes less irritating. For example, the Atlanta police find that it's in the chilling months of winter and the frying weeks of July and August that gents are more likely to haul off and paste the ladies. In Detroit, we're told, most of the slugging occurs in December, January and February, with a tapering off until August when, we're glad to say, the wife doesn't get kicked around quite as much as she does in Atlanta. Incidentally, it isn't illegal to beat your wife in Atlanta, which has nothing to do, of course, with this survey anyway. The idea is that when the weather is reasonable, so is the old man.

★ ★ ★

A gentleman in Virginia was arrested for being drunk and letting everybody within several miles in on his secret. He explained to the judge that hillbilly music via radio was responsible. Just had to take a few drinks when he heard it comin' round the mountain. The judge turned him loose, agreeing that it did help.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of the approaching ballot rodeo, we snatch the opportunity to tell you about a comfortable chat we had with a fellow who directs TV shows. Somewhat more than 60,000,000 Americans will watch the two conventions on their video screens. A mere handful—say 4,000,000—did it in 1948. Aspirants and, subsequently, candidates will be introduced, and Heaven help the guys who make Mortimer Snerds of themselves. So, this TV guy was telling us, candidates of all calibers—for governor, Congress and the White House—are taking "TV Presence Courses." What to do with their hands. What their best photo angles are. How to control the Adam's apple and still evade a hangdog look. How to hold shoulders back and still not strut. How to smile without looking like a stricken gargoyle. How to tell a joke on TV. This last is important. The TV director told us that it's disastrous to laugh heartily at the gag you've just tossed to your unseen audiences only to find you were the only one convulsed. There was a lot more to it, including some tart comments on personalities, but this gives you the idea—we hope.

★ ★ ★

We suspect there was a time when schoolboys almost everywhere in these 48 were frequently reminded that every one of them had a chance of someday becoming President. Things seem to have changed a bit. For example, there was that little fellow in a California school who asked his teacher whether it was true that he might, a little later, be the occupant of the White House. "It is indeed," said she gloomily. "That is one of the risks which all little American boys must take."

★ ★ ★

The next witness in this Fort Smith, Arkansas, court was an eight-year-old boy. The judge was very fatherly. Gently, he asked the lad if he knew what would happen to him should he fail to tell the truth. "Sir," said the boy. "I'd be thrown out of the Cub Scouts." Your witness, counselor.

★ ★ ★

There are 100 members of the Colorado legislature. To help these statesmen come to proper decisions and vote accordingly, there are 102 lobbyists milling around the halls of the Capitol in Denver. What the extra two do is now being investigated by our correspondent, who says they are presently regarded as just "at large."

COLLIER'S

"This wasn't my lucky day—unfortunately for my client"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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It's a matter of Opinion

Safe or Out? Depends on which team you're rooting for . . .

. . . BUT IT'S A FACT THAT HAVOLINE IS THE BEST MOTOR OIL YOUR MONEY CAN BUY

Whether you just bought a new model or have had that car of yours for years, take advantage of this big new advance in engine lubrication: Custom-Made Havoline Motor Oil. Havoline actually *exceeds* Heavy Duty requirements.

This makes Havoline right for *new* cars, with engine clearances demanding Heavy Duty motor oil qualities. For any car, new or old, this Heavy Duty motor oil means more power, improved gasoline mileage, longer engine life, fewer repairs. For Custom-Made Havoline, see your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

CUSTOM-MADE HAVOLINE MOTOR OIL EXCEEDS HEAVY DUTY REQUIREMENTS

TEXACO

Faithfully yours 50 for Fifty Years

TUNE IN . . . TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE on television every Tuesday night. See newspaper for time and station.

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Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.

MANY FAMILIES SAY THEY

save $120 each year

Mrs. M. S. Broder of Los Angeles, Cal. is enthusiastic about her "discovery"... just as so many other G-E Freezer owners are. She writes:

"Just a year ago, my husband insisted that we get a G-E Food Freezer because we would save so much money. Frankly, I was skeptical, but since I keep an accurate record of all food bills, it was easy to make a dollar for dollar comparison.

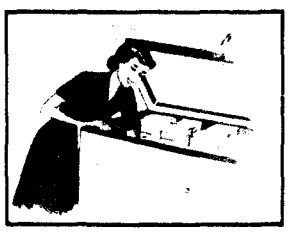
"Well, the trial year is up, and we saved over $120—more than enough to keep the freezer paying for itself. Furthermore, I no longer waste precious morning hours rushing to market to beat the crowd to the freshest vegetables and the tenderest cuts of meat. Now I plan my menus leisurely."

New G-E Freezer takes no more space than a desk!

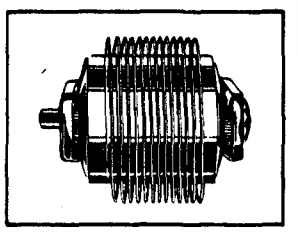
This new full 11-cu-ft G-E Food Freezer holds 389 pounds of frozen foods. Yet, it takes little floor space, for it is only 48" in length. Built into this spacious G-E Freezer are new engineering advancements that are not available in any other freezer.

See for yourself why, dollar for dollar, the new G-E Food Freezer is your best buy. See your G-E dealer. General Electric Company, Louisville 2, Kentucky.

20 per cent quieter than previous, quiet G-E models. G. E. uses a *natural* draft instead of fans.



Even a small woman can reach into every corner. It is only 25 inches deep, yet holds so much.

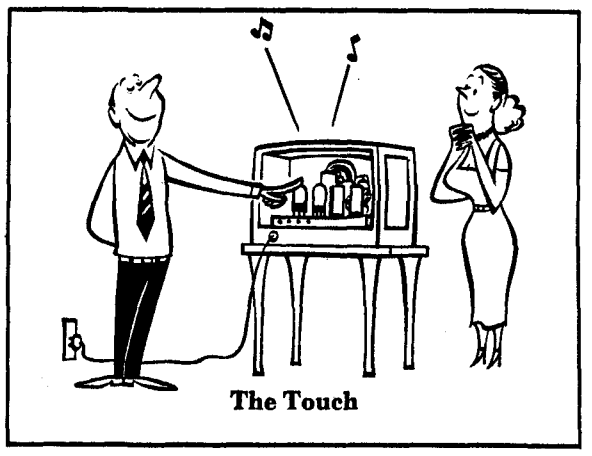


Cost 13 per cent less to operate than former economical models. G-E Freezers are *fundamentally* thrifty.

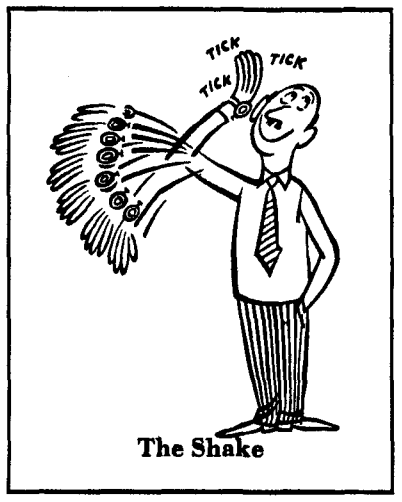
GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Old Know-How

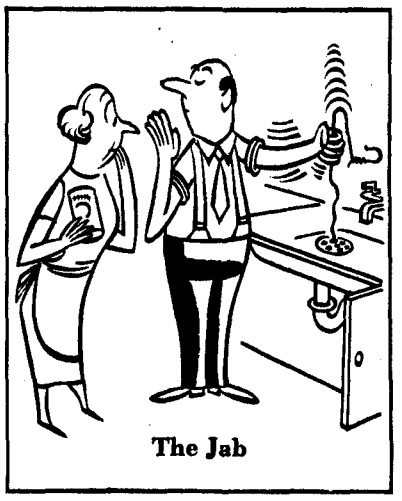
By IRWIN CAPLAN



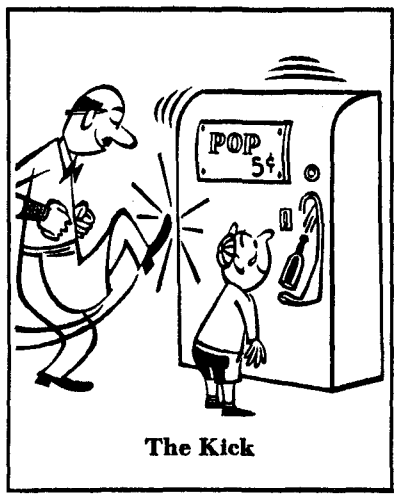
The Touch



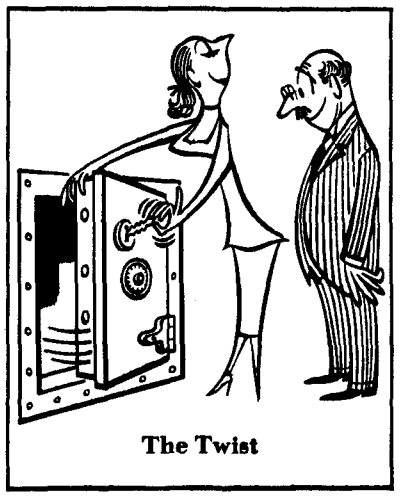
The Shake



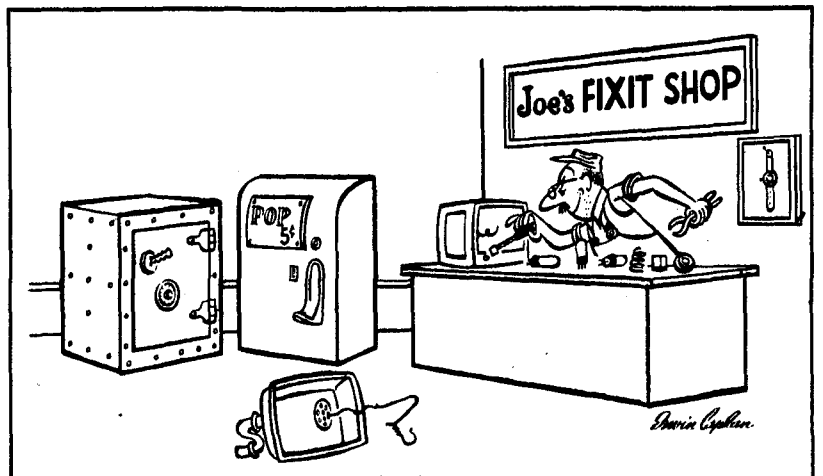
The Jab



The Kick



The Twist



The End

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Here's the MONTAMOWER Story

TRIMS AS IT CUTS

The **MontaMower** story is the story about how thousands upon thousands of people are now mowing their lawns in less time than they ever did before . . . with scarcely half the effort. It's the story about how a basic advancement in lawn mower design and operating principle will enable you to:

- Mow and trim your lawn in one easy operation.
- Mow right up to walls, trees, shrubs, fences, around close quarter borders . . . with practically no grass left to trim by hand.
- Smoothly cut a full standard 16" swath . . . without dandelions, spike grass and weeds (even those that always grow back after you've done your work).
- Mow up, down, or across slopes . . . without scalping the crown . . . with the greatest of ease. (The MontaMower weighs only 8½ lbs. without engine, easily and efficiently.)

And the best part of the MontaMower story is the fact that unsolicited testimonials from thousands of satisfied owners everywhere have convinced us that it does just that!—on your own lawn, under your own terms, the time, low priced MontaMower will prove itself superior to any other type of hand operated mower. So, we say to you "TRY IT on your own lawn . . . ON APPROVAL . . . with our WRITTEN GUARANTEE!"

Write today for full details on this amazing offer.

TRIMS CLOSE TO WALLS - TREES SHRUBS - FENCES

SO DESIGNED, IT CANNOT SCALP TERRACE CROWN

Weighs only 8½ lbs.

CUTS A FULL STANDARD 16" SWATH

CUTS TALL LAWN WEEDS WITH GRASS

SOLD DIRECT ONLY NO AGENTS NO DEALERS

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY — PASTE ON A POST CARD (if possible, for quickest reply.)

MONTAMOWER DISTRIBUTING CO. *Sales and General Offices*
C.L. 25 KEELER BLDG., GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICHIGAN

Gentlemen: Without obligation, kindly send me completely illustrated, descriptive literature, price, guarantee information, and full details of your amazing "Try it on your lawn" Approval Offer.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE__ STATE_____

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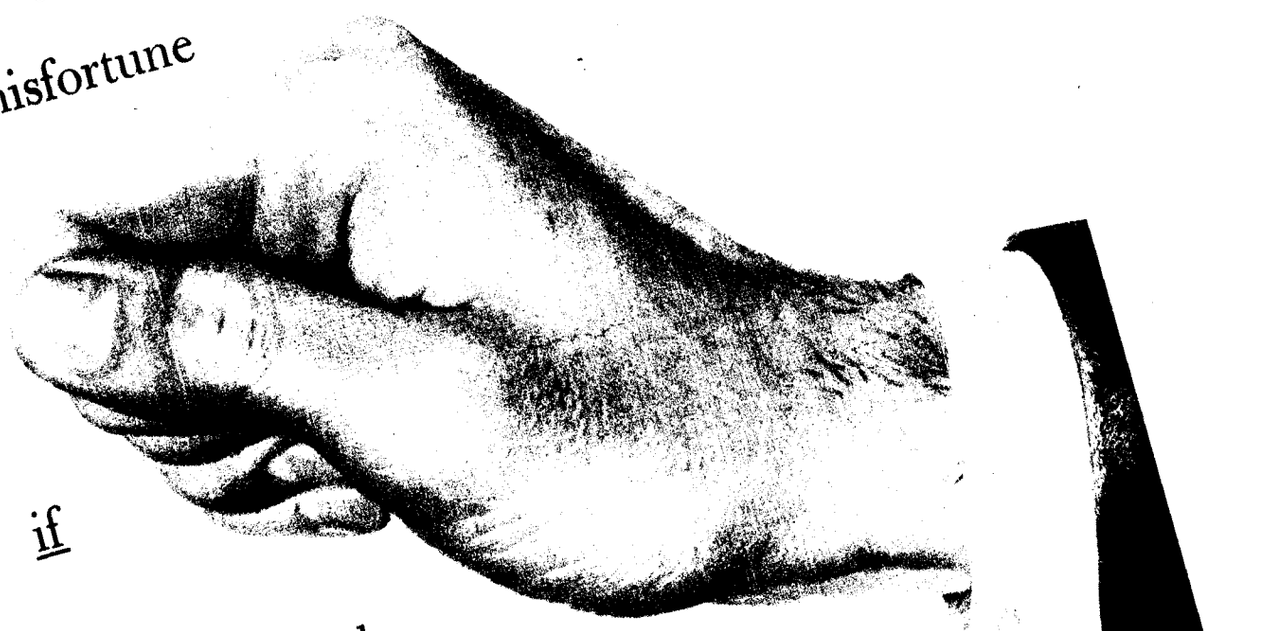
Knocking on wood
is an unreliable way
to forestall misfortune.
But
it can minimize
the financial hurt
of misfortune



if
the wood
is your door
and the hand is
the hand of a
Travelers agent.

MEMBER INSURE IT
The Travelers
ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS
The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insuring public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

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Boom in baby businesses coincided with the high postwar birth rate. Today's toys for tots are safe, educational and varied

Babies Are BIG Business

By BILL DAVIDSON

One of the phenomena of present-day America is the huge $5,000,000,000 industry that has arisen to meet infant needs. Business is so good, it is fast outgrowing its diapers

A FEW years ago, a Brooklyn government worker named Vernon Eisel stood looking down into the crib of his four-month-old daughter, one of a pair of prematurely born twins. His heart ached as he listened to the anguished wailing of the infant, whose damaged neck muscles made it almost impossible for her to move her head. Only exercise could correct the situation. But how can you get a four-month-old baby to exercise? The child seemed destined to suffer until she was old enough to undergo physical therapy.

But as he watched her, Eisel had an idea. He went to his basement and found a length of lightweight steel chain he had discarded the day before. He threaded the chain through a rubber tube, to which he attached two brightly colored handles and a cluster of tinkling bells. Then he strung the contraption across the crib where the child was still softly crying—hooking it on with a spring from the top of a bird cage.

While the anxious father watched, the infant cast a suspicious eye at the foreign intruder in her crib. Baby-like, however, she seized one of the colored handles. This caused the bells to jingle, and slowly, ever so slowly, her eyes, then her head turned the tiniest bit in the direction of the sound. The infant stopped crying. She began to yank happily on the chain, exercising her pathetically puny arm and neck muscles for the first time. Eisel shouted joyously to his wife to come and see.

In six weeks, the muscle damage had been repaired and the infant had full motion of her head. Little more than a year later, Eisel sold the device to one of the leading toy manufacturers, Childhood Interests, Inc., which marketed it under the name "Cradle Gym." And in a ceremony just a few weeks ago, after more than 4,000,000 Cradle Gyms had been sold, Eisel was presented with a check for his 100,000th dollar in royalties.

Eisel's case may sound like an isolated get-rich-quick story, but actually it is only a minor incident in an astounding national development—the big boom in baby businesses. American industry has seldom seen anything like it. Since the end of World War II—according to Walter T. Hudson,

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editor of the pioneer infants' and children's wear trade publication, Earnshaw's Magazine—the baby business has rocketed to an all-time high of more than five *billion* dollars! There isn't a single segment of the industry moreover, that doesn't show an increase of at least several hundred per cent since the beginning of the war.

Toy sales, for instance, shot up from $150,000,000 in 1939 to $750,000,000 in 1951; baby foods hit their all-time peak in 1951 with a sales volume of over $200,000,000 for a gain of some 600 per cent over 1939; while the baby-furniture business spurted 500 per cent since 1945 alone, with one top manufacturer, Thayer, Inc., of Gardner, Massachusetts, posting an almost-unbelievable rise from $200,000 in 1939 to more than $8,000,000 in 1951, an increase of no less than *3,900 per cent!*

The U.S. Public Health Service reports that the number of pediatricians in the United States rose from 2,400 in 1940 to more than 5,000 in 1951; the U.S. Department of Commerce estimates that the number of diaper services rose from a handful before the war to 384 in 1948 and 725 in 1952; and the U.S. Government Printing Office announced that in 1951 it had distributed 1,692,456 copies of its all-time "best seller," a handbook called Infant Care sponsored by the Children's Bureau. All over the country, department stores expanded their infants' departments and reported that 1951 was their peak year in the sale of baby items.

Filene's in Boston, for example, was up 375 per cent over 1940, and Dayton's in Minneapolis was up nearly 400 per cent. In Dallas, Sanger Brothers had so much business in kids' items that they converted their entire suburban Preston Road store into a children's shop. A new million-dollar food emporium in Lancaster, Pennsylvania—the Best Market—put in a children's clothing and accessory department. And a French newspaperman named Pierre André reported, as a modern-day American phenomenon, that "even before a new housing project is completed anywhere in America, a so-called 'neighborhood baby shop' generally is opened across the street and waiting for the new tenants to move in."

Parents Who Do Their Own Inventing

There are several reasons for all this prosperity. For one thing, America's birth rate reached one of its all-time highs in 1951, with the U.S. Census Bureau estimating 3,900,000 newborn infants for the year. This is the key fact, but the big business in babies also is traceable to the needs and ingenuity of thousands of Vernon Eisels all over the country. As Lee Friend, president of an advertising agency which specializes in baby products, put it, "Before the war, the baby businesses were small and, in some cases, practically nonexistent. Then, from 1940 on, a lot of young people became parents and realized for the first time how many basic items for raising infants hadn't even been invented yet. So they invented the items themselves.

"Then, many of them reflected on the fact that the baby business was a virtually untouched field, that it required very little capital, and that in its undeveloped state they knew as much about it as anyone else. As a result, a tremendous amount of American ingenuity and talent funneled into this one field. And that's why the baby business today is the wildest, most competitive, most hectic, most genius-studded, most wonderful industry to work in. It's a genuine business of ideas."

Nearly every recent parent knows that Friend is right—and certainly in the use of the adjectives "competitive" and "hectic." In most communities it has become something of a necessity of late for the American female to go into semiseclusion after becoming pregnant, because almost immediately she is bowled over by a barrage of salesmen at her door, peddling diaper services, baby magazines, baby foods, cribs, carriages, high chairs, bibs, nursing bottles, formulas and all other items of small-fry equipment.

As buyer Ellen Powell of Rich's department store in Atlanta pointed out, "It's one of the greatest mysteries of all time how they find out so soon that a baby's due." But find out they do, and the barrage does not let up for months.

Before the mother gets home from the hospital, trial supplies of diapers from competing diaper services are waiting for her outside her front door. On Long Island, rivalry has become so intense among baby photographers that the wife of a New York editor was solicited by phone when she was in her sixth month of pregnancy. "It's a little ridiculous to talk about photographs of the baby," the editor's wife protested, "when the child isn't even born yet." To which the photographer replied, "Perhaps. But at least I got to you ahead of my competitors."

The same wild competition exists on the creative levels, too, but here the battle of ideas is more channelized. Also the basic pattern is more clearly discernible over and over again: the ingenious young parent marketing an item which he developed out of the needs in his own family.

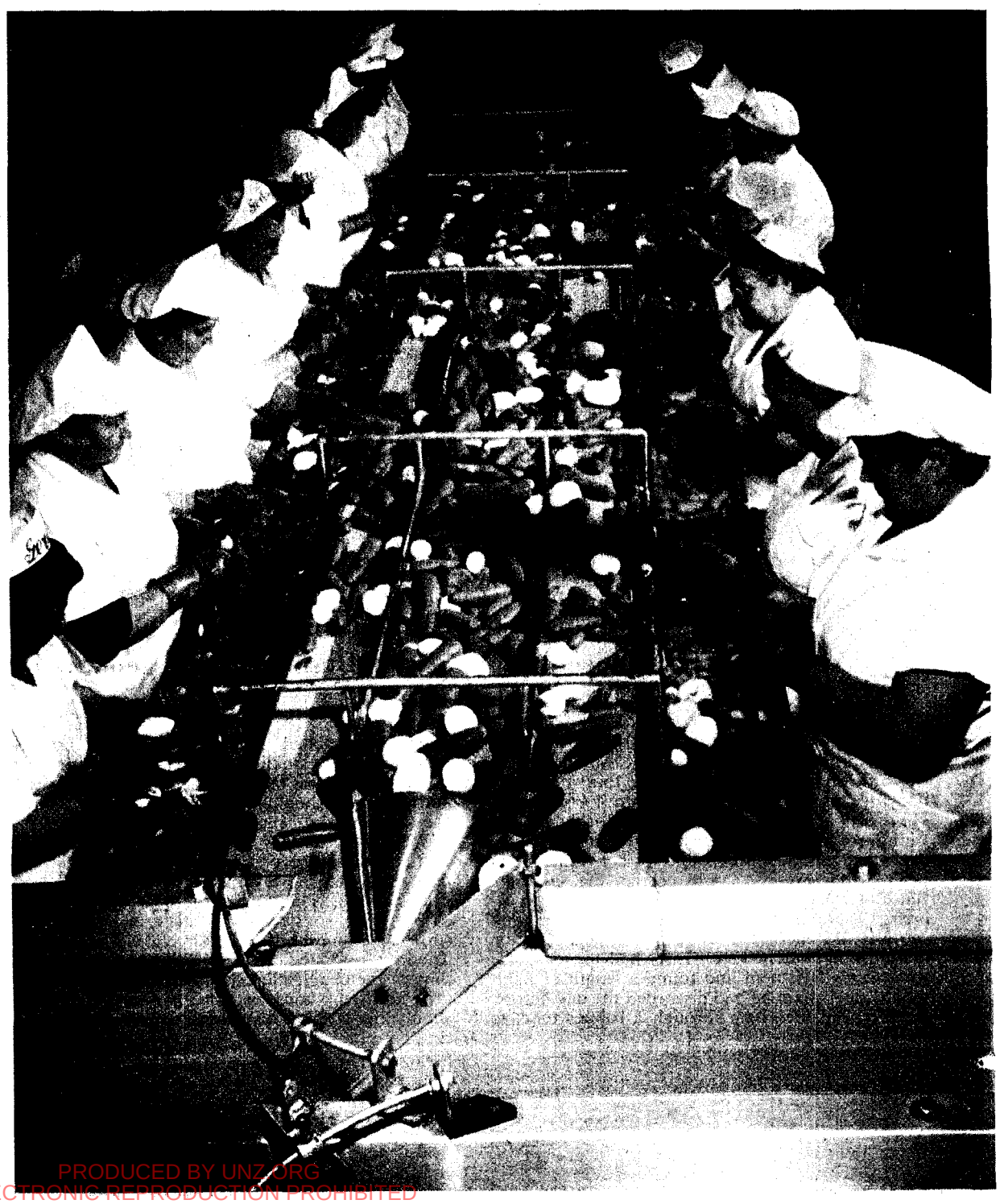
In 1940, for example, a twenty-seven-year-old Los Angeles building contractor named A. E. Peterson was driving his wife and one-and-a-half-year-old son Ronnie to the San Francisco Fair. His wife unleashed a tirade against the heavy, nonfolding, steel baby stroller which they had to wrestle from the rear seat of the car every time they stopped. "Why doesn't someone make these things so that they fold up?" she complained. Actually there *were* folding strollers on the market at the time, but they were heavy and unwieldy, and this set Peterson to thinking.

He thereupon built a stroller for himself out of tubular aluminum and canvas. The contraption was so light that he could fold it up and carry it in a suit box under his arm. When his neighbors asked him to make duplicates for them, his thinking continued apace.

During the war, he went to work as a machinist at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation to learn manufacturing methods, and in 1946 he astounded his acquaintances by announcing that he was giving up his career as a building contractor and sinking every nickel of his meager capital into a new factory that would manufacture a lightweight, 10-pound-12-ounce, folding stroller-walker-shopping-basket combination, which he was going to call the "Folda-Rola."

Today, some 400,000 Folda-Rolas have been sold, and Peterson (whose company grossed $1,250,000 last year) is well on the way to becoming a wealthy man. Nearly every competing manufacturer has put a similar product on the market. The lightweight stroller has replaced the heavy baby carriage in thousands of small homes, and it is a boon to the suburban mother who now puts baby and stroller into the family car and takes both with her wherever she goes. Stores like J. W. Robinson in Beverly Hills maintain fleets of Folda-Rolas, and so do eateries like renowned Knott's Berry Farm in Buena Park, near Los Angeles.

Another example of baby business ingenuity is provided by a thirty-six-year-old gentleman from Minneapolis named Nate Supak. Before the war, Supak's father owned a small factory which manufactured men's Mackinaws and leather jackets, and when the depression forced the youngster to leave the University of Minnesota, he joined his father's organization as a salesman covering Texas and other Southwestern states. "It was then," Supak says, "that it became plain to me that if a man had just one dollar in his pocket, he'd spend it on his baby first. I knew because I found myself doing exactly that." *(Continued on page 33)*



Health and safety standards are scrupulously observed in multimillion-dollar baby-food business. Here, rubber-gloved women workers prepare vegetables in spotless surroundings

JACK MANNING

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CONSTANCE BANNISTER

Well-clothed modern infants have gay and practical outfits for all seasons. The well-located zippers and catches make dressing a snap

CONSTANCE BANNISTER

Almost unknown ten years ago, cradle exercisers now are found in cribs across the nation. Infants like these bodybuilders

CONSTANCE BANNISTER

Baby toiletries also have expanded greatly. Today's youngster gets scientifically prepared skin lotions—just like his mother

Department stores, which have seen the sale of baby items leap fabulously, are continually adding space to infants' displays

PHOTOGRAPHY, INC.

Debra Stephen, 1½, has a ride in multipurpose stroller in a Los Angeles market. Debby sits in front, purchases go in back

JOHN FLOREA

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San Francisco Chronicle

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LEADING NEWSPAPER OF THE PACIFIC COAST

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1929

WEATHER
FRIDAY

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Serious Dance Hall Protests

DROP IN STOCKS

ROPES SHOW

The Washington Post.

BANKERS ACT TO CURB STOCK PANIC

FALL VERDICT MAY BE GIVEN

DEFENSE LOBBY

POLICE FORCE

TIDE IS TURNED

BANK HEADS CONFER ON STOCKS DEBACLE

SALES RECORD

The New York Times.

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

THE WEATHER

INGHAM ACCUSES SENATORS OF PLOT TO BESMIRCH HIM; NORRIS TO ASK FOR CENSURE

SENATORS RENEW DEMAND ON HOOVER FOR TARIFF STAND

EUROPE IS DISTURBED BY AMERICAN ACTION ON OCCUPATION DEBT

STOCK PRICES SLUMP $14,000,000,000 IN NATION-WIDE STAMPEDE TO UNLOAD; BANKERS TO SUPPORT MARKET TODAY

The Boston Daily Globe

BIG CRASH AND RALLY IN STOCKS

All Records for Severity of Decline Broken---12,894,650 Shares Traded In, a New High Mark---Tape 160 Behind at Close---Pool Formed

Morgan Office at Conference of Bankers

IN THIS PAPER you will find daily the telegraphic services of the ASSOCIATED PRESS, NEW YORK TIMES, CHICAGO TRIBUNE, CHICAGO NEWS, UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL NEWS, CONSOLIDATED PRESS AND THE UNITED PRESS. NO OTHER NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD HAS ALL OF THESE SERVICES

STOCK VALUES DROP FIVE BILLIONS IN WALL STREET'S GREATEST CRASH

THE WEATHER

HOME EDITION

The Paid Circulation of THE DENVER POST Yesterday Was 182,969

THE DENVER POST

12,894,650 SHARES CHANGE HANDS DURING DAY OF WILD TRADING

STATE SAYS JURY IS

Bankers Fight

Morgan

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The GREAT DEPRESSION

By HERBERT HOOVER

Those seeking a scapegoat for it found in him an "ideal subject," writes our ex-President, but in reality the primary cause of our worst economic disaster in history was World War I

III

OVERWHELMING numbers of words have been written concerning the cause of the Great Depression. The authors of this mass of literature are divided into two groups: those searching for a single cause, condition or person to blame it on, and those searching patiently for the truth.

Those who have sought a single cause or person as a scapegoat seemed to find, in me, an ideal subject. Fortunately, most of this species will be forgotten much sooner and more completely than the searchers for truth.

I was in a better position to know the facts than anyone else. In an expanded version of these memoirs to be published later in book form, I will provide data, documentation and collated incidents not possible to present in a magazine summary. The purpose of this account is to clarify understanding of the forces in motion during the depression and to describe my efforts to deal with it. It is my hope that this bit of history will afford, for the future, more objectivity and some permanent service to economists and historians.

It is easy to look back and say that different policies should have been undertaken. But the reader should have the grace to remember that mortals are permitted only dimly to foresee coming events or detect the emergence of hidden forces. Moreover, America had never before had to meet such a combined domestic and foreign storm, and therefore had little experience as a guide.

The Great Depression did not really begin in the United States until the economic collapse of Europe in the spring of 1931. Beginning with the stock-market slump in October, 1929, we had a normal domestic recession, but we were on the way out of it when the hurricane struck our shores.

The primary cause of the Great Depression was the war of 1914-'18. Without the war there would have been no depression of such dimensions.

Europe was the center of the hurricane. That gigantic storm moved slowly until the spring of 1931, when came the final failure to fend off the explosive forces inherent in the enormous destruction of the war, in the economic consequences of the Versailles Treaty, in the revolutions, unbalanced budgets, hugely increased armament expenditures, inflations, and a score of other war aftermaths.

It has been asserted that the American stock-market slump pulled down the world. That was not the fact.

The British, French, and Dutch empires, Germany, Sweden, Italy, Japan, Bolivia, Brazil and Bulgaria had entered a period of economic recession prior to our 1929 stock crash.

Thus, the economic situation had begun to deteriorate in over 80 per cent of the economically sensitive areas of the world before a decline began in the United States. We could not but be affected by the forces moving elsewhere in the world.

Forces That Slowed U.S. Recovery

There were several immediate weaknesses in our own economic situation. For some time just prior to the stock crash certain adverse forces had been in motion which in any event would have necessitated a recession for purposes of readjustment such as we had previously gone through at intervals in our history. This phase of the depression lasted for about 17 months, when our internal strength enabled us to begin a solid convalescence in the first three months of 1931. Had no external influences beset us, it is certain that we would have shortly recovered.

The first of our immediate weaknesses was the Federal Reserve System's deliberate inflation of credit, which was one of the prime causes of our stock-speculation orgy. Second was our dreadfully organized banking system, which was unable to take shocks. Third was the powerful growth of undue optimism. Fourth was a maladjustment stemming from our record increase in productivity. Fifth was the completion of great construction programs which had been taking up the building slack of World War I.

I deal with these weaknesses in inverse order of importance.

1. During the war, both industrial and home building had been largely suspended. Catching up with this lag for the next eight years had created a sort of supereconomy. For instance, at this time we needed about 400,000 new dwellings a year as replacements and as homes for newlyweds. But because of taking up the slack of the war years, home building had risen to a rate of more than 700,000 a year. Much the same situation existed in industrial building. By 1929 this super construction program was completed, and some readjustment was inevitable.

2. Since 1921 we had increased our per capita productivity to levels hitherto unknown (about a 30 per cent rise). About three fourths of the increase had gone into higher wages; about one fourth into higher business profits. Very little of the increase had been translated into lower prices. There were two results. While the buying power of industrial workers had gone up, that of farmers and white-collar workers had not advanced proportionately. Thus our increased industrial output could not all be absorbed. The second consequence was that the increased business profits stimulated stock speculation.

3. Our production progress in the decade of the twenties had produced a surging optimism out of which came a foolish notion that we were in a "new economic era" where the old laws of economics no longer applied. This was spurred by the belief that the Federal Reserve System made us completely immune from financial crises. When the Federal Reserve Act was passed in 1913, the system's founders—Senators Aldrich and *(Continued on page 37)*

UNITED PRESS

Bank president Charles E. Mitchell of N.Y. offered credit to stock players, thus foiled Federal Reserve effort to curb speculative boom

UNITED PRESS

Before crash, N.Y. Stock Exchange vice-president Richard Whitney promised Hoover he would try to stop stock orgy, but "did nothing"

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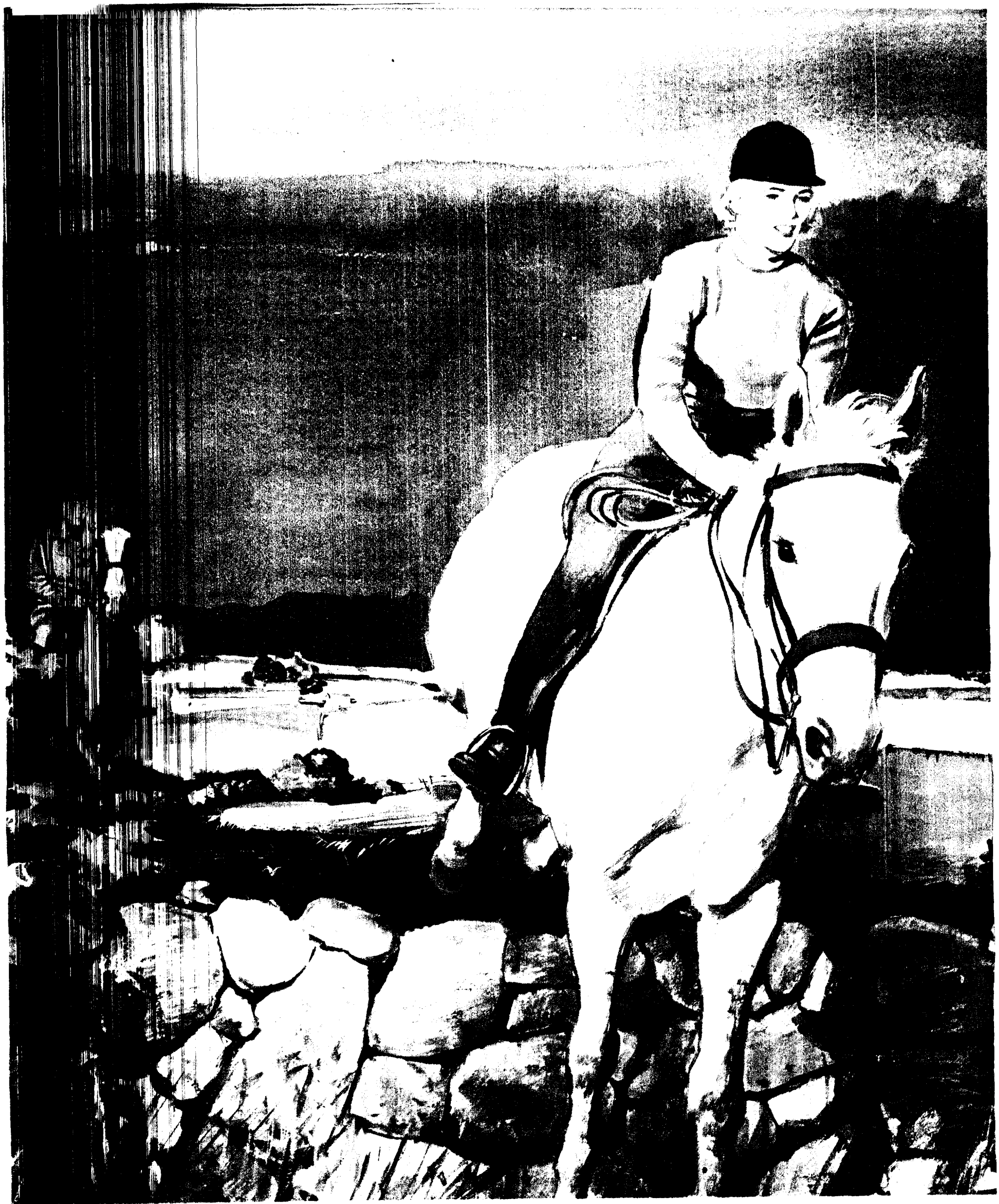

Cue turned to me and said, "Say we take this one," and I nodded, wetting my lips. She put her horse over it, and my old campaigner headed for it

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Two of Us Together

The Cup Race should have been the biggest event of my year. But a jockey who's lost his nerve doesn't put many horses over many fences, and I'd sure lost mine

By NEWLIN B. WILDES

SATURDAY was the day it hit me—that Saturday morning early in May. I got up at six, and the sky was gray bleak, with the wind scudding the low clouds fast, rattling the tin sign on the store under my room. I didn't like the day. I didn't know why. My mother gave me coffee and eggs in the kitchen. She didn't say much. She knew bad days.

"You've got a time trial this morning," she said finally, and I grunted. "Yeah," I said.

"Don't forget to pick up Stretch," she said. I wouldn't forget to pick up Stretch. I never had. He lived on the outskirts of the village, and he was ready when I drove up. Stretch was always ready. He was twenty, two years younger than I, a little guy with a big grin, a little guy who never quit trying.

He came out of his house now, hurrying, struggling into his windbreaker, and his face was eager and bright. He had freckles and a snub of a nose. "Hiya, champ," he said with that grin, and I felt better, having him there. He'd always been there beside me, ever since we were kids. You get so you count on a guy, doing everything with him, a guy who thinks you're tops.

"I'm going to push you this morning, champ," he said, "really push you." He wore his cap stuck over one eye, and he didn't know what it was to be afraid. He wasn't a natural rider, Stretch wasn't. He had to work at it, and hard. Maybe he never would get way up there. But he kept after it.

"Yeah?" I said. The road out to Carmead Farms ran along the training course, and the big timber jumps loomed great and gaunt and solid as we drove past. Unbreakable. "We'll be going over those in half an hour," I said.

Stretch Corcoran looked at me. "What's the matter?" he said. "One of those days?" I let it go. Yeah, it was one of those days. Maybe *the* day. Stretch tried another line.

"I was talking to a guy about the Marines," he said. "You know—like we said. You think we might join up, you and me? Later?"

"Forget the Marines," I said. "We got other things today." Ben Cary was waiting in the stable yard when we drove in to Carmead Farms.

Ben Cary was a short, thickset guy with very blue eyes that never missed a thing, and he was the best trainer of timber horses in the country. He'd ridden them himself once, and he knew them, frog to forelock, and when he had an entry it was ready, really ready, at its peak the hour it was supposed to be. Try doing that. Few can.

"Hello, Tip," he said to me. He had on that old felt hat, pulled low. "How are you today?" He looked at me once, casually, and then back again, quick. "What's the matter?" he said.

"Nothing," I said, very short. Stretch Corcoran came out riding Be Fair, and a boy led The Goose into the stable yard. Ben Cary looked at me sharply for a second, and then he turned away.

"Okay," he said, "take them out in the field and warm them." He gave me a leg up on The Goose, and I felt a little better. He was a real horse, The Goose.

He was a big deep-chested, powerful-quartered bay gelding with a hawk eye, and he was eight years old now, which meant that he had the judgment to run over big timber fences and the development to stay. He'd hunted for two years and he had a mind of his own; he wasn't any lady's horse. He really loved to jump them big and to run on, and Ben Cary had picked him for the Cup Race. Ben Cary really wanted to win that one. Who didn't? It was near tops, for this country.

I warmed The Goose around the field, and he was full of bounce and very keen. Ben Cary called us over, Stretch and me. "I'm going to put the watch on you this morning," he said, "not that I expect any records, not for two weeks"—he grinned just a little: the Cup Race was in two weeks—"but I want to see how far we have to go. And I want it done this way." He looked at Stretch. "I want you," he said, "to take Be Fair out in front and lead for the first mile and a half. I want The Goose to run behind that far, and then"—he turned to me—"then I want you to pass him at the number four jump, right at it, and lead the rest of the way. Let The Goose move on. I want to see what he does behind, passing, and in front. I've got a fair idea, but let's be sure. Okay?"

We nodded. Stretch wasn't clowning now. This was business. My mouth and lips felt very dry. I realized, suddenly, that I was waiting for something. Something was missing—something very important.

And then I saw Ben's daughter, Cue, come out and lean on the fence, and I had to speak to her. Suddenly I had to. She was a year or so younger than I, and very blonde and very quiet, and you got used to seeing her out there always, watching the schooling, watching the trials.

"Hey," I called, "I forgot my lining. Must be in my car." Cue got it and brought it out to me, that cork protective helmet that you wear under your cap, against falls.

"Hi," she said, handing it up. Her eyelashes were very dark, the line of her mouth and jaw very sure. "Have a good ride," she whispered, the way she always did, and I realized that that was what I had been waiting for, just those words. And I tried to wink at her, kidding her, a little jaunty maybe, the way I always had. It didn't quite come off. I took The Goose out to the starting line, and Ben Cary gave us the arm, and we were off.

YOU have a hundred yards or so before the first fence, and it wasn't a very big fence, three eight maybe, with the take-off plank back eight feet. I took a good hold on The Goose and let Stretch have his lead. The Goose didn't like being behind and he fought me a little, but he flew the first timber and we roared on down over the next three. I could keep The Goose where I wanted him, and he was fencing fine and big and powerful. We made the first round, a mile, and then I began to edge up with the big number four panel coming, the spot where I had to pass and take the lead, and The Goose began to feel it and his stride lengthened until he was really flying.

We took the number three leap and Stretch was ten feet in front of me and I was closing the gap. The number four fence was big, really big, and looming; and it was just as we took off, the both of us, that I knew I was crowding them and I could sense Be Fair get in wrong, and try, and hit that top rail hard.

And then little Stretch Corcoran was on the ground right in front of us. I could see his face, with his mouth open just a little, and then we hit him. Then The Goose's front feet hit him, his shoulder or his back, and I went limp and weak. We were two hundred yards down the course before I could get The Goose slowed, and all I could see was Stretch's face in front of me—his face with his mouth open just a little, as if he were imploring us not to land on him. That was all I could see.

Ben and Cue were bending over Stretch. Stretch's face was very white. He had so many freckles and they stood out like spots in dough. "Leapfrog," he said, grinning up at me, "always wanting to play leapfrog." We'd done it when we were kids.

BEN CARY wouldn't let him get up. Ben Cary knew more about bones than most doctors. I slid off The Goose, and my legs were like sirup. I had to hang on to the stirrup iron.

"Cracked shoulder, maybe," Ben said. "How do your legs work?"

"Good," Stretch said, trying to move them. "I can walk all right."

"Take your time," Ben Cary said. "Lie back a while."

They put a cooler around him. The kid shut his eyes, but he still had that grin.

"I'll take him down to the hospital," Ben Cary said.

"I'll give you a hand," I said.

Ben shook his head. "No," he said. "I want you to stay here and take The Goose over six more fences."

I just stared at him. "What for?" I said.

Ben Cary's mouth was very straight. "So you'll remember *them*, and not this last one," he said. "You've got a race to ride in two weeks—don't forget that."

We got Stretch into a station wagon, flat, with some pillows to support him, and the car vanished down the country road. The sun was trying to break through the jagged clouds, and a boy was walking The Goose around the stable yard, keeping him warm. The boy had his jacket collar turned up. It was very quiet. Cue looked at me. She was quite small, there beside me, and her legs were very straight and long in their blue jeans. She wanted to say something, to break it up.

"Well," she said finally, "you get that now and then, in the horse business." She smiled at me. "What do you say," she went on briskly, "that you take The Goose over a few and then we'll go in and have some coffee?" She wasn't being hard-boiled. She was just trying to keep from being the other way.

I must have looked terrible. "Yeah," I said, "yeah, sure." I knew you had to do it that way. You had to. The Goose was way up in the air, on stilts, and I couldn't feel the reins in my hands. Cue was watching me, and the boy was, too. We went out to the field.

"Take the number four jump," I heard Cue say, and I nodded again and took The Goose back a way and headed him for it. Then, suddenly, all I could see was Stretch's face there on the ground in front of me, with his arm up. I cried out, almost, and The Goose stopped. He stopped dead in front of the take-off plank, and he never had stopped before—not ever.

I heard Cue call, "No!" very sharply, and I said, "Leave me alone, will you?" I took him back again, and he stopped again.

Then Cue had him by the bridle, and she was saying, "Forget it, Tip, forget it," and the stableboy was looking at me funny, *(Continued on page 68)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

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In a dancing sequence in the Andersen picture, Jeanmaire, as a member of Royal Danish Ballet Theater, simulates an ice ballet

Saucy Jeanmaire undresses in the film while quarreling with her husband. Tiny dancer has a 21½-inch waist, 34-inch bust and hips, wears a 4 shoe

A star in her first film, Jeanmaire is being introduced to public without her first name

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

THE *NEW* GOLDWYN GIRL

Sultry Renée Jeanmaire joins the producer's select list of leading ladies in his picture based on the life of Hans Christian Andersen

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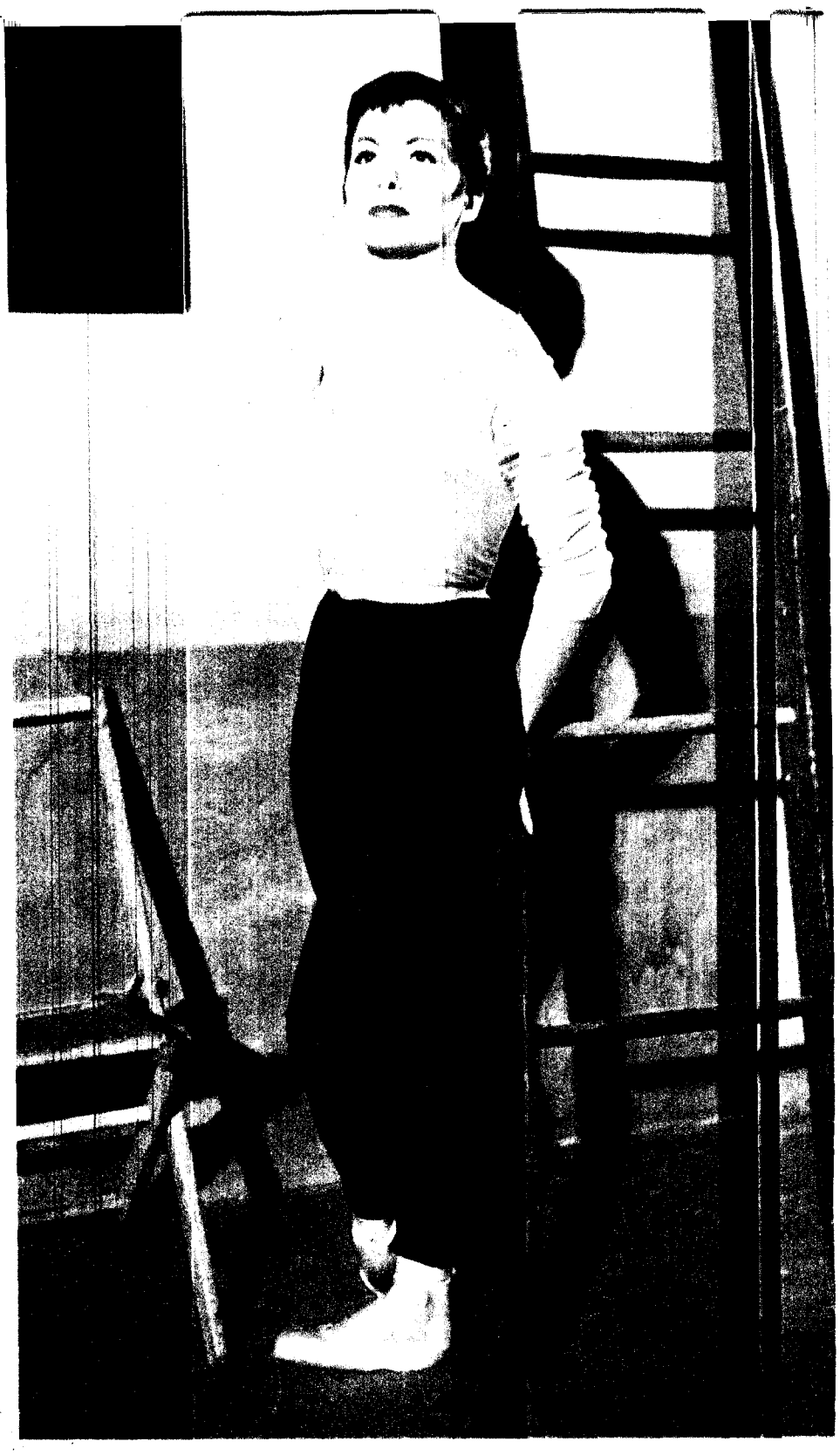
Tiff over, Jeanmaire and Farley Granger, who plays her husband, lock in warm embrace. Her difficulty with English was no problem in this scene



Backstage at the studio, Jeanmaire's favorite attire is a ballet practice costume. She has trained for ballet since she was ten

THERE is little evidence that Hans Christian Andersen, the nineteenth century's immortal weaver of such delightful fairy tales as The Ugly Duckling, ever knew a ballet dancer. This error in history is now being corrected by Hollywood's Samuel Goldwyn, who knows how to spin a tale or two himself.

In a cinema version of the great Danish storyteller's life, comic Danny Kaye not only meets a ballerina—played by lithe, lovely and French-accented Renée Jeanmaire—but dreams of pirouetting through life with her, until he learns to his sorrow that she is married to her ballet director.

While some irate Danes have already protested against the liberties taken in the film biography, the cinema's intrepid, imaginative Sam Goldwyn feels that his picture, when it is released, will collect far more popular cheers than pedantic boos. One major reason for the producer's confidence is his leading lady: twenty-eight-year-old Renée Jeanmaire, who makes her movie bow with only her surname showing. ("It's more exotic that way," says Goldwyn.)

A *première danseuse* with Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris before coming to Hollywood, Jeanmaire is recognized as one of the world's most promising ballerinas. She is also considered one of the sexiest. After watching her sizzle in Manhattan as Carmen, New York Daily News critic John Chapman wrote: "Whoo-ee! . . . No Carmen, from Geraldine Farrar to Muriel Smith, has aroused the Don José in me as does this fabulously seductive prima ballerina."

In the film, as Copenhagen's star dancer, Jeanmaire dances everything from straight theater roles to a bang-up, all-out wonderland sequence dreamed by "Hans Christian" Kaye. But the high point of her film debut (if it isn't chopped out by the censors) will be a scene in which she undresses in front of a translucent screen while quarreling with her movie husband, Farley Granger.

There is little doubt that Jeanmaire can dance. Advance reports say she can also act a bit. But the greatest tribute to the Paris-born star's high-voltage sex appeal is that, by Hollywood standards, she is not pretty. Only five feet tall and weighing 105 pounds, she has a pointed chin and a prominent nose. But on the stage and in front of the camera she turns herself into a marvelously agile pixy—all grace, all beauty and all sex. History aside, even the Danes may agree that if the real Hans Christian Andersen had ever met Jeanmaire, he might well have allowed himself at least one small Danish "Whoo-ee!"

FRANK FRIEDRICHSEN

In the movie, Danny Kaye as Hans Christian Andersen, is enamored of dancer Jeanmaire

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

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Halfway House, the stand at 52d St. and Sixth Ave. in New York, is an oasis for the smart set shuttling between the plush joints on 51st and 52d. Manager Gabriel Arias serves Fred Allen, Mickey Rooney, Judy Holliday, Collier's Tom Meany, club host Eddie Davis

"DINNER IN THE ORANGE ROOM"

By MURRAY ROBINSON

Eat-and-run patrons of Nedick's, a colorful chain of low-priced food stands, form loyal and hardy fraternity, proud of the orange-and-green tradition of "every man for theirself"

LATE in the 1920s, a New York fight manager named Frankie, who firmly believed the world was bounded by the East River, the Hudson River, the Harlem River and New York Bay, was inveigled into traveling to Miami Beach to view a boxing match between Jack Sharkey and Young Stribling.

Raised in the dim rookeries of Manhattan, Frankie braved sunstroke on his arrival in Florida and went for a walk. He looked about for something familiar in this strange new world and finally thought he had found it. It was a stand, and the sign on it read: "Orange Juice."

Frankie plucked his furlong-size cigar from his mouth, ordered a glass, raised it lovingly to his lips and took a deep draft. His face screwed up and he spat out a mouthful. "Waddaya tryin' to do here—poison me?" Frankie howled. "This here ain't no orange juice!" He slammed down his glass and stalked back to his hotel.

The trouble was that Frankie, being a New York boy, had for years been drinking the "orange juice" sold at an ever-growing chain of little white tile stands which had been popping up on street corners all over his home town since 1913. These stands, many of them strung out along Broadway and the side streets where Frankie hung out, bore the legend, "Nedick's."

In those halcyon (pronounced "halsonian" in Frankie's set) days, the Nedick's drink was a mysterious concoction of orange juice, pulp, water and certain other secret ingredients. There was occasional conjecture about these additional components, with carrot juice getting a strong play in the betting. But the drink was cold and sweet and satisfying. That was the "orange juice" Frankie and thousands of other New Yorkers knew and loved. When he got his first glass of the McCoy in Florida, Frankie naturally screamed, "Foul!"

The intriguing orange drink on which the name of Nedick's was originally launched to fame was joined in subsequent years by frankfurters, ham-

DRAWINGS BY AL HIRSCHFELD

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burgers, sandwiches, coffee, soup and sundry items in the short-order cookery art. Also donuts (that's how they spell it). The chain of low-priced eateries became the mecca of a loyal cult of eat-drink-and-run fanciers in New York, other Eastern metropolises and, for a spell, in cities as far west as Chicago. Nedick's now serves 55,000,000 persons annually in its 90 stores and treats them like so many Diamond Jim Bradys despite the fact that their average check is 17 cents.

At present, approximately two thirds of the Nedick's stores are located in New York City, with the rest scattered among its suburbs and Boston, Providence, Newark, Paterson, Jersey City, Trenton, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, D.C. But an ambitious expansion program, based on a franchise system, is under way, and the chain may be nation-wide in the none-too-distant future.

Blueprints for a coast-to-coast Nedick's network were drawn up soon after National Phoenix Industries, Inc., headed by Walter S. Mack, Jr., of New York, bought the chain from the estate of Maurice Wertheim last year for an estimated $3,800,000.

Almost at once, there arose a major question of policy—what to do about the apostrophe in "Nedick's." In designing streamlined new signs to replace the old ones, the artists omitted the apostrophe, thus changing the name to "Nedicks." Old-timers protested this radical departure.

"I found," Mack says gravely, "that we had no clear-cut policy on apostrophes. I felt we should have one. Everyone should. We came up with a compromise after a while: in the interests of simplification, the apostrophe would be omitted from the new signs and advertising, but the corporate title would remain 'Nedick's, Inc.'"

The apostrophe still stands out defiantly on old Nedick's signs which have not yet been replaced.

With characteristic energy, Mack, onetime president of the Pepsi-Cola company and the new president of Nedick's, Inc., set about giving the chain —among other things—a new orange, green and white *décor*, a new orange drink and a weird new radio jingle.

"Our surveys show," Mack declares, "that there are 11,000 locations suitable for Nedick's franchise stores throughout the country. Over a period of years, we hope to grant franchises for these spots. The company will continue to operate its existing stores and add new ones."

Other States Eager for Franchises

According to Burt M. Strouse, vice-president in charge of this expansion program, applications have already been received for franchises in California, Colorado, Texas, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Michigan and Florida.

Other Mack-engineered plans for the future of the chain include nation-wide distribution in concentrate form of the new orange drink and packaged lunches.

But to New Yorkers, visitors to the Big Town and residents of other cities in which Nedick's stores have long been a fixture, the hot-dog-and-cold-drink combination remains their strongest lure, with hamburgers running the franks a fair second. The count during a good year runs something like three tons of frankfurters (about 60,000) a day, along with a ton and a half of hamburgers and 170,000 orange drinks. The prices are still temptingly low—five and 10 cents for the drink, 10 and 15 for the hot dogs.

Nedick's is mentioned by its long-time devotees in the same fond tone as the five-and-ten and the old flivver. New York teen-agers invite one another to "dinner in the Orange Room"—meaning, of course, a hot dog and orange drink at Nedick's.

There is no "type" of regular patron at Nedick's. The customers include cabdrivers, messenger boys, school kids, housewives with babes-in-carriage, chorus dames, dowagers, brokers, executives, actors, men about town, pensioners, millionaires, and pampered pets (for the hamburgers, of course).

Tom Magee, now manager of the maddest Nedick's in New York—the little store at Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway which caters to the militant lady bargain-hunters of Macy's, Gimbels and Saks-34th Street—recently recalled a wonderful Russian elkhound owned by Xavier Cugat, the band leader who now customarily carries a tiny Mexican hairless under his arm. (No wonder Cugat made the switch.)

"Cugat used to bring his dog—Morro was his name—into the Nedick's near the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel," Magee said. "He'd order six hamburgers for Morro. The hound would stand up on his hind paws and watch while the hamburgers were being grilled. And, so help me, he would bark when they were done the way he liked them! If you left them on too long, Morro would raise the dickens."

Anthony Villareale, manager of the elaborate Nedick's store in the entrance to Madison Square Garden (it even has a television set), reports a big jump in the sale of hamburgers when the dog show is in the Garden.

"One trainer," he says, "buys 20 hamburgers at a clip for his dogs. I guess the poor guy lives on the rolls, himself."

Obviously, the Nedick's stores, once they grew out of the orange-stand class 30 years ago, were planned to feed low-income masses with speed and as much comfort as could be provided under the circumstances, said circumstances including the absence of stools. Yet it's a fact that people with plenty of money to spend eat in Nedick's as frequently as those who must watch their pennies.

Some of the well-dressed patrons sidle in shamefacedly, as though fearful of being caught chomping hot dogs at the counter. *(Continued on page 49)*

Nedick's prexy Walter Mack (l.), who plans to expand chain coast to coast, watches ravenous shoppers stoke up at Broadway–34th St. store

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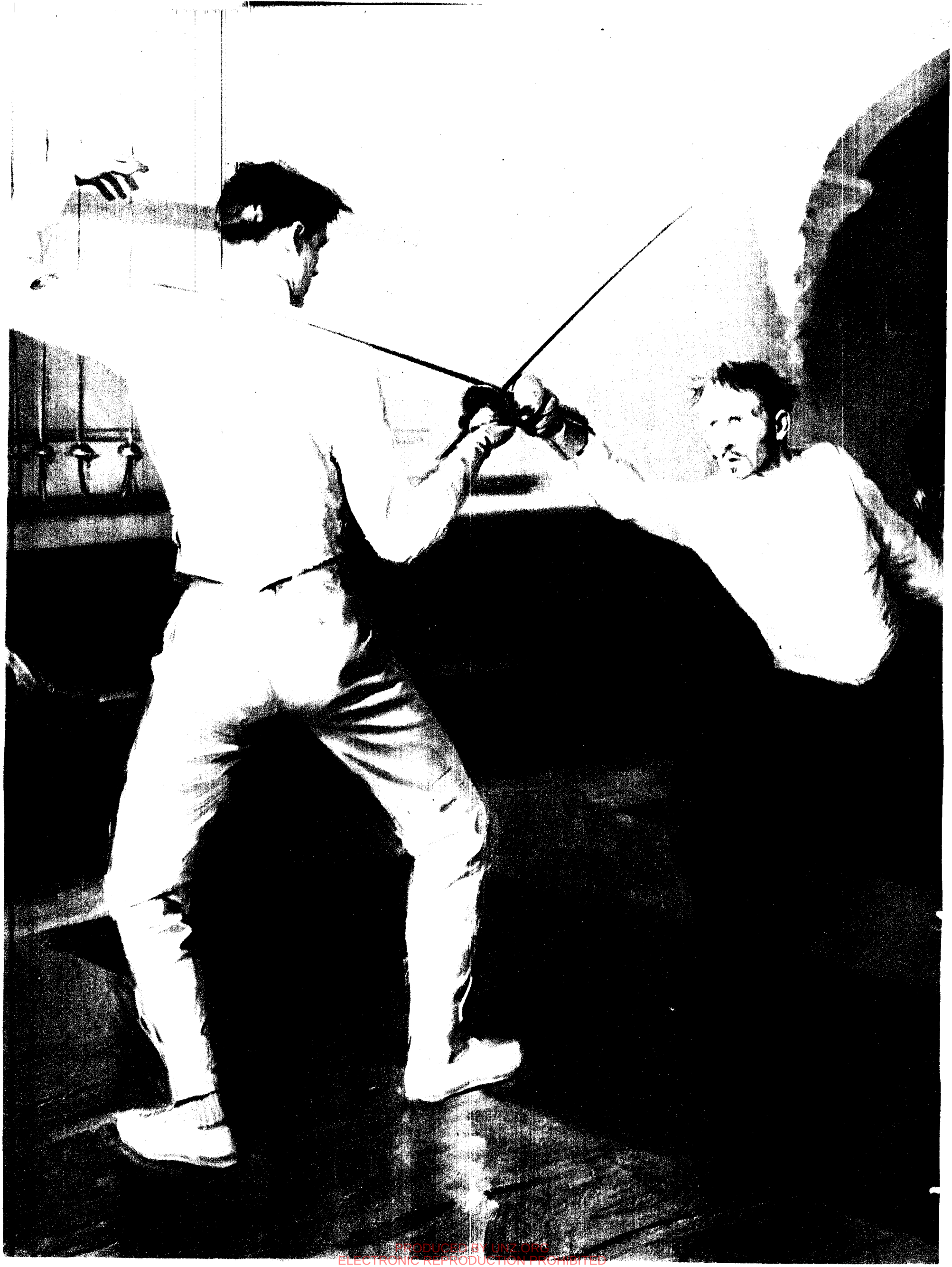

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A Man of Peace

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

They fenced for different reasons, Lafleur knew, and he wanted to refuse his young pupil's challenge. But now Claudine had made the duel inevitable

I READ in the paper the other day about the death of a man I used to know—not on the obituary page among the peaceful ends, but on the front page, where deaths of violence are reported. This man, Ramón de Parma, had been assassinated during an abortive three-day revolution in his native Latin-American country—a country which had better not have a name, because this story isn't meant to grind any political axes.

De Parma, it said in the newspaper story, had been a colonel in the army in his country. The army, I gathered, together with an aristocratic, strongly antidemocratic clique, had a good deal to do with running things down there, and not everybody liked it that way. One man in particular who didn't like it had shot Colonel de Parma through the head while he was having breakfast on the terrace of his home overlooking a beautiful bay. The piece said De Parma was thirty-six. I would have thought he was a couple of years older than that, but it doesn't make any difference.

The point is, I used to know this De Parma, and the story got me to thinking about him again. Right away I remembered swords and a sort of duel De Parma had been involved in. It was a fairly vivid memory because I'd seen the whole thing. The memory, together with the news item, made me think of what used to be called "poetic justice" in stories. Poetic justice is out of fashion in stories these days but it seemed to me, all the same, that it would have been more "poetic" if De Parma had been run through with a saber down there in his revolution instead of being shot. I'll try to show you what I mean by telling you what I remember about him.

Back in the years before the war, the parents of American schoolboys used to send for a circular from the École Internationale, a boys' boarding school on Lake Geneva in Switzerland. In the circular, listed under the school's curriculum, they used to read: *Escrime (optional) —Maître d'escrime, M. Claude Lafleur.* After they had got out their French-English dictionaries and learned that *escrime* meant fencing, the parents, and particularly the mothers, were apt to look vaguely upset. The word struck an unfamiliar, sort of medieval note. Americans, God knows, can find dozens of ways to fight and dozens of weapons to fight with, but a rapier rests uneasily in our hands.

The mothers needn't have worried. Monsieur Claude Lafleur, the fencing master, had about as sinister designs on the wholesome natures of their sons as a flower has on a bee.

I saw Lafleur for the first time after I'd been at the school about a week. He was *(Continued on page 61)*

After three minutes, we could see that De Parma's tactics were working. Lafleur's face was washed with sweat, and his shoulders heaved. But there was no change in the perfect rhythm of his style

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Heinemann (r.) discussing new design with his boss, aviation pioneer Donald Douglas, against background of Douglas planes

JET GENIUS

By VICTOR BOESEN

When the Navy wanted "tomorrow's aviation" it went to Douglas designer Ed Heinemann, a man whose formal education ended with high school. The result: the Skyrocket, world's speediest airplane

APPROXIMATELY seven years ago, on the morning following V-J Day, two important but heretofore unrecorded events in the history of aviation occurred at opposite ends of the country.

Just outside Washington, D.C., General Henry (Hap) Arnold, then commander of the Army Air Forces, addressed a Pentagon audience of his officers, most of them still trying to recover from the celebrations of the previous day. The gist of his comment was as follows:

"We have just won a war with a lot of heroes flying around in airplanes. The next war may be fought by airplanes with no men in them at all. It certainly will be fought with planes so far superior to those we now have that there will be no basis for comparison. The heroes will be on the ground, designing, building and perhaps directing them.

"Take everything you've learned about aviation in this war, throw it out the window, and let's get to work on tomorrow's aviation. It will be different from anything the world has ever seen . . ."

That was a challenge not only to the defense establishment but to the entire aircraft industry. And on the other side of the continent that day—at the El Segundo division of Douglas Aircraft, in a suburb of Los Angeles—a tall, gaunt man, whose formal education had ended with high school, had a large chunk of that challenge dropped squarely into his lap.

The Air Force already had assigned Bell Aircraft, in Buffalo, New York, to build a plane that would exceed the speed of sound. Now half a dozen naval officers and engineers representing the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics walked through the sprawling and almost deserted El Segundo plant and confronted Douglas' chief engineer Ed Heinemann in his office. They, too, wanted "tomorrow's aviation"—Navy planes that also would crack the sonic barrier, consistently and safely. It then appeared that the mounting speed of aircraft might be halted at the speed of

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK BIRNS

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sound (760 miles per hour at sea level and varying with the temperature at different altitudes). A plane seeking to cross this "barrier" was battered by quixotic tempests. What happened, no one knew for sure, but it was believed that the ships would fly apart like a flowerpot hurled against a brick wall.

They were sure they had picked the right man. From the designs of this soft-spoken, Lincolnesque engineer had come more successful attack planes than had been produced by all the rest of the world combined. His A-20 Havoc (sometimes called Boston) bomber was an important factor in beating off the *Luftwaffe* in the Battle of Britain. His A-26 Invader, now the redesignated B-26 of Korean fame, was the first airplane to mount a 75-millimeter cannon. It was largely on the wings of his even more famous SBD (Scout Bomber, Douglas) Dauntless that the Navy had roared back on the path to victory after the black days of Pearl Harbor. The late James V. Forrestal, as Secretary of the Navy toward the end of the war, had called the SBD "probably the most destructive single weapon in the Navy's arsenal."

Already in the works in 1945 was Heinemann's successor to the SBD, the Skyraider, which carries four times the SBD's pay load, giving it the striking power of a light cruiser (Admiral John M. Hoskins has called the Skyraider "the best and most effective close-support plane in the world today").

But to the Navy people who visited Heinemann that day in 1945 the SBD, however superb its performance, was "yesterday's aviation"; the Skyraider, while even better, was merely "today's." They wanted the plane of the future.

Usual Wind Tunnels Were Inadequate

Heinemann and his engineers tackled the problem. Wind tunnels, the usual testing aid, were found inadequate because aircraft models big enough to provide adequate readings choked the barrels of the tunnels. Models that were reduced in size proved too small to do an adequate job. So Heinemann designed two scientific research planes that were themselves flying test tubes, with sufficient power to thrust them into nature's own "wind tunnel"—the atmosphere.

In May, 1947, the Douglas Skystreak (essentially a sheet of magnesium wrapped around the hottest available jet engine, with space left for a pilot and 500 pounds of recording instruments) took to the air. Three months later, in August, it broke the existing world speed record, hitting an official 640 miles an hour. A week later, it cracked its own mark with a speed of 650. Wide open on a straightaway, the Skystreak actually nudged the speed of sound a couple of times.

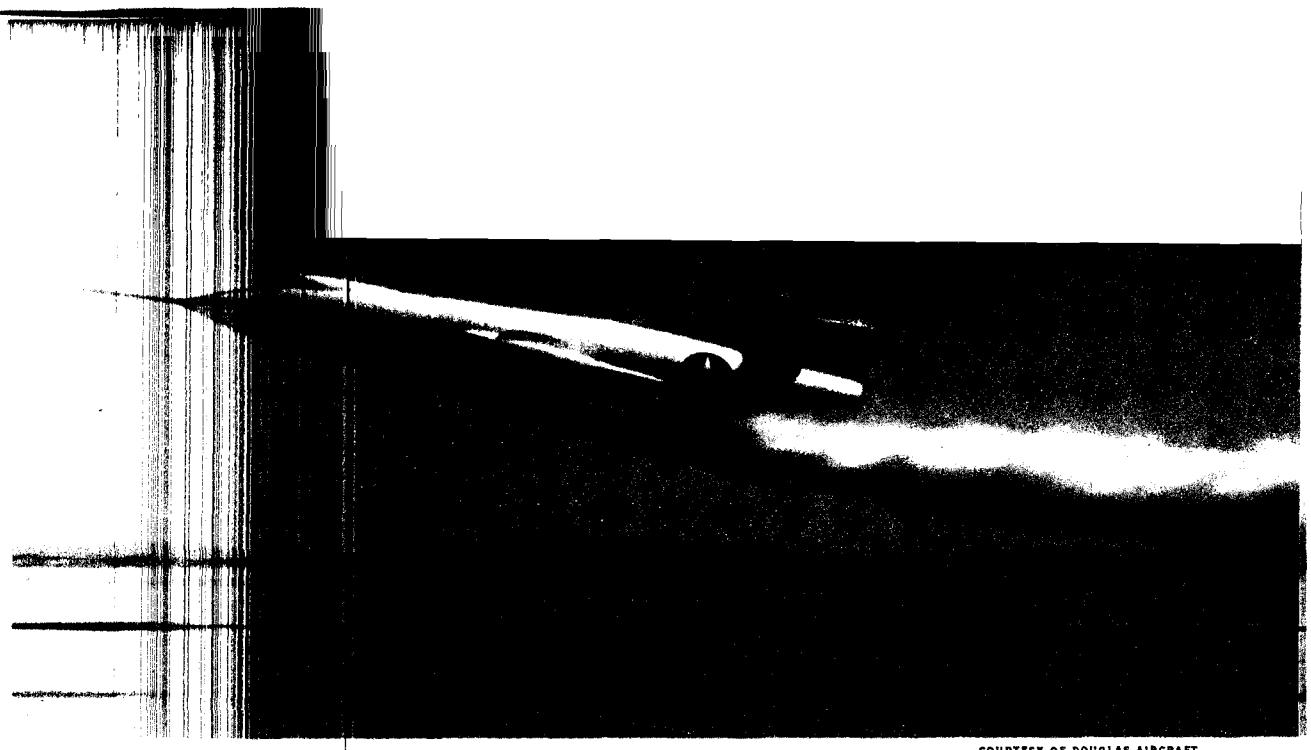
But Heinemann's real supersonic whiz was the Skystreak's successor, the needle-nosed, rocket- and jet-equipped Skyrocket. Bell's tiny rocket craft, the X-1, had blasted through the barrier of sound on October 14, 1947, officially the first plane in the world to do so. Picking up where the X-1 left off, the Skyrocket research plane began outspeeding sound with routine regularity—first at extreme altitudes, where thin air made the task relatively easy, then at progressively lower and more difficult heights, until it reached a grand climax by coming all the way down to an altitude of 50 feet above the deck and smashing through the sonic wall at a reported 800 miles an hour.

Then Heinemann tried for the big prize. Commenting that "there's still a lot left in the bottle," he removed the Skyrocket's jets, making it an all-rocket craft, and gave it a free ride to 35,000 feet in the belly of a B-29—the same advantage Bell's X-1 had been given. Then he turned it loose.

The rest is aviation history. Although the details are secret, the Navy announced that the Skyrocket flew faster and higher than any other plane ever had. Expert estimates, never denied, place its speed at between 1,300 and 1,500 miles an hour, its top altitude at almost 80,000 feet—fast enough to pass a .45-caliber bullet as though it were standing still, high enough to see the stars in broad daylight.

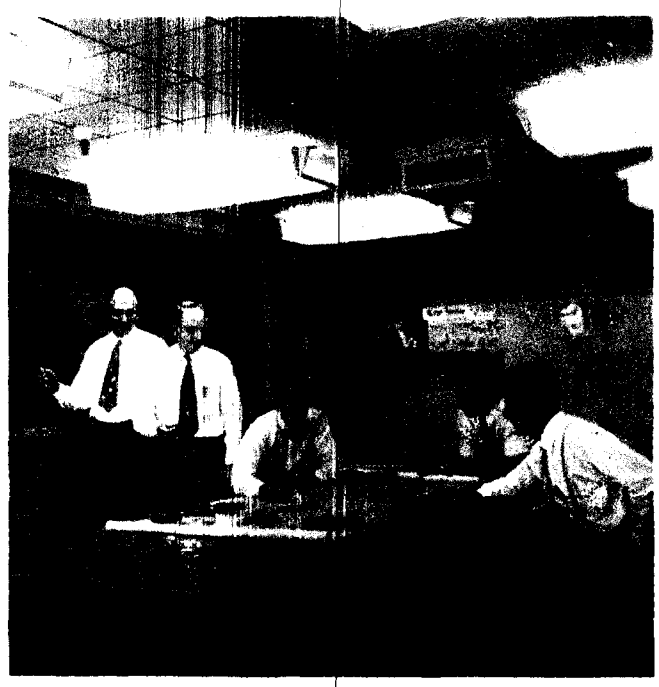
Last January, in recognition of the Skyrocket's accomplishments, Heinemann received one of aviation's highest honors, the Sylvanus Albert Reed Award, presented each year by The Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences for the most notable contribution in the field of experimental investigation.

Ordinarily, such *(Continued on page 52)*



COURTESY OF DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT

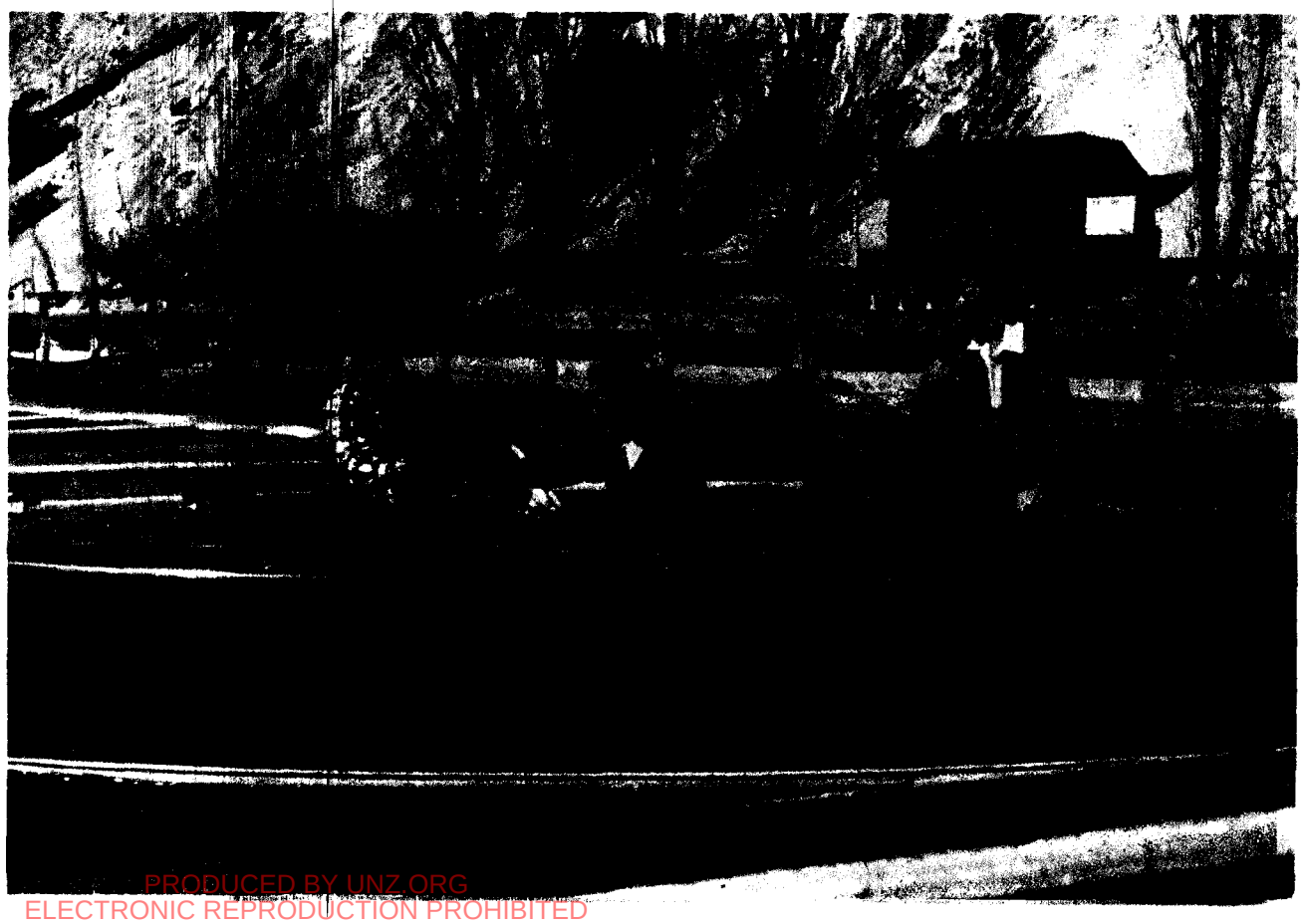
The fastest, highest-flying airplane in the world, the Douglas Skyrocket, makes a jet-assisted take-off. It's said to have flown 1,300 to 1,500 miles an hour, climbed to almost 80,000 feet



Design conference. Left to right, Leo Devlin, Henry Holden, Heinemann, Nathan Carhart, Al Leonhardt

Test pilot Vern Browne reports after a flight in a new Navy jet, the Skyknight

The designer and his two daughters, Joan, 20 (l.), and Jean, 16, prepare to take a spin in the family cruiser at Lake Arrowhead, Calif. Note water skis; all three are expert at this sport



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Shape of Things to Come

By LEE ROGOW

WHEN Kate married George Brandon, she had the sort of figure which could only be described by making swooping motions with the hands. When a girl has equipment of that caliber, the world has ways of bringing it to her attention that she is special. There are whistles from the critics and philosophers in front of the cigar store. Butchers and grocery clerks become her pawns and slaves. In the summer, when the lady is dressed in light cottons, policemen look as if they'd like to dash from their posts in the middle of the street and assist her from curb to curb.

Kate Brandon frankly enjoyed the subtle queenship conferred upon her by her sweet shapeliness. Consequently, it caused her a bit of a pang when, in the fifth year of her marriage, she discovered that her blue pleated skirt would no longer close at the waist.

She found this out one afternoon in December, when she and George were dressing to go out for Sunday dinner. "Look, darling," she said, showing him the half-inch gap between hook and eye. "The shape of things to come."

"It's too early to tell," George said loyally. "The skirt must have shrunk at the cleaners."

"I love you for that," said Kate, "but this sort of thing does happen to a woman who is three months pregnant." She flicked the hangers in the closet, and selected an old, pyramid-shaped housecoat. "Let's have a quiet evening at home," she said. "Just the two of us."

"We spent the last six evenings quietly at home," George said. "Just the two of us."

"Oh, come on," she said. "I'll make my shrimp dish."

George sighed and unknotted his tie. "You'd better get some maternity clothes," he said. "I hear this gets worse before it gets better."

That week Kate invested in a pert green velveteen maternity suit, a basic black maternity dress, and the inevitable brocaded coolie jacket.

"I'm glad you've got something you'll agree to go out in," said George. "People are beginning to ask if I buried my beautiful wife in the cellar."

"They'd ask the same thing if they saw me," Kate said wistfully.

The weeks crawled by. Kate wore the velveteen suit, the black dress, and occasionally, in the evening, the brocaded coolie jacket. The next month she went out less, and when she did she wore the green velveteen suit, the black dress, and the brocaded coolie jacket. The following month, she hardly went out at all, but when she did she wore the green velveteen suit, the black dress, and, in the evening, the brocaded coolie jacket. After that, sick of her clothes and of herself, she refused to go out at all. She took to sitting around the kitchen in her pyramid housecoat, and stood behind the door to receive the groceries from the delivery boy—he who had been her pawn and slave.

Through all of his wife's voluntary imprisonment, George was an angel. And then, one evening in May, tension developed.

"Darling," George said, as Kate cleared the dishes after dinner, "tonight is our fifth anniversary. Let's do a little dancing in the streets."

"George, you're the nicest husband I was ever married five years to," said Kate, "but tonight the dirigible stays in the hangar."

"The doctor says it's important to go out," George said.

"Then why don't you go out with the doctor?" Kate asked.

George came over to the kitchen sink and put his arms around his wife. "Darling, darling, darling," he said. "Aren't you glad about the baby?"

"Of course I'm glad," said Kate. "I can't wait to hold it, and dress it, and feed it, and bathe it, and love it." She put her face against his shirt, crying. "Meanwhile," she said, "I just happen to hate how I look."

"Why should you care?" George asked.

"Because I'm a woman," said Kate. "Because all my life people have looked at me in a certain way, and I loved it. Now I feel like a big lump, and I don't want people to see me."

"I get it," said George. "The queen doesn't want to lose her subjects."

"Exactly," Kate said. "And now, if you'll excuse me, the queen will finish the dishes."

Suddenly George stamped over to the hall closet and grabbed his hat. "It's our anniversary!" he shouted. "I'm going out alone, and I don't know when I'll be back!"

Kate sighed and wiped her hands on the dish towel. "Why, Grandpa," she said, "what big veins you have. Come on, we'll go to a movie. It will be dark in the theater."

It was a mild evening. Kate, as usual, wore the brocaded coolie jacket. On the way to the theater, she saw herself in a store window. "If only I didn't waddle," she said.

THEY had chosen one of the great movie palaces of the city. A long line of patrons snaked from the box office halfway to the corner. An usher dressed as a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards was chanting, "Forty-minute wait for all seats."

A captain in the Grenadier Guards was intoning, "Form a line, two abreast."

"I'm already two abreast," Kate said to George. "I don't want to wait, please."

"It's our anniversary," said George. He took her arm and pulled her along the line of waiting patrons. To Kate, who had once taken a secret delight in such promenades, the experience was like being whipped along a gantlet. She felt the blood burning in her face. After what seemed like a day's march, they reached the end of the line.

"Just think," said George, "if all women felt as you do, what would happen to the human race."

"Well, you wouldn't have to wait in line in front of movie theaters," said Kate.

Suddenly a man came bustling up to them. "Come with me," he said. "I'm the manager."

"We haven't done anything," said George.

"It's all right," the manager said. "I've got two at home myself. We always keep a few seats in the loge."

He clapped his hands together. Two young men, each six feet six inches tall, and dressed as majors in the Grenadier Guards, dashed up. "Take this lady to the Stork Club," the manager said.

The Grenadiers stationed themselves on either side of Kate. The procession moved grandly, like a miniature parade, past the line of waiting patrons. As they marched, Kate could feel everyone watching her. At first she felt a slight sense of embarrassment, thinking the glances would show resentment of her special privilege, but then she saw the faces, and it was as if the people were passing her from hand to hand, from smile to smile, as if they were lifting her up as she passed, and they were being lifted up with her. It was a strange feeling, a new feeling, and Kate wasn't exactly sure what to make of it.

As they took their seats in the loge, the picture was just beginning. Kate looked about her, adjusting her eyes to the darkness. Another woman was sitting beside her. The woman lighted a cigarette, and, in the flare of the match, Kate saw that she was wearing a brocaded coolie jacket. Kate smiled, settled back, and lost herself in the picture.

Two hours later, when she and George came out of the darkened theater, they saw that during the movie a storm had come up and heavy rain was furiously pelting the streets.

George looked across the lobby at the crowd huddled under the marquee. "Oh, fine," he said. "We won't get home for hours."

Kate smiled at him. Then she raised her head high and stepped out of the shadowed theater into the lobby. She headed directly for one of the ridiculously tall young Grenadier Guards, dressed in the uniform of one of the Crown's honored regiments, loyal servants and protectors of the Queen —and of the Queen Mother.

"Don't worry," Kate said to George, as the Grenadier Guard smiled at her solicitously. "We won't have any trouble getting a cab." ▲▲▲

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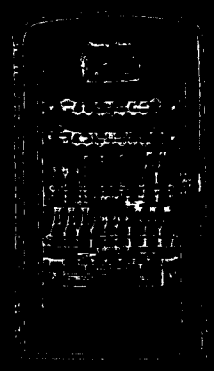

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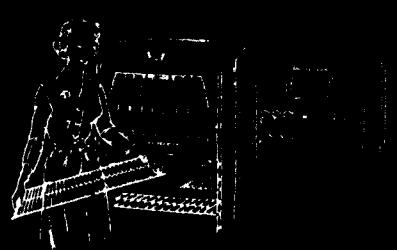

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Tritt started to object, but Logan raised the gun, and the resistance drained from the teller's fat body. "All right. I'll get it"

The Dusty Drawer

By HARRY MUHEIM

There was no flaw in Logan's plan for revenge. He had calculated cleverly, rehearsed every move. Tritt was vulnerable—weak, vain, and smug—and Logan would turn his self-righteousness against him

NORMAN LOGAN paid for his apple pie and coffee, then carried his tray toward the front of the cafeteria. From a distance, he recognized the back of William Tritt's large head. The tables near Tritt were empty, and Logan had no desire to eat with him, but they had some unfinished business that Logan wanted to clear up. He stopped at Tritt's table and asked, "Do you mind if I join you?"

Tritt looked up as he always looked up from inside his teller's cage in the bank across the street. He acted like a servant—like a fat, precise butler that Logan used to see in movies—but behind the film of obsequiousness was an attitude of vast superiority that always set Logan on edge.

"Why, yes, Mr. Logan. Do sit down. Only please, I must ask you not to mention that two hundred dollars again."

"Well, we'll see about that," said Logan, pulling out a chair and seating himself. "Rather late for lunch, isn't it?"

"Oh, I've had lunch," Tritt said. "This is just a snack." He cut a large piece of roast beef from the slab in front of him and thrust it into his mouth. "I don't believe I've seen you all summer," he added, chewing the meat.

"I took a job upstate," Logan said. "We were trying to stop some kind of blight in the apple orchards."

"Is that so?" Tritt looked like a concerned bloodhound.

"I wanted to do some research out West," Logan went on, "but I couldn't get any money from the university."

"You'll be back for the new term, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," Logan said with a sigh, "we begin again tomorrow." He thought for a moment of the freshman faces that would be looking up at him in the lecture room. A bunch of high-strung, mechanical New York City kids, pushed by their parents or by the Army into the university, and pushed by the university into his botany class. They were brick-bound people who had no interest in growing things, and Logan sometimes felt sad that in five years of teaching he had communicated to only a few of them his own delight with his subject.

"My, one certainly gets a long vacation in the teaching profession," Tritt said. "June through September."

"I suppose," Logan said. "Only trouble is that you don't make enough to do anything in all the spare time."

Tritt laughed a little, controlled laugh and continued chewing. Logan began to eat the pie. It had the drab, neutral flavor of all cafeteria pies.

"Mr. Tritt," he said, after a long silence.

"Yes?"

"When are you going to give me back my two hundred dollars?"

"Oh, come now, Mr. Logan. We had this all out ten months ago. We went over it with Mr. Pinkson and the bank examiners and everyone. I did *not* steal two hundred dollars from you."

"You did, and you know it."

"Frankly, I'd rather not hear any more about it."

"Mr. Tritt, I had three hundred and twenty-four dollars in my hand that day. I'd just cashed some bonds. I know how much I had."

"The matter has all been cleared up," Tritt said coldly.

"Not for me, it hasn't. When you entered the amount in my checking account, it was for one hundred and twenty-four, not three hundred twenty-four."

Tritt put down his fork and carefully folded his hands. "I've heard you tell that story a thousand times, sir. My cash balanced when you came back and complained."

"Sure it balanced," Logan exploded. "You saw your mistake when Pinkson asked you to check the cash. So you took my two *(Continued on page 70)*

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

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Babies Are Big Business

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

This realization was the turning point of Supak's career, because when he took over active management of the business from his father in 1942, he switched the company to making babies' snow suits and pram suits. He shot to the forefront of the industry by becoming the first to create infant outer garments of the same new lightweight fabrics he had used in turning out field jackets for the U.S. Army during the war; and then one day something happened which further changed his destiny. The local nursery-school teacher sent his twin sons, Jon and Tommy, home, with a note appended to Jon's jacket. The note read: "Please do not send your children to school wearing snow suits, as it is impossible for me to remove same."

Supak pondered over this communiqué that night, and then he thought of all the wrestling matches he himself had undergone in order to divest his offspring of their outer raiment, merely to change diapers.

A Boon to Diaper Changers

Then, though it was long past closing time, Supak hastened back to his office. He spent most of the night studying plans sent to him by the Air Force for the manufacture of quick-opening flying suits, from which the flier could unzip himself in an instant in emergencies. Using the same fast-zipping principle, Supak thereupon designed an infant's pram suit which peels open like a banana, leaving the infant's middle completely exposed for diaper changing, while his top and bottom remain in the suit.

The item was an instantaneous best seller; and using his own sons as guinea pigs almost constantly thereafter, Supak came up with other innovations, such as trick "automatic thread" hems which can be opened as the child grows to add an extra two inches or so of size. Today, Supak's Weather Winky Company is a genuine giant of the industry, with an annual gross income of nearly $3,000,000 a year. The best his father could do with men's Mackinaws and leather jackets was $250,000 a year.

This same sort of success story is repeated in nearly every section of the country. In New York, a young manufacturer named Benjamin Gelardin was one of the smallest makers of flashlight batteries in the United States, until he realized that when his son Robert was an infant, he would not eat unless they distracted him by shining a flashlight before shoving each spoonful of food into his mouth.

Gelardin and his wife Reddy then designed a plastic rattle with a suction-cup bottom, the head of which lights up every time the baby pushes the rattle in any direction. This gadget—called the Jolly Blinker—not only diverts the baby for nutriment purposes, but is highly rated by experts as an educational device which teaches the infant cause and effect and achievement. The cause and effect on Gelardin was happy, in that more than 1,000,000 Jolly Blinkers have been sold in a little over a year, and he has been able to retire from the unprofitable battery business to concentrate on developing other ingenious infant-amusers based on the same principle.

Similarly, in Raleigh, North Carolina, the pretty, young wife of a veteran, named Mildred Williams, was nursing her ex-Air Force husband back to health after he had spent a year in a cast recovering from a wartime airplane crash. They were living with her husband's parents, along with her brother-in-law and sister-in-law, who had two husky twin boys, both equipped with the prodigious lung power found in all healthy infants. It was frequent bedlam.

When Mrs. Williams became worried about the effect of the twins' noise on her husband's recuperating nervous system, she designed a harness on the end of a powerful spring, which she screwed into the top of a doorframe. When she placed one of the twins in the harness, with his feet just touching the floor, the youngster stopped screaming, cooed happily, and jumped up and down on the end of the spring for hours. He didn't loose another yell until they attempted to remove him from the contraption. This was the birth of the Johnny Jump Up, one of the finest exerciser-pacifiers ever invented for infants.

Today, Williams has given up the civil engineering career for which he prepared at the University of North Carolina, and he and Mildred are endeavoring to manufacture enough Johnny Jump Ups in their recently formed Educational Toy Company to keep up with the demand from department stores all over the country. "We not only are making money," Mildred says, "but we are developing the Olympic stars of 1968. I have never seen such baby leg muscles in my life."

Even some grandfathers have got into the act. Among the most famous are Joseph P. Carney, seventy-six-year-old president of Thayer, Inc., of Gardner, Massachusetts, one of the largest of the baby furniture manufacturers, and Dan Gerber, president of the Gerber Products Company, the biggest maker of baby foods. Carney, then president of the Gardner Trust Company, bought out the moribund old Thayer Company in 1939, combined it with the faltering J. A. Dickerman Company, and built the concern from a puny $200,000-a-year business to an $8,000,000 gold mine in 1951—mostly as the result of observing the needs of his 13 grandchildren.

At one Thanksgiving family dinner, for instance, he noticed that fifteen-month-old Andy Burns had no place to sleep because all the other cribs in the Carney house were filled with prior occupants. This led Carney to design a lightweight, portable, bottomless crib called the Travel-Tot, which can be carried along and then strapped to an adult bed when the parents go visiting.

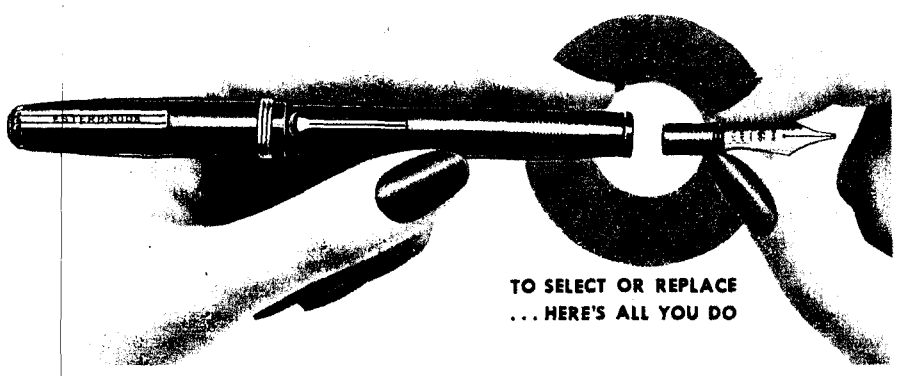
Straining Peas in a Hurry

Gerber is unique in that he has exhibited ingenuity as both a father and a grandfather. He was operating a conventional cannery in Fremont, Michigan, in 1928, when his second daughter, Sally, was a baby. He and Mrs. Gerber were on their way out one night. Sally had not been fed, however, so Mrs. Gerber began the arduous task of crushing freshly cooked peas through a strainer.

It kept getting later and later, and Gerber growled more and more about the delay, until Mrs. Gerber said, "All right, smartie, *you* strain the peas." Gerber then took over the job and made such a monumental mess in the kitchen that he began to wonder (under Mrs. Gerber's prodding) why he couldn't modify his puréeing machines in the cannery to strain vegetables for babies and save *all* mothers this trouble. And that's how world-famed Gerber's Baby Foods got started.

But with his children grown, Gerber now relies on his grandchildren for ideas. Recently, he noted that Sally's baby, Peter, persisted in hijacking dog biscuits directly from the mouth of Penny, his golden retriever. He further noted that the child kept quiet for long periods of time while he consumed the biscuits with obvious relish. Gerber consulted with pediatricians and discovered that the iron-hard dog biscuit was a perfect pacifier for a teething baby, in that he could suck and gnaw on it for hours. So Gerber's is coming on the market with a baby's hard teething biscuit—definitely *not* a dog biscuit—which has a cooky flavor instead of the bone effect created for canine tastes.

An almost parallel story involves the meat-packing firm of Swift & Company:



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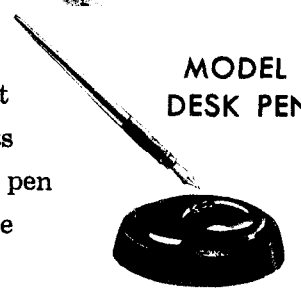

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one day in 1944, a young Swift laboratory researcher named Dr. Harold W. Schultz was laboriously scraping beef at home for his two infant children, when he was struck by the same consideration that had hit Dan Gerber some 17 years before: Why couldn't the product be processed and put up in cans for mothers' use? He took up the matter with pediatricians and discovered that most infants go through two or three months of anemia shortly after birth.

When he told the doctors of his idea for canned meats for babies, the unvarying reaction was: "H'mm! Very interesting. We always thought nothing could be done about this period of anemia. But canned meats might provide the proteins and minerals lacking in the infant's diet. It might be the answer, at that." Two years later, after $400,000 had been spent in research at institutions like the University of Nebraska and the University of Minnesota, Swift revolutionized the baby-food industry by coming on the market with strained and chopped beef, lamb, pork, veal, heart and liver, to supplement the normal baby diet of milk, cereal, fruits and vegetables.

Today, Dr. Schultz's original idea has been backed further by continuing research, and Swift's (now followed by the rest of the industry) keeps putting out hitherto-undreamed-of vitamin- and mineral-jammed new products for babies, like strained liver-and-bacon.

Other ingenious baby business inventors —young and old—have come up with fitted-corner sheets for cribs (which now have been copied for adult beds); with a terry-cloth bib called the Wiper-kins, which comes complete with a terry-cloth mitt for the mother to wipe off the baby's chin after eating; with a screen-enclosed crib called the Kiddie-Koop to keep insects and pet cats and dogs from climbing in with baby; with valve-equipped nursing bottles which prevent baby from swallowing colic-producing air; and with a snap-on nylon diaper cover called the "handi-panty," which is designed to keep baby's damp bottom from contacting uncles, aunts and bedding.

So Many Gadgets for Infants

There is a bowl for baby that locks into a suction cup so he can't hurl it to the floor; and an electronic hookup that amplifies baby's cries over loud-speakers in every part of the house, or even next door, for long-distance baby sitting by a neighbor. There are car beds for babies, TV chairs for babies, sleeping bags for babies, even Space Cadet playsuits for one-year-olds.

The International Latex Corporation has come up with the "Dryper Panty," an ingenious holder for amazingly absorbent new "cellulon" flush-away diaper pads; and the two biggest publishers in the children's book business—Simon & Schuster, and Grosset & Dunlap—put out brightly colored picture books, some with washable covers, designed to attract the attention of babies as young as one year. The giants of the baby toiletries field—Johnson & Johnson and the Mennen Company—no longer limit themselves to the traditional baby oils and baby powders. Both now have runaway best sellers in the form of scientifically developed baby lotions and nongreasy liquefied creams for scientific skin care.

All this is a far cry from just a generation or so ago, when infants' items had scarcely progressed beyond the Biblical swaddling-clothes stage. The oldest infants' wear concern still extant is the big Freitag Manufacturing Company, which 75 years ago sent salesmen out on horseback to sell flannel petticoats to women in outlying districts.

The Freitag men noticed that mothers made their own tiny flannel petticoats for their infants, so they took to selling flannel by the yard for this purpose, and eventually they added ready-made infants' petticoats to their line. But that was all. Until the end of World War I, practically all baby clothes were made at home or by dressmakers. The only actual baby industry in those days was the side-line manufacture of baby oils and powders by pioneers Mennen and Johnson & Johnson, which were founded in 1880 and 1885 respectively.

A perfect indication of the change since then is the case of Mrs. Max West, a little white-haired old lady who wrote the first edition of the government's Infant Care pamphlet in 1914 (63,000 copies). When the 25,000,000th copy of Infant Care was distributed in November, 1949, the Children's Bureau of the Federal Security Agency held a celebration in San Francisco, at which Mrs. West appeared as a guest of honor after having been out of the public view for years.

Mrs. West (the mother of five children when she wrote the pamphlet and now the grandmother of three) was agog with excitement over what had happened since she wrote the original text. Somewhat breathlessly she said, "There are so many gadgets today to help young mothers with their babies. Then, we had to buy material by the yard for diapers. I'm amazed when I go into the stores and see the laborsaving devices. And there are so many books today offering information for the young mother. Then, there was no place to get that information but to go to a doctor who was interested in the baby."

In 1914, Mrs. West recommended "sphagnum or peat moss" as material for disposable diapers. And as late as 1924, Infant Care instructed mothers to "make zwieback at home rather than buy it in the store. It is safer for your baby." Around this time, Harold Clapp, in Rochester, New York, and Dan Gerber, in Fremont, Michigan, were trying to market canned vegetable food for babies without too much acceptance; and other pioneers, like A. G. Feldman of the Storkline Furniture Corporation in Chicago, were struggling with the problem of making cribs, high chairs and baby carriages less ponderous and less expensive, so the general public could buy them.

Infants' toys in those days consisted mainly of fragile celluloid rattles; but a few hardy souls in the garment industry began to make items exclusively for infants. These consisted mainly of the so-called "bishop dress," an open-down-the-back garment with raglan sleeves and a bow at the neck for easy dressing. In general, however, infants' wear remained a minor offshoot of the ladies' garment business.

The industry began to stir in the late 1930s when Storkline and others came up with the first collapsible baby carriage; and there was more and more medical acceptance of prepared baby foods, plus the entrance into the field of big canners like Beech-Nut and Heinz. But according to Alfred Lowenherz, vice-president of the Freitag Manufacturing Company, the big boom didn't really get under way until 1940. "It was the war that did it," he says. "After years of low birth rate during the depression period, millions of young people got married and proceeded to have children before the husband entered armed service. Births shot up from 2,466,000 in 1939 to 3,003,000 in 1942—and our sales shot up accordingly."

This was nothing, however, compared with the second half of the spurt which began when the veterans returned in 1945 and sent the nation's birth figure soaring still higher to 3,876,000 in 1947; and then, with the outbreak of the Korean war, to an all-time peak of nearly 4,000,000 in 1951. This was the period, too, when the young parents entered the industry with their thousands of gadgets and converted it into a business of ideas.

William Gleeson, divisional merchandise manager of The Dayton Company store in Minneapolis, says, "No one who isn't close to it can realize the terrific change that took place in the baby business in just those few years. My own three children passed the toddler stage in 1945, but today we are selling taken-for-granted new items in Dayton's that hadn't even been dreamed of when *my* kids were babies."

A good example of these happenings of the last 20 years in the baby business is a New York firm called G. H. and E. Freydberg. The company was founded in a tiny downtown loft by two brothers, George and Herman Freydberg, in 1908; and for years they manufactured ruffling for women's dresses. In 1927, they were one of the outfits to make a careful experimental plunge into baby items. They turned out baby bonnets as a side line to their main product, which continued to be ruffling, and later switched to making tots' dresses. From 1932 to 1937, the children's volume was very small—no more than $100,000 a year. The ruffling *still* accounted for an overwhelming percentage of the company's gross.

But then, in 1938, two new faces entered the business. These were Herman Freydberg's son Richard, who had just been graduated from Syracuse University, and George Freydberg's son Irwin, recipient of a brand-new B.S. in business engineering from MIT. The two young cousins agreed almost instantly that the future of the company lay in the baby business, but before they could do anything about it, World War II had begun. Both became pilots in the Air Force—Richard flying B-29s in combat in the South Pacific and Irwin ferrying bombers to India and Africa. Both emerged in 1946 as beribboned majors. They rushed back to the business and soon took over control from their aging fathers. Their impact on the industry was felt almost immediately.

They began to make small-fry dresses with the same styling that goes into adult clothes, and they seized on all the new wonder-fabrics as they came along. In knit goods, they made dungaree diaper pants, infant polo shirts, infant overalls of knitted denim that cannot scratch, a baby girls' creeper with a rumba ruffle on the rear, and a baby boys' suit with black Hopalong Cassidy-style diaper pants and a fringed-shoulder gray shirt inscribed "Howdy!" To market these products, the Freydbergs instituted supermodern promotion methods, going so far as enclosing ads, press releases for local newspapers, radio scripts, posters and the like with each box of merchandise. "We do everything for the dealer," says Irwin Freydberg, "but produce the babies."

All Inventors Were Welcome

Under the two young Freydbergs, the company soon developed the reputation of being an "idea house" where no one who came to them with a new invention or creation was turned away. One day, for example, a rather unprepossessing-looking scientist named Edward A. Park walked up to the reception-room window in the company's showroom and hesitatingly declared that he had a remarkable new invention. Richard Freydberg saw him and discovered that Park indeed had developed a minor miracle. Here was plastic blended with rayon to make a cloth that was completely waterproof, yet as washable as nylon stockings.

Freydberg asked the Plastic Film Corporation to undertake production of the new welded fabric, which came on the market under the name "Syntilon," and soon thereafter the public was offered Syntilon baby pants designed to fit over the diaper. The pants were peelproof and waterproof; they required no plastic or rubber lining; they could be washed and ironed like ordinary rayon—and they were an immediate hit.

As the result of all this, the Freydbergs have expanded to 300,000 square feet in various factories along the Eastern seaboard, and their $8,000,000- to $10,000,000-a-year volume puts them in fourth place in the industry. The company still makes ruffling, but this once-paramount source of income has been by-passed to the point where only a handful of girls operate a few ruffle-making machines in a single factory.

Until people like the young Freydbergs entered the industry, most baby businesses were concentrated in New York and New England, with a few outposts in areas like metropolitan Chicago and St. Louis. Today it has become a truly national industry, with manufacturers springing up by the score in Atlanta, Los Angeles, Dallas and dozens of other American towns and cities. The products of these companies are designed in the main for sale all over the country; but some interesting regional differences have developed. For coal-mining and industrial regions, for example, baby clothes are made of bright colors and plaids so as not to show airborne grime.

Similarly, in the extreme Northern states (where the warm seasons are short) and in parts of the South and the West (where pedestrians must traverse many unpaved roads and streets), it is next to impossible to sell a baby carriage, and the infant car-bed and lightweight stroller are

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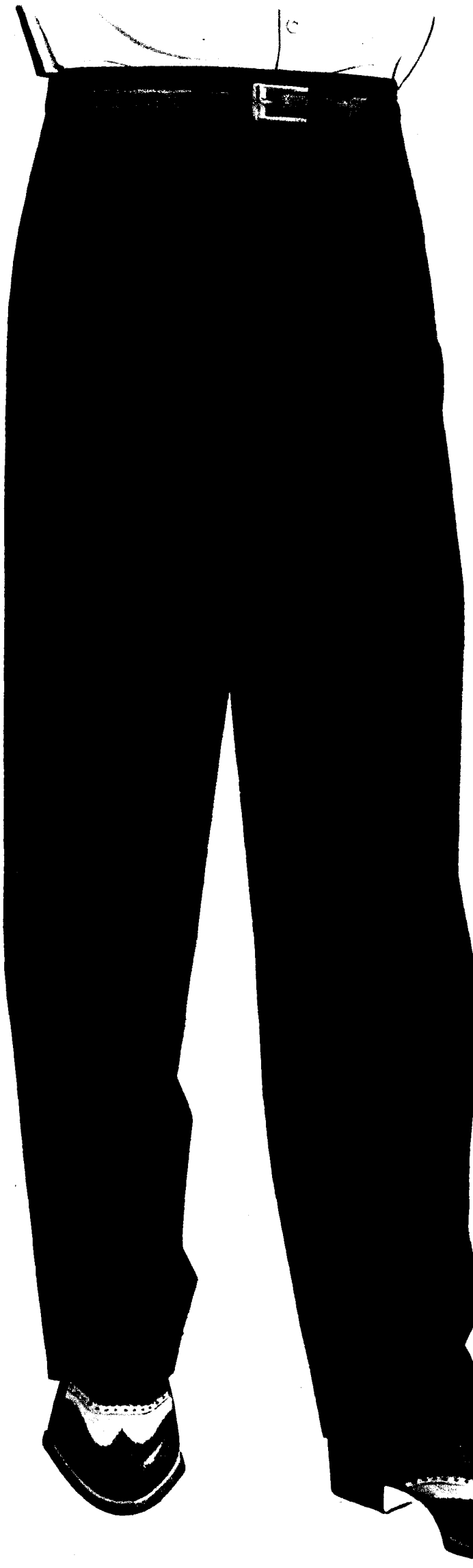

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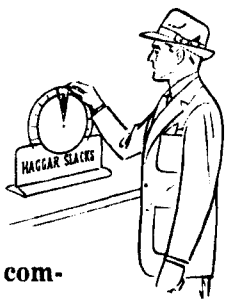

Use the Haggar Pant-O-Rama to select your Haggar Slacks combinations at your favorite men's wear or department store.

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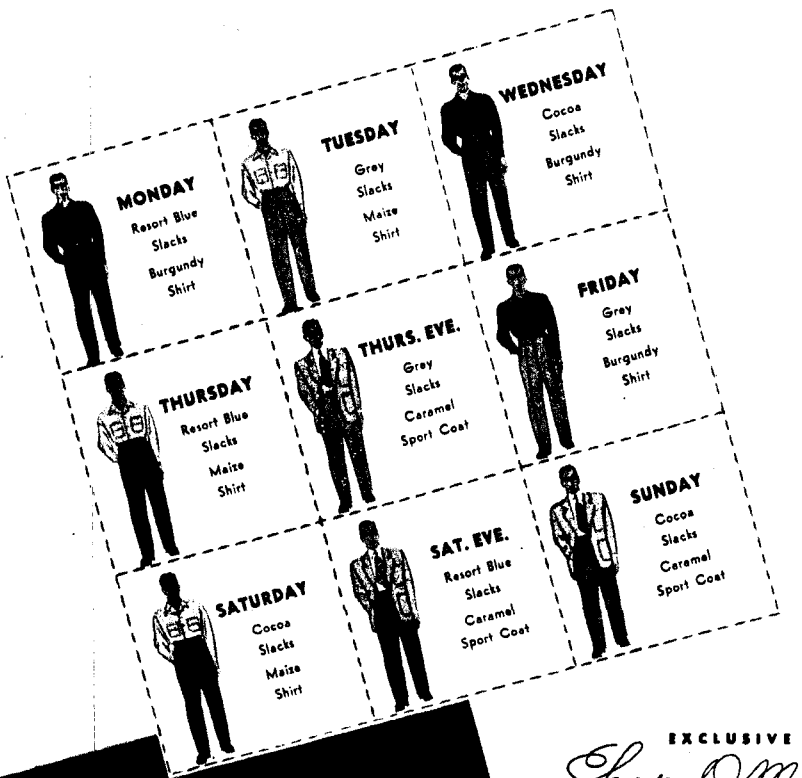

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standard items. In Texas and Oklahoma, parents want to put their newborn infants into cowboy-type denim diaper covers as soon as possible after they come home from the hospital. California has become famous for extremely frilly tots' items.

But the South, more than any other area, has become known for specialized regional items. Because of the heat in summer, a so-called diaper-shirt long ago became popular there. This is a loose-hanging batiste or "lawn" sacque worn over the shoulders. It is the only top covering which many Southern babies wear throughout the dog days of summer. To meet local Southern custom, manufacturers also produce little boys' aprons, which are worn nowhere else in the country, plus the batiste day gown, in which Southern mothers, following an old social tradition, dress up the infant for afternoon callers.

Modern traditions, too, have wrought changes in the baby business. There was a great tendency after the war for young couples to move into small houses and apartments, where space was at a premium. They did not have too much money for baby luxuries. So a whole host of combination, multipurpose items was developed.

Useful Double-Duty Pieces

Thayer, for example, makes a combination toilet-training-seat, step-stool and nursery chair; and Storkline has a collapsible baby carriage that converts into a stroller as the child grows older. (Thayer has one, too, poetically called "The Dreamliner," and so do nearly all the other baby carriage manufacturers.) Kroll Brothers Company of Chicago makes a small-apartment crib with chifforobe drawers underneath; and the Bilt-Rite Baby Carriage Company has a high chair which comes apart to make a baby chair and table as the child grows.

By this time, many manufacturers make a version of the high-chair-table, made popular by the Babee-Tenda Corporation of Cleveland, in which the baby sits safely strapped in a seat that lets down in the center of the table, the legs of which can be regulated for height. As the baby becomes a child, the chair folds away permanently and the device becomes an ordinary flat-top table.

Even more significant than this are the safety features which the manufacturers have built into their products in recent years. Not so long ago, it was commonplace to read in the papers about babies developing lead poisoning after nibbling painted surfaces on their cribs. Also, there were waves of incidents involving babies who tipped over in their high chairs, or wounded themselves on sharp edges protruding from their furniture. Today, all the reputable manufacturers use nontoxic vegetable paints plus plastic "teething rails" where the baby is most likely to chomp down on the crib. High chairs are built with low centers of gravity to make them virtually tip-proof; and sharp edges have been eliminated.

Nowhere are the safety standards more scrupulously observed than in the baby-food industry. Recently, J. Kenneth Kirk, assistant to the Commissioner of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, told me:

"The baby-food industry has shown a praiseworthy attitude in its efforts to provide products that parents can rely on. It has been some time since we have had any instance of spoilage or adulteration. Our inspectors find that generally these packers have adopted their own standards for the selection of the crops they buy and, in some instances, these are higher than the law requires. It is apparent to us that this industry wants to do everything it can to merit the continued confidence of mothers and the medical profession."

To observe these "superstandards" for myself, I visited the Gerber plant in Fremont, Michigan, an operation similar to Clapp's, Swift, Beech-Nut, Heinz, Libby's, Stokely and all the other leaders of the industry. Gerber's, which makes nothing but baby foods, also has plants at Oakland, California, and in Rochester, New York.

The company has college-trained agronomists and other agricultural specialists who work in the field with the farmers to control plant diseases. They recommend the proper insecticides and fertilizers, and they even make soil tests so the farmers can pick the plot of land that will give the best yield for each crop. When the produce arrives at the plant, other experts examine it for any possible infestation, and then it starts on conveyer belts through what probably is one of the world's most sterile assembly lines.

Fruits and vegetables are washed and rewashed—in chemical solutions, if necessary—to remove any insecticide residue. The cooking is done at high temperatures, and each can or jar is blasted out with air, and washed with hot water and live steam before it is filled. After filling, each jar is brushed, blown dry with a jet of air, and then washed again, to remove any food particles that might have clung to the outside surface. The assembly line goes through a little darkroom where a technician examines jars through a fluoroscope to detect any foreign bodies that might have got into the food. The cereal assembly line passes magnets and enclosed cyclone blowers which remove metal particles and dust.

The plant swarms with the scientists and technicians of the so-called Quality Control Department, who are constantly tasting, testing, examining. Twice a day, bacteriologists come out and take swabs from various parts of the assembly line. They develop these swabs on agar plates in incubators to see if there is a dangerous build-up of germs at any stage of the process. Every night, the plant's third shift does nothing but chemically wash down the equipment for the next day's operation; every week end they dismantle the equipment and do a thorough cleaning; and, for a full month every year, production ceases while the entire factory is stripped down, cleaned and reassembled.

A belt of DDT surrounds the plant like a medieval moat, and insect and rodent control specialists are on constant guard in the vast storage areas inside. In the plant's laboratories, able scientists like Ray Frodey (a chemical engineer who also has an M.A. in food technology) keep checking raw and canned samples for bacteria, for vitamin and mineral content, for impurities, for fats and proteins, and for dangerous lead and arsenic that might have been left over from insect sprays in the field.

Finally, as one last link in this network of precautions, every container is stamped with a serial number so it can be identified and pulled off the grocers' shelves if it remains there too long—or in the remote event that an impurity is discovered in any other container of the same "run."

These are the safety standards followed not only at Gerber's but throughout the baby-food industry. Less spectacular but equally important is the development of similar standards recently in the toy industry. A few years ago, infants' rattles were made out of celluloid with dried beans inside to make the rattling noise. It was not uncommon for a baby to cut himself on the sharp edges of a broken rattle and there were several cases of infants choking to death on the beans after popping them into their mouths.

This is not possible today if you buy a rattle in a reputable store. The fragile celluloid has been succeeded by tough plastic, and even if the rattle breaks open, there are, instead of beans, crystals which dissolve harmlessly when the baby swallows them.

In addition to this, square edges on toys are being changed to rounded edges, nonpoisonous vegetable paints are used instead of dangerous lead-base paints, and there has been a tremendous growth in the use of plastics, which are nontoxic and can be made to attain near indestructibility. One big manufacturer, the Ideal Toy Corporation, even has come on the market with a nonallergic Teddy bear named "Algy," that cannot harm babies who get eczema, asthma or diarrhea from house dust. Ordinarily, babies with allergies are forcibly separated from their dust-collecting Teddy bears by their doctors. Now, apparently, this is a thing of the past.

Safeguards Against Allergy

During October, 1948, a distinguished immunologist and allergist named Dr. Arthur F. Coca reported in the medical journal Annals of Allergy that a new chemical had been developed which prevents dust from forming in fabrics and upholstery. Within a year, Ideal had adapted the chemical to its own use, and now babies not only can play with nonallergic Teddy bears, but with a nonallergic "Pussy Cat with Zipper Pocket and Music Box" as well.

The principal factor behind all this has been a remarkable organization called the Toy Guidance Council, which was formed by an advertising man named Melvin Freud in 1938. The council started as an independent promotion outfit to make toy buying an all-year-round proposition, instead of just a Christmastime activity; but soon Freud became obsessed with the necessity of making toys safer and more educational. He set up a panel of educator-experts headed by famed Emma D. Sheehy, assistant professor of childhood education at Teachers College, Columbia University. Every year she and her colleagues hold a series of five 8-hour meetings to approve or disapprove toys on safety and educational grounds. After that, Freud has a panel of the top wholesalers to rate the educators' selections for salability.

By the end of World War II, some 95 per cent of the toy manufacturers realized that the wholly independent council was a good medium for self-policing of the industry; and by 1951 no less than 913 manufacturers were clamoring to be represented in the council's annual Toy Yearbook, on the grounds that any of the 200 items approved therein is gobbled up by nearly all dealers as an automatic best seller. The Toy Yearbook is regarded as the bible of the industry, and last year 3,300,000 parents obtained it from dealers and scrutinized its pages before sallying forth to purchase toys for their children.

Among the educational items approved for infants were several interesting gadgets, all based on the "achievement principle"—making the baby learn that if he performs a certain act he will achieve a certain effect. There is a rubber fish which floats in the baby's bathtub and gurgles when it is squeezed; and there is a plastic Donald Duck on a raft, who quacks under the same impetus. There is a huge wooden nut-and-bolt, which the baby can screw back and forth; and unbreakable transparent-plastic building blocks with "snow" suspended in a liquid inside—an adaptation of the old-fashioned desk paperweight. Infants turn the blocks upside down and stare in fascination at the "snow."

For slightly older babies there is a "bang box"—into which they can hammer wooden pegs with a wooden mallet ad infinitum, thus channeling into a safe area the normal impulse of a two-year-old to swing away at the furniture.

Experts like Professor Sheehy rate this sort of development as evidence of extremely mature thinking on the part of an industry. The same advanced approach seems to be making itself felt not only in toys but in most other branches of the baby business as well—in food, in clothing, in furniture. As Jesse Drew, nationally known children's merchandising expert at Filene's in Boston, recently put it, "It's a pretty young business, but it's growing out of its diapers awfully fast." THE END

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"Oh, stop sulking! I'm sure she meant it as a great compliment"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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The Great Depression

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Glass—together with President Wilson and Treasury Secretary McAdoo, had categorically stated that credit crises and booms or slumps would never happen again, as they could now be controlled by the regulation of credit.

4. The feet of clay in our entire economic system belonged to our banking structure, which was the outgrowth of a multitude of laws (both good and bad) and of the belief of too many people that they could start and manage a bank. By 1929 we had about 24,000 commercial banks, trust companies and savings banks entrusted with the people's deposits. More than 3,500 had less than $100,000 capital; some 1,500 had less than $25,000 capital.

A safe banking life, including the payment of bank salaries, simply could not be led on such capital. Worst of all, deposit institutions were allowed to invest largely in mortgages and long-term securities; when pressure came from their depositors, they could not realize on long-term investments, and were forced to reduce short-term commercial loans. As a result business was stifled. The prior notice depositors were required to give before withdrawing "time deposits" meant nothing, because if the banker refused to pay on demand, his bank became suspect.

We had 48 different state laws regulating banks, a law for District of Columbia banks, and a federal law regulating national banks. We also had certain controls by the Federal Reserve System. There was inspection of the national banks and partial inspection of the Federal reserve banks—both of which were fairly good; but the 49 other banking inspections ranged from merely fair down to political.

Another fault was that many of the large banks had affiliates through which they dealt in active stock promotion.

The public had become callous to bank failures because we had had nearly 5,000 such failures in the eight good years before the depression. More than 10,000 deposit institutions were to disappear in the five years after 1929 despite governmental props under the banking system. Their mortality rate was about 40 times that of industrial and commercial firms.

That all this was unnecessary is shown by the fact that in the entire British Empire during the depression there was not a single failure of a bank of importance.

People Used to Bank Failures

Although it anticipates the story, I may add here that at every regular session of Congress during my administration I urged complete reorganization of the banking system to make depositors safe. But our people were so used to bank failures that it took a major storm to arouse public demand for reorganization.

5. The biggest of our immediate weaknesses was the Federal Reserve System's pre-1929 deliberate inflation of credit. The system had a direct responsibility for the mad Mississippi Bubble on the stock market, with its inevitable collapse.

The basic theory behind the Federal Reserve System was that the system could curb speculation or excessive business activity by raising interest rates and restricting credit through the purchase of government securities ("open-market operations"); that, on the other hand, the system could stimulate business by lowering interest rates and expanding credit by the sale of government securities. Experience, however, showed that this theory worked mostly when applied to stimulating business.

Inflation of credit by the Federal Reserve System began in late 1925. At that time Montagu Norman, head of the Bank of England, Hjalmar Schacht of the Reichsbank and Charles Rist of the Bank of France visited Washington and urged credit-expansion policies on the Federal Reserve Board. They contended that Britain could not stay on the gold standard and Continental countries survive a business crisis unless American interest rates were lowered and credit expanded so that Europe's higher interest rates could attract American capital.

The board acted on their representations. Adolph Miller, who was a member of the board, Senator Irvine Lenroot and I at once protested that in the country's rosy mood this action would stimulate speculation in stocks and possibly in commodities. Speculation did immediately ensue; the expansion of credit was promptly reflected on the New York Stock Exchange by a 40 per cent rise in stock prices and by an increase in loans on stocks from less than $1,200,000,000 to more than $2,800,000,000—all in a period of a few months.

What Europe Really Needed

During 1926, I made a number of public statements warning against the speculation then under way. The board stopped further credit-expansion operations until mid-1927, when the same European bankers reappeared and persuaded it to undertake even more extensive credit expansion than that of late 1925. Mr. Miller and I again protested that this would invite dangerous speculation. We insisted that what Europe needed was not credit, but disarmament, balanced budgets, harder work and more production.

Inflation of credit is like a delayed time bomb. During 19 months the new inflation measures of mid-1927 brought a further speculative orgy and more loans on stocks. New York stock-market loans rose from about $3,500,000,000 to $8,500,000,000, and stock prices rose almost 100 per cent. Another consequence of the credit inflation was a flood of unwise private loans to Europe.

It does not follow that these international banking policies were inaugurated for the personal profit of the gentlemen concerned or for their friends. Undoubtedly they were acting in the hope of preventing European difficulties. But certainly the huge budget deficits, currency inflation, vast armaments increases and growing military alliances which were at the root of their trouble were not to be cured by a poultice of inflated credit from the United States.

I do not attribute the whole of the stock boom to the Federal Reserve System's mismanagement. But the policies adopted by that system must assume the greater responsibility. The fact that action of such gigantic moment may be set on foot in a democracy, without adequate public consideration or check, emphasizes the dangers of undue powers in the hands of mere individuals—governmental or private.

It was difficult for the public to believe that such griefs and tragedies lay hidden in so obscure a process as credit inflation when forced on an already optimistic people. It set the stage for wicked manipulations and promotions of stocks. Its collapse brought hunger and despair to millions of homes.

It also furnished ammunition to radicals for attacks on the whole American system. The exhibition of waste, fraud and greed which flowed from this artificial credit appears in their literature as a typical phenomenon of our free civilization—whereas it was the exception. There are crimes far worse than murder for which men should be reviled and punished.

A summary of the contribution of Federal Reserve policies to the boom later appeared—in July, 1935—in the magazine Sphere. Quoting Adolph Miller, the Reserve Board member who had worked with me before 1929 in attempts to get some sanity into the Reserve System, the magazine reported:

"The board only began issuing warnings

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(against speculation) when Mr. Hoover was about to take office . . . the board knew that Mr. Hoover, from 1926 on, had been protesting that the money policy of the Reserve System was certain to bring about disaster and calamity. Mr. Hoover, before and after he took office, was struggling desperately to curb credit extravagance . . . The record will show that he became the victim of a policy that was anathema to him the whole time it was in operation."

In late 1928, President Coolidge appointed Mr. Roy Young governor of the Reserve Board. Young was able, courageous and co-operative. Prior to my inauguration I conferred several times with him. He agreed to use the board's full powers to try to stem the tide. A month before I took office the board issued public notice of drastic "direct action" toward the banks to restrain indirect use of Federal Reserve credits or loans for speculative purposes.

But the fever was beyond control.

Moreover, the effect of the board's action was greatly minimized by an unfortunate press statement by President Coolidge a few days before he left office, in which he assured the country that its prosperity was "absolutely sound" and that stocks were "cheap at current prices." He undoubtedly believed this; and, as I had disparaged the speculation in my public statements, no doubt he wanted to indicate his feeling.

Dangers of the Stock Bubble

When I came to the White House the stock boom was going great guns. Being fully alive to the danger inherent in this colossal bubble, my first interest was to get it under restraint. It was obvious that there had to be a vast liquidation of paper values, and especially of the mental attitude of people mesmerized by the idea of gambling as a basis of living and of national progress.

The initial difficulty was a lack of government authority, except such as could be exerted by the Federal Reserve System. To ask Congress for powers to so interfere with the stock market was futile. Certainly an expansion of Presidential power to dictate the prices of stocks was of doubtful constitutionality. I therefore resolved to attack the problem from several directions in addition to co-operation from the Federal Reserve System.

To create a spirit of caution in the public, I sent individually for editors and publishers of major newspapers and magazines and requested them systematically to warn against gambling and the unduly high price of stocks. Most of them responded with strong editorials. This had no appreciable effect.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and others, at my request, issued repeated statements urging the public to convert stocks into bonds, and advising other forms of caution. This also had no effect.

My second line of attack, in April, 1929, was to request Henry M. Robinson, president of the Los Angeles First National Trust and Savings Bank, to go to New York and to talk in my name to the promoters and bankers behind the market. He fully agreed with me as to the dangers of the situation. But the New York bankers all scoffed at the idea that the market was not "sound." One of them, Thomas Lamont of Morgan & Company, sent me a long memorandum to prove it.

My third effort was to send for Richard Whitney, vice-president of the New York Stock Exchange, and urge that the exchange itself act to curb the manipulation of stocks. I informed him that I had no desire to stretch the powers of the federal government by legislation to regulate the stock exchange, and that regulative authority existed in the state of New York—of which Franklin D. Roosevelt was governor. I stated that I preferred to let American institutions and the states govern themselves, and that the exchange had full power, under its charter, to control its own members and to prevent itself from being used for manipulation against the public interest.

Whitney made profuse promises, but did nothing. (Subsequently he was sent to the penitentiary for mishandling trust funds.)

Through the use of some federal powers in post-office-fraud matters we did stop a flock of bucket-shop stock operators. Later I was compelled to secure—as a preliminary to federal action—an investigation by the Senate Banking Committee into stock-exchange manipulations. The disclosures were heartbreaking.

A dispute arose between Governor Young of the Federal Reserve Board and the important banks as to whether or not discount rates should be raised to brake speculation. Governor Young contended that to raise the rate simply gave the banks larger returns by penalizing commercial business. He contended that the banks could curb loans for speculation merely by refusing to make such loans.

I held with the governor, who now proceeded by direct action. He issued orders to the reserve banks to refuse rediscounts to banks which were lending largely on stocks. (Their method was to rediscount their commercial bills at the reserve banks, then loan the proceeds to the market.)

"It's from the whole office force—except that stubborn Mr. Fisher in Accounting"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

At one point these Federal Reserve Board actions forced rates for money for speculative purposes up to 20 per cent per annum. But people who dreamed of 100 per cent profit in a week were not deterred by an interest rate of 20 per cent a year.

We almost secured a strangle hold on the stock market when the reserve banks had so tightened the call-loan situation that a moment arrived when there was no money available to the market. A break seemed inevitable. But Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, announced that in this emergency his bank would furnish the deficient credit.

Senator Glass expressed my feelings when he said of Mr. Mitchell:

". . . He avows his superior obligation to a frantic stock market over against the obligation of his oath as a director of the New York Federal Reserve Bank . . . Mr. Mitchell's proclamation is a challenge to the authority and the announced policy of the Federal Reserve Board . . . The board should ask for the immediate resignation of Mr. Mitchell as a Class A director of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. . . ."

All our efforts to secure an orderly readjustment covered a period of six months. Perhaps they served somewhat to slow up the orgy, but they failed to cure the public's madness. For the real trouble was that the bellboys, the waiters, and the host of unknowing people—as well as the financial community—had become so obsessed with rubbing the Aladdin's lamp of sudden fortune that the movement was uncontrollable.

Finally the new economic era "blew up." On October 29, 1929, in the eighth month after I entered the White House, the stock market crashed of its own follies.

When the inevitable black morning of their dream came, exponents of the "new economic era" were surprised. A flood of reassuring statements issued from bankers, economists, labor leaders and the press. Professor Irving Fisher of Yale asserted that stocks had not even reached their full values. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Raskob all announced that they were buying stocks. William Green of the AFL declared: "In a few months we will be back to normal."

I am not a pessimistic soul, but I was not impressed by any of this optimism. The press urged that I issue a statement. Obviously, as President, I had no business making things worse in the middle of a crash. Loath to speak of the stock market, I emphasized as a source of encouragement the progress which had been made in our productive system.

Within a few weeks the slump began seriously to affect industrial employment and farm prices, confronting us with problems of the first order. At once there arose the fundamental question as to whether the President and the federal government should undertake to mitigate and remedy the inevitable evils stemming from the crash.

No President before had ever believed there was a governmental responsibility in such cases. Such eruptions had always been left to blow themselves out. Presidents Buchanan, Grant, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson had all stood aloof on the occasion of economic crises. On one such occasion there had been a little currency relief, on another, the deposit of federal money in some banks, and there was the crisis where Cleveland announced his fidelity to the gold standard.

But that was all. We had to pioneer a new field because there was no governmental experience to guide us. As a matter of fact there was little economic knowledge to guide us. The previous great postwar depression—that of the 1870s—had left only a scant legacy of economic information.

I may reiterate that it is not given, even to Presidents, to see into the future. We could have done better—in retrospect. But storms do not develop all at once, and they change without notice. In my three years of the slump and depression they changed repeatedly for the worse—and with the speed of lightning.

The stock quake on October 29th was followed by succeeding shocks until, by November, industrial stocks had fallen to 60 per cent of their high point. Even so the business world for some time refused to believe that the danger was any more than that of run-of-the-mill, temporary slumps such as had occurred at three- to seven-year intervals in the past.

However, we in the administration took a more serious view, partly because of our inner knowledge of the fearful inflation of stock-market credit, but more particularly because of our fear of the situation of Europe's economy. I perhaps knew the weaknesses of the latter better than most people from my experience in Europe during 1919 and my knowledge of the economic consequences of the Versailles Treaty.

Two schools of thought developed within the administration. First were the "leave-it-alone liquidationists" headed by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, who felt that the government must keep hands off and let the collapse liquidate itself.

Mr. Mellon had only one formula—"liquidate labor, liquidate stocks, liquidate the farmers, liquidate real estate." He insisted that when the people get an inflation brainstorm the only way to get it out of their blood is to let it collapse. He held that even a panic was not altogether a bad thing: "It would purge the rottenness out of the system. High costs of living and high living will come down. People will work harder, live a more moral life. Values will be adjusted and enterprising people will pick up the wrecks from less competent people."

Post-Civil War Panic Recalled

Mr. Mellon recounted to me at great length his recollection of the great depression of the seventies after the Civil War. He had started in his father's bank a few years after that time. Tens of thousands of farms had been foreclosed; railroads had almost wholly gone into the hands of receivers; few banks went unscathed; many people were jobless; and mobs roamed the streets. Mr. Mellon told me that his father had gone to England during that time and had cut short his visit when he got word that back home the orders for steel were pouring into the closed furnaces. By the time Mellon, Senior, got back, confidence was growing on every hand; suddenly the panic had ended and in 12 months the whole system was again working at full speed.

I reminded Mr. Mellon that back in the seventies suffering did take place which might have been prevented; that our economy had been far simpler 60 years ago; that we were then 75 per cent an agricultural people as opposed to 30 per cent now; that unemployment during the earlier crisis had been mitigated by the return of large numbers of unemployed to relatives on the farms, and that our farm economy itself had been largely self-contained. But Mr. Mellon shook his head and observed: "Human nature has not changed in 60 years."

The secretary was not hardhearted; he felt that there would be less suffering and fewer scars left if his course were pursued.

But other members of the administration having economic responsibilities—Secretary of Commerce Lamont, Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, Undersecretary of the Treasury Mills and Governor Young of the Reserve Board—believed with me that we should use the powers of government to cushion the liquidation. We especially had in mind the need to prevent bank panics, and to mitigate the privation among the unemployed and the farmers which would then certainly ensue.

The record will show that we went into action within 10 days and were steadily organizing each week and month thereafter. We determined that the federal government should use all of its powers:

(a) To avoid bank depositors' and credit panics;

(b) To cushion slowly, by various de-

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vices, the inevitable liquidation of false values so as to prevent widespread bankruptcy and the loss of homes and productive power;

(c) To give aid to agriculture;

(d) To mitigate unemployment and relieve those in actual distress;

(e) To prevent industrial conflict and social disorder;

(f) To preserve the financial strength of the United States government, our credit and our currency, as the Gibraltar of the world—in other words, to see that America met every foreign debt, and kept the dollar ringing true on every counter in the world;

(g) To advance much-needed economic and social reforms as fast as could be, without such drastic action as would intensify the illness of an already sick nation;

(h) To sustain the morale and courage of the people in order that their initiative should remain unimpaired, and secure from the people themselves every effort for their own salvation, and

(i) To adhere rigidly to the Constitution and our fundamental liberties, for one of the dangers of the times was that governmental action would undermine or weaken the initiative, free enterprise and recuperative powers of the people, or endanger the fundamental concepts on which our system of freedom was based.

Five Phases of Depression

To provide a clear perspective of the depression, I will summarize its different phases—they were definitely different—then give a detailed account of each.

The depression divided itself roughly into five successive periods or phases, each more severe than the preceding.

Each phase began with new destructive forces; each had its own acute crisis. As each developed, we undertook new efforts and measures to ward it off, to cushion its effects and restore the constructive forces of economic life. As the consequences of each crisis passed, we gained in strength and confidence—for a while. We successfully passed the first four crises without panic. The panic and setback of the last (after my defeat in 1932) could have been easily prevented.

The first phase was the 17 months from the stock-market crash in October, 1929, to April, 1931. This was a time of normal economic readjustment from a boom, such as the country had experienced before at intervals every few years. The number of family breadwinners unemployed rose to about 2,000,000. By January, 1931, we had paid the price for our own economic misdeeds and were convalescing. We made steady upward progress from January until April, 1931, when the storm struck us from Europe.

The depression's second phase comprised the four months from April to July, 1931, when we suffered the impact of a financial panic in Continental Europe. Heavy blows rained on our feeble banks and on our convalescing economic system. The remedies we applied stopped the development of panic, and again we had a flash of hope of recovery. That hope lasted less than a month. It was preliminary to a still greater shock from abroad.

The depression's third phase covered about four months, through mid-November, 1931. The shocks in this period—more severe than any previous—began with Britain's difficulties in August, 1931, which in turn culminated in British abandonment of the gold standard and suspension of payments of most foreign obligations, public and private. A score of other countries also went off the gold standard. The number of our unemployed breadwinners rose to about 4,000,000. Purchases abroad of our farm products practically ceased; farm prices collapsed; banks were toppling all around us; and foreigners, showing fear that we too would not hold to the gold standard, began to withdraw gold from us. Our citizens began hoarding currency and gold.

We initiated a number of measures—which I will detail later—which again prevented panic, and our difficulties and the paralyzing fears of our own people again began to relax, with a few rays of sunlight appearing around mid-November, 1931.

The fourth period of the depression began early in December, 1931. It lasted 11 months and saw our descent to the bottom of the depression pit in July, 1932. It was in this period that a Democratic Congress, bent on political destruction of the Republican administration, added to the impacts of Europe and of our own weak banking system. We narrowly escaped being forced off the gold standard by drains from abroad. Farmers were pushed into even deeper distress, and the unemployed increased to about 7,000,000 families without breadwinners.

Great legislative and other measures which we finally forced through an opposition Congress turned away panic and started us on the road to real recovery around July, 1932. That upturn lasted four months, until the Republicans were worsted in the Maine elections in the latter part of September, 1932.

The fifth phase of the depression began with the election on November 5, 1932. It was wholly a domestic political creation. With all the world turning, in July, 1932, to steady recovery, only the United States marched in the opposite direction. If the New Dealers had carried on our policies instead of deliberately wrecking them and then trying to make America over into a collectivist system, we should have made complete recovery after 1932—as did all the dozen other nations of the world which had free economies at that time.

This setback in the United States arose from public apprehension over the heterodox economies, currency tinkering and social policies announced by the New Dealers, and Mr. Roosevelt's unwillingness as President-elect to co-operate in meeting the situation. It all finally culminated in a wholly unnecessary bank depositors' panic in February, 1933.

In sum, each of the five phases of the depression—except the last—ended in an upturn and in a passing moment of hope that the worst was over.

As indicated above, the first phase of the depression lasted 17 months from the stock-market crash in October, 1929, to the European collapse in April, 1931. The measures we took during this time were new in national history.

The immediate problems to be dealt with were unemployment, farm distress, and the need for liquidation of loans on stocks, which amounted to more than $8,500,000,000 on the New York exchange alone.

Aftermath of the Loan Orgy

Governor Young and the Federal reserve banks, in constant conference with myself, Treasury Secretary Mellon and Undersecretary Mills, set up co-operative measures to cushion this liquidation in such a way as to prevent widespread bank failures and panic. All the large banks had participated in the loan orgy, and we should have had panic and loss to millions of innocent depositors, had not the liquidation been conducted with great skill. With the help of the Federal Reserve System, the stockbrokers' loans were drastically liquidated—down to $3,000,000,000 from $8,500,000,000.

With unemployment reaching threatening dimensions, relief of distress was imperative. We made a distinction between "direct" and "indirect" relief. "Direct" relief was that given individuals or families through charitable, local, county, municipal and state action. "Indirect" relief included public works, the stimulation of private construction, "spreading of work," restriction of immigration, and governmental financial measures to support private employment.

Within a month after the crash, we began to organize indirect relief.

On November 18th I instructed Secretary of Commerce Lamont to set up an

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organization of experienced men to assure as much public and private construction work as possible. The next day, with the secretary, I called the major railway presidents to the White House. At the end of our meeting they issued a statement that the railways would continue and even expand their construction and maintenance programs over the next year.

A few days later I invited the public-utility executives to confer and secured their agreement to continue and expand their construction activities. We made similar arrangements with the larger manufacturers.

On November 23d I wired governors and mayors, asking their co-operation to expand public works. They responded with full assurances. I directed the expedition both of our federal public works program, for which we had some $420,000,000 available, and of all ship construction possible. I recommended to Congress further federal appropriations for these purposes. As a result, we were assured of many billions of dollars spent and many thousands employed on capital improvement during the first 17 months of the depression.

To Relieve Unemployment

With a view to developing programs to aid the unemployed aside from construction work, I called a meeting of leading industrialists on November 21st. Many were not impressed with the gravity of the situation but became more seriously concerned as the meeting proceeded.

My secretary, Walter Newton, later published his notes on what took place:

"The President . . . explained the seriousness of the situation at home and abroad. He stated that immediate liquidation of labor had been the industrial policy of previous depressions; that his every instinct was opposed to both the term and the policy, for labor was not a commodity. It represented human homes . . . He held the view that wage rates should be maintained for the present . . . that in some cases the available work should be spread among all employees by temporarily shortening the work week of individuals; and that each industry should look after distress among its own employees . . . The program was accepted subject to its approval by labor leaders and the agreement by them that they would initiate no strikes or demands for increased pay during the present situation."

The same afternoon I conferred with outstanding labor leaders and secured their adherence to the program. This required the patriotic withdrawal of some wage demands which already had been made.

Conferences of various business organizations called by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in December, 1929, established an understanding with the principal management and labor groups that wage rates would not be reduced except as the cost of living fell, that there should be a sharing of work, and that there should be no strikes or lockouts. This agreement held up fairly well in the organized trades through my whole administration.

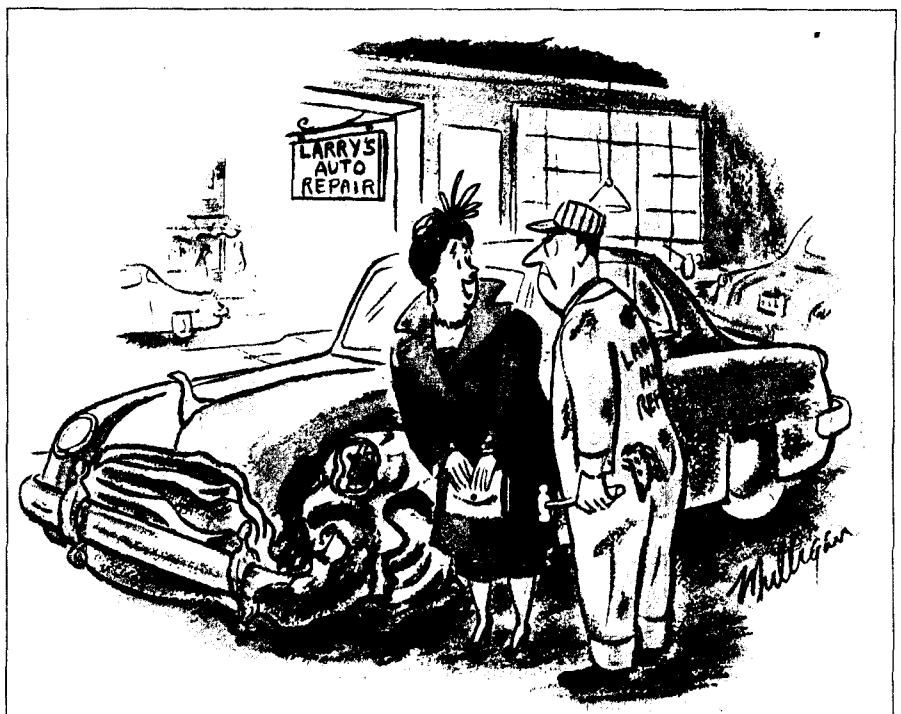
We had fewer strikes and lockouts than in any other four years of recent history. Department of Labor records on man-days lost by strikes and lockouts show these figures: 1929, 9,975,000; 1930, 2,730,000; 1931, 6,386,000, and 1932, 6,462,000. The high figure for 1929 was influenced by attitudes prior to our good-will program.

The record of Roosevelt's administration was one of stimulating labor conflict instead of seeking to find healing measures. Their record of man-days lost in strikes and lockouts was: 1933, 16,872,000; 1934, 19,592,000; 1935, 15,456,000; 1936, 13,902,000; 1937, 28,425,000; 1938, 9,148,000; 1939, 17,812,000 and 1940, 6,701,000. The lower 1929-'32 figures cannot be attributed to the reluctance of men to strike because of unemployment fears.

To find out exactly how many unemployed there were at the time, in April, 1930—six months after the slump—I ordered the first accurate house-to-house census ever made in the United States. This census seemed simple on the face of it, but turned out to be most complicated. The shiftless citizen who had no intention of working had to be listed as unemployed. A household of four adults capable of work, of whom only the father had ever worked for pay, might be listed as only one unemployed, but the number could be stretched to enumerate the other three, especially since they might tell the census taker that they wanted work.

Other perplexing cases were persons out of work but not looking for it; those in the seasonal trades resting—as usual—between seasons; persons laid off temporarily or laying off voluntarily; persons idle for short periods between old jobs which they had lost and new ones for which they had been engaged.

While listed as unemployed, these groups were not in distress. But their number was so large as to influence estimates importantly.



COLLIER'S — **"After all, Larry, dear, it's not as if it was costing us anything!"** — J. M. MULLIGAN

This census showed on paper that at the time 2,429,000 persons were out of jobs and 758,000 still retained their jobs but were laid off temporarily without pay—a total of 3,187,000. But a rough review of the facts indicated that probably 500,000 to 1,000,000 of these did not intend to work under any circumstances, while 500,000 to 1,000,000 represented "between-jobbers," mostly in the seasonal trades. Even in highly prosperous times like 1927-'29, when there was no distress, the pool of unemployed had averaged about 1,500,000.

After considering all the factors, we concluded that there were, in April, 1930, about 1,000,000 families without bread-winners, although these statistics did not indicate with full accuracy the degree of destitution in the country or the burden of real distress which we had to carry.

Our measures for direct relief began with our November, 1929, conferences with employers, when I obtained promises that those able to do so would care for their own employees out of work. Many thousands of employers kept the staffs they had in 1929 for the three years that elapsed before the end of my administration. A moderate estimate of actual relief by employers during these years would exceed $1,000,000,000.

(One reason why unemployment rose so rapidly after the 1932 election was Roosevelt's promise of legislation by which the federal government would take over the burden of relief. Another was the NRA's later stipulation of minimum hours. Employers had to reduce their staffs to that level, and as the federal government had taken over relief, industries generally abandoned their own relief organizations and system of part-time work. At one time I had a partial list of more than 500,000 men so displaced from different concerns for this reason.)

When we took our 1930 census of the unemployed our investigations showed that any real distress was being taken care of by our indirect relief methods, by employers and by local community action.

But wanting to be sure of no failure in the care of the unemployed, and fearful of the inevitable increase of unemployment and distress during the winter of 1930-'31, I set up "The President's Committee for Unemployment Relief."

I appointed Colonel Arthur Woods, former Police Commissioner of New York, chairman, with a committee of 30 leading citizens to assist him. I requested governors of the states to co-operate by forming nonpartisan committees in each state, these in turn to organize such committees in each municipality and county. This was carried out in each locality where unemployment existed.

We set up some 3,000 nonpartisan committees of devoted, intelligent men and women. They were given the primary responsibility to see that no one was hungry or cold. By October, 1930, Colonel Woods reported to me that his organization was functioning everywhere.

On January 2, 1931, our government departments estimated the total unemployed at 6,050,000. With the usual deductions and taking account of the fact that this was the low point in seasonal work, this represented about 2,300,000 families without employed breadwinners. I directed Colonel Woods to check these estimates and make a complete survey, by his own independent agents, of the workload of his committees. He confirmed the government estimates as approximately correct, and reported that needs were being well cared for by local, county and municipal committees and by "indirect relief."

In a conference with the national committee and state committee representatives, I insisted that the first obligation of relief rested on local communities, and that they should not call on the state and federal governments until the load overtaxed their capacities. I said that if federal aid became necessary we would act through the state committees, supplementing state appropriations, and would insist that both federal and state aid supplement that given by local authorities; also that the whole should be administered by the nonpartisan committee system as the only method by which waste, politics and graft could be prevented.

I added emphatically that direct relief to individuals from the federal government would bring an inevitable train of corruption and waste such as our nation had never witnessed. (Years later this proved all too true.)

As a result of surveys, the state committees reported it unnecessary at that time for the state governments to make substantial appropriations for relief other than public works, and that likewise no call was involved on the federal government except for our "indirect relief."

However, much public discussion and conflict developed as to the method of relieving distress.

During the winter Congressional session of 1931, Senate Democrats, aided by Senator Borah and all radical groups in the country, demanded appropriations for direct federal doles. Both our relief committees and the Red Cross, then looking after the drought-distressed Midwest, reported that it was not needed.

Hoping that I could keep relief measures out of politics, I called individually to the White House Senator Robinson and Representative Garner, Democratic Senate and House leaders, Senator Borah, representing the "left-wingers," and the Republican leaders. I described our indirect relief measures by public works and by the co-operation of industry, and our direct relief system of committees and the Red Cross. I insisted that if the local committees became exhausted, they should apply to the state committees, and they in turn to the state government; that if these resources were exhausted, then—and then only—should the federal government contribute to the states, this aid to be administered by the system of nonpartisan committees. I insisted that federal action other than in such fashion would destroy local responsibility and introduce graft, politics, waste and mismanagement.

Grist for the Political Mill

Constant repetition of this thesis became with me a sort of refrain. I did not, however, satisfy my political opponents. They saw great political grist in appeals to presumed sympathy—or to human greed.

An opportunity for an ugly incident was offered the Democratic members of Congress and Senator Borah by the distress which had been brought on by drought in August, 1930, through large farm sections of the Midwest and South.

The Red Cross had undertaken the direct relief of drought sufferers. Working in Arkansas, it had properly insisted on delivering its relief directly to Negro and white tenant families. The plantation owners demanded that they distribute it, obviously to keep these dependents under control. I backed the Red Cross in refusing. A riot by "starving people" was organized in February 1931, attacking the Red Cross. It was greatly exploited by Democrats in Congress. I sent my military aide, Colonel Hodges, to investigate the "riot"; he found that it was a fake.

My opponents in Congress tried to force the issue by various dole amendments to a bill for seed-loan appropriations which I had recommended for the drought areas. I was now proved "heartless," to the great exultation of my opponents. Senator Borah assailed me mercilessly. The affair came to a climax on February 3, 1931.

I issued a statement saying:

"This is not an issue as to whether people shall go hungry or cold in the United States. It is solely a question of the best method by which hunger and cold shall be prevented . . .

". . . *I am willing to pledge myself* that if the time should ever come that the voluntary agencies of the country together with the local and state governments are unable to find resources with which to prevent

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hunger and suffering in my country, *I will ask the aid of every resource of the federal government because I would no more see starvation amongst our countrymen than would any senator or congressman.*"

Despite all the smearing, we got through the first phase of the depression until the spring of 1931 without anyone being hungry and cold—if our committees knew of it.

Such was the movement toward general recovery from December, 1930, to April, 1931, that by March a survey by our committees showed that in 120 cities direct relief had been ended as unnecessary.

The third major problem with which we had to deal during the depression's first 17 months was help for our farmers.

Overproduction on the Farms

Agriculture had been out of balance with the rest of our economic system for some years; the farmer was still overproducing as a result of acreage expanded during World War I. The Republican platform of 1928 had promised—and at my recommendation Congress several months before the slump had approved—a Federal Farm Board with $500,000,000 capital to help agriculture and particularly to build up co-operatives as a means of decreasing destructive competition between farmers. The Farm Board was not intended as an emergency agency, but when the crash came we transformed it to that purpose.

Immediately after the crash, I called a White House conference of leading farm organizations to discuss measures to meet its effect upon agriculture. The fall in farm prices did not begin to develop seriously until January, 1930, when export orders for farm products began to drop and credits with which to carry them in storage became restricted.

The 1929 crop was by now partially marketed. The farmers had raised the crop at costs which, if not realized in selling the remainder, would be ruinous.

We now determined that where prices seriously declined, we would support them indirectly by Federal Farm Board action. Some action was taken in January, and on February 3d we gave support to both wheat and cotton by loans to create a floor under prices and thereby indirectly support all farm prices.

The board eased the farmers over the 1929-'30 winter marketing hump and at the end of April withdrew its support to allow prices to reach their natural level. The bulk of the 1929 crop harvest was marketed at fair prices.

While the outlook was generally improving in the middle of 1930, we were in August hit with the above-mentioned drought throughout the Midwest and South. About 1,000,000 farm families and 20,000,000 animals were affected by this added calamity.

The first result was an acute shortage of feed for animals. We at once secured from the railroads half rates on feedstuffs into stricken sections, and directed an expansion of federal highway construction in those localities to aid farmers with supplementary employment.

I also called a meeting of governors of the states concerned to devise other relief measures. This conference decided that the situation could be handled by an appropriation from Congress for seed loans to the farmers, by direct relief to needy families through the Red Cross, by persuading banks and insurance companies to extend mortgages and interest payments, and by systematically handling highway and other public works to give farmers cash employment. All these things were done.

The problem of marketing farm products was renewed with the harvest of 1930. That autumn we continued Farm Board support of prices until the following April, when again we allowed prices to readjust themselves to natural levels.

The New York Times of November 19, 1930, reported the directors of the Chicago Board of Trade as confirming that these actions alone had prevented widespread panic in the agricultural markets. The Board of Trade had not hitherto been friendly or very co-operative. The Farm Board lost about $100,000,000 in stabilization operations over these two crops, but we saved many times that for the farmers. This was not a perfect solution, but it did cushion the blows agriculture was taking.

A side issue arose late in September, 1930, when we learned that the Soviet government had been selling large amounts of wheat short on the Chicago market. Investigation confirmed this. I demanded that the Chicago Board of Trade and other markets prohibit transactions by foreign governments, and was compelled to threaten federal control in order to secure action by them to protect our farmers. The Soviet short-selling, however, took a considerable sum which would otherwise have gone to our farmers.

The Congressional election in November, 1930, went against us, with a Democratic majority in the House and an effective opposition coalition in the Senate. That Democratic-controlled Congress was not to come into session until a year later in December, 1931, but prices of commodities and securities fell sharply with the election. I tried to patch up this threat to public morale by making an agreement to "cooperate" with the Democratic leaders. They soon demonstrated, however, that they were entirely satisfied—and even anxious—to see the depression prolonged to the Presidential election of 1932.

Soon after the first of 1931 the general economic situation began to show improvement. The New York Times, on March 23, 1931, concluded that the depression had passed bottom, and that we were on our way up. This view was supported by the press generally. All business indexes at the end of March showed rises in employment, payrolls, prices of commodities and securities and industrial production beyond the usual seasonal movements.

Signs of Economic Recovery

At the end of March the Federal Reserve Board's economic indexes plainly showed the signs of returning health. They revealed that, during 1931's first quarter, industrial production had increased 12 per cent, payrolls 10 per cent, common stocks 11 per cent, and construction contracts 25 per cent.

Bank failures during these three months were inconsequential, and foreign confidence in our strength was unimpaired—as indicated by the increasing volume of deposits in our banks from abroad. The American public mind had recovered from its mania of extravagance and speculation. We had no panics. Significant reforms had taken place in business management. The actual slump industrially—due to our cushioning measures—had been less than in some previous economic crises. We had sustained agriculture and cared for the destitute unemployed.

With all the evidence, I made an encouraging statement on the situation by way of strengthening public courage and confidence. I did not say that "prosperity is just around the corner" (that was a smear circulated by the opposition), but I did express great hopes that the worst was over.

As there were no signs as yet of economic collapse in Europe, I began to feel that I had been overanxious in that quarter. But we were scarcely to set our feet on the floor out of our economic sickbed when Europe struck us a stunning blow.

The Great Depression's second phase was touched off by the difficulties of an Austrian bank. In a few days, panic swept Europe and dashed hopes for our own recovery. For Hoover's gripping report on this phase, order next week's copy of Collier's today

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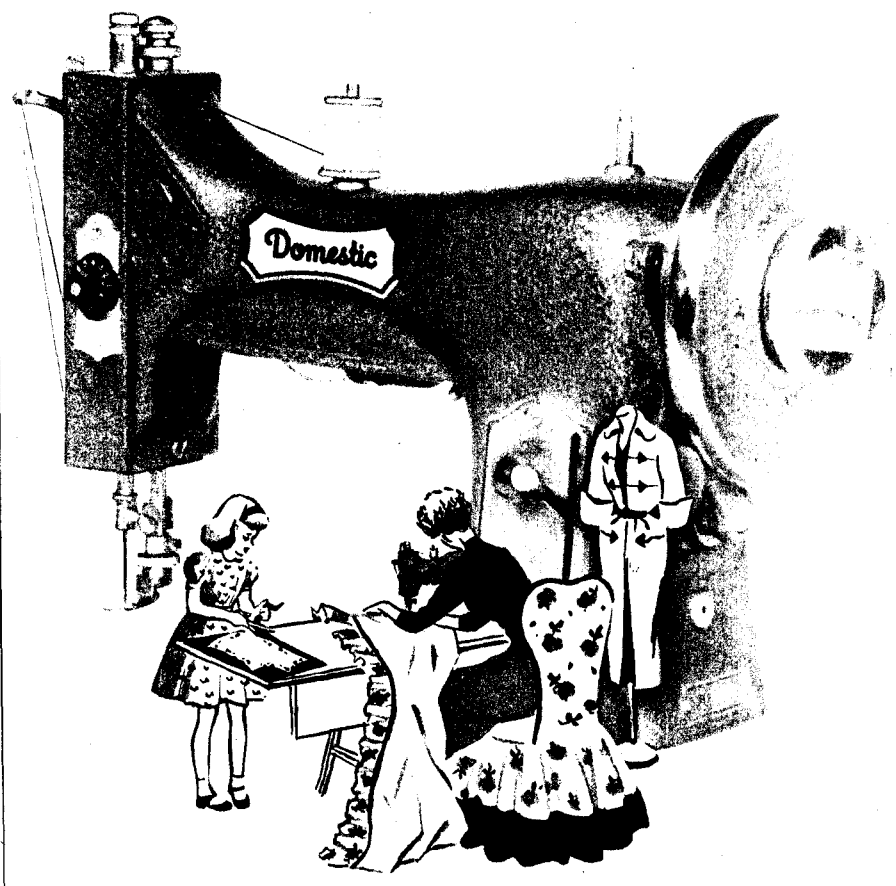

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The American Who Knows STALIN Best

He's W. Averell Harriman, government Jack-of-all-jobs and boss of our foreign aid program. During their many talks he found the Red czar extraordinarily able, but ruthless and brutal

By ERNEST BARCELLA

WILLIAM AVERELL HARRIMAN—tall, lean, stoop-shouldered, darkly handsome and very rich—is Uncle Sam's Jack-of-all-jobs. And a willing one. His present assignment, boss of the foreign aid program, is the eighth major mission he's undertaken for the government in the past 11 years. That doesn't include such odd jobs as going to Bogotá for the 1948 American Foreign Ministers Conference and nearly getting his head blown off when a gang of insurrectionists started shooting up the town; or winging out to Tokyo in 1950 to try to patch things up between President Truman and General Douglas MacArthur. Nor does it include a safari to Tehran last year to try and talk aged Premier Mohammed Mossadegh into settling the Anglo-Iranian oil dispute, a mission which failed because Mossadegh was dead set against the British.

Harriman on his missions to Moscow—especially as ambassador to the U.S.S.R.—has had more talks with Stalin than has any other American and knows, perhaps better than anybody outside the Kremlin, what Joe is like.

"Stalin," says Harriman, "is the most forceful man I have ever met—a man of extraordinary ability, but ruthless, rough and brutal. He was the only man in the Kremlin who would talk frankly. Some Americans who visited Stalin came back and said he wants peace. But they neglected to ask him what kind of peace. If they had asked him, they would have found out as I did that it is peace on Stalin's terms. That's what gave me an insight into the basic problems we face in dealing with Russia."

That insight, acquired in the early 1940s when his job was to keep Russia in the war and find a basis for postwar relations with the Soviet Union, enabled Harriman to call the turn on postwar Russia with uncanny accuracy. And he was far ahead of his contemporaries in prescribing how Russia should be handled. For example, on April 6, 1945—while the Soviet Union still was a fighting ally and it was unpopular to criticize the Kremlin—Harriman, then ambassador to Moscow, cabled Washington urging a "get tough" policy toward Moscow. He told Washington that Russia's "daily affronts . . . are intolerable" and that the Soviets must be made to "realize that they cannot continue their present attitude except at great cost to themselves."

The following month—only three days after the conquest of Germany—he warned Washington to build a strong China or see Russian influence move in and dominate that country. The same month, he held an off-the-record news conference at San Francisco and cautioned newsmen against playing up the United *(Continued on page 56)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

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JERRY WALD & NORMAN KRASNA PRESENT

BARBARA STANWYCK · PAUL DOUGLAS

ROBERT RYAN · MARILYN MONROE

CLASH BY NIGHT

with

J. CARROL NAISH · KEITH ANDES · Produced by HARRIET PARSONS · Directed by FRITZ LANG · Screenplay by ALFRED HAYES

BASED ON THE PLAY BY CLIFFORD ODETS

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

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IT WAS A BRIGHT EARLY DECEMBER DAY and Lieutenant Hudner was flying a Korean combat mission alongside another plane piloted by Ensign Jesse Brown. A burst of flak caught the ensign's plane and he went

spinning down, aflame. Despite the presence of enemy ground troops, Lieutenant Hudner then deliberately crash-landed near his flame-trapped shipmate. He radioed for help, after which he fought to keep the fire away from the fatally injured ensign until a rescue helicopter arrived. Today Lieutenant Hudner has something to say to you:

"Maybe, if America had been strong enough to discourage aggression two years ago, my friend Jesse Brown might be alive right now. So might thousands more of our Korea dead.

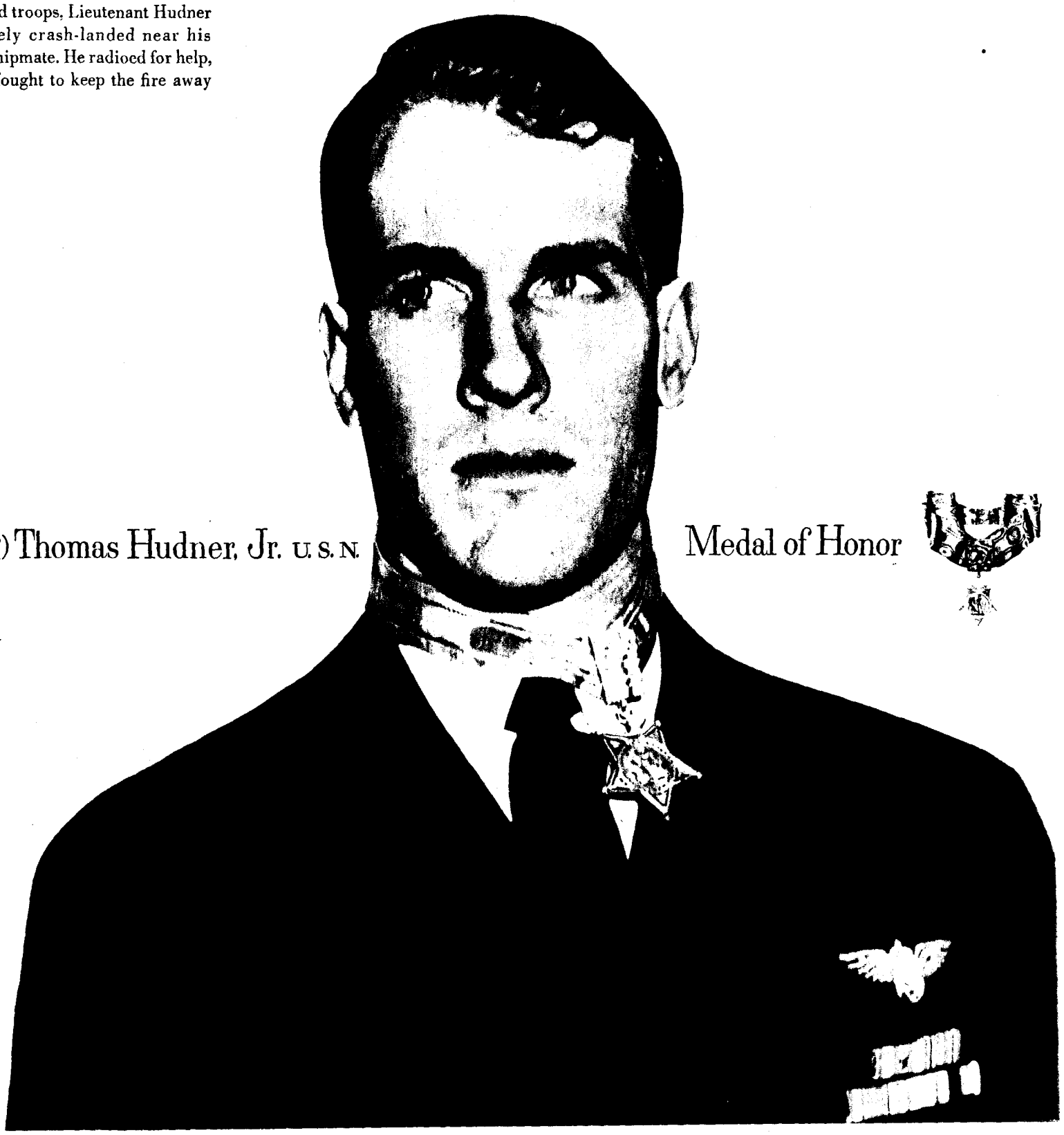
"For it's only too sadly true—today, in our world, weakness invites attack. And *peace is only for the strong.*

"Our present armed forces *are* strong—and growing stronger. But don't turn back the clock! Do your part toward *keeping* America's guard up by buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense Bonds *now!* Back us up. And *together* we'll build the peace that all Americans desire!"

★ ★ ★

Remember that when you're buying bonds for defense, you're also building a reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy Defense Bonds now!

Peace is for the strong...
Buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!



Lieutenant (jg) Thomas Hudner, Jr. U. S. N.

Medal of Honor

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"Dinner in the Orange Room"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Others put on the how-jolly-I'm-slumming air. Others just walk up and order, and the devil with the Joneses!

For the student of types, probably the most interesting of the Nedick's stores in New York is the small one at the corner of Fifty-second Street and Sixth Ave. It numbers among its customers the moneyed patrons of the famed saloons on Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets. The Fifty-second Street Nedick's has been dubbed Halfway House, an oasis of refreshing nonalcoholic liquids for the Smart Set shuttling between the swankier outposts. They also stoke up on hot dogs, hamburgers and other virile dishes, the better to stand off the crepes Suzette.

Among the top show-business names who patronize Halfway House are Judy Holliday, Mickey Rooney, Burgess Meredith, MacDonald Carey, Fred Allen and Warren Hull, the television star.

In the sophisticated environs of Fifty-second and Sixth, they're taken in stride. This is not the case in stores outside the theatrical district. Bing Crosby, for example, had a hamburger and coffee one day in the big Nedick's at Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue. A counter girl worshiped him from afar with her eyes, and when the crooner finished, she made a dive for his cup. She put it aside and firmly refused to have the cup washed the rest of the day.

Abe Simon, the huge heavyweight who fought Joe Louis and later turned referee, frequently shoehorns his way into the little store at Fifty-second Street, a towering contrast to the little TV ballerinas from nearby studios and rehearsal halls. Toots Shor leaves his restaurant on occasion to sample the orange drink, as does Eddie Davis, the veteran entertainer who runs Leon & Eddie's night club up the street from Nedick's. And Shor frequently sends emissaries around to get bills changed into silver. Nedick's stores are always loaded with jingle money.

Many Kinds of Dancing Girls

To this Nedick's also come the musicians from the rowdy little night clubs which line Fifty-second Street and a procession of fan dancers, strippers, dove dancers, snake dancers, adagio teams and sloe-eyed girls who invariably describe themselves as "exotic"—they pronounce it "zoddic"—dancers.

The manager of this Nedick's is a volatile little man by the name of Gabriel Arias, who views this strange hodgepodge of patrons with a tolerant eye and writes a column for "Nedicks News," the chain's house organ. He once penned a stirring call to his colleagues in the chain to "LOVE THAT CUSTOMER." It was widely circulated.

The most spectacular operation in the Nedick's chain, one which brings happy smiles to the old-timers like Abraham M. Rosenthal, vice-president in charge of store operations, is the store at Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway.

Rosenthal, a master in the chain-store field, was at one time president of Nedick's. He retired in 1948 and was cajoled out of the leisurely life to head the store operation again when Mack became president in 1951.

The Thirty-fourth Street-Broadway store occupies the ground floor in an ancient five-story corner building around which Macy's towers. It has only 1,000 square feet of floor space. Yet it feeds an average of 8,000 customers a day, mostly women shoppers loaded with kiddies and bargains. Nedick's pays the staggering rental of $95,000 a year for the building, but uses only the store and the first floor (for dressing rooms and lockers) because of building laws. Needless to say, the store is a big money-maker, sometimes grossing over $400,000 a year.

"The key to success in this business," Rosenthal says, "is quick turnover. A customer should spend only between two and three minutes in a store like Thirty-fourth and Broadway. If they dillydally, you're losing money. A customer taking time to smoke a cigarette may cost you two or three dollars."

To keep the customers moving, there are no stools in the Nedick's outside Macy's, and during the middle of the day, no coffee is sold. "It takes time to drink coffee," manager Magee points out.

Magee's salon is a wild place, indeed, especially on days when the department stores run big sales. It's a tossup whether the bargain-hunting mamas and their young are more dangerous before or after the shopping. If they stop in for a snack before hitting the bargain barricades, they're full of zing and eager to try out new line-bucking plays to get to the counter. But if they hit Nedick's after the bargains have been bought, there are other troubles. The kiddies are tired and the mamas have no place to put their bundles. The weary tots stumble underfoot, splashing relish and mustard about and spilling orange drink on the next lady's nylons. Harried clerks stare about wildly, trying to make sure everyone has paid. There are no checks at Nedick's. You pay when served.

It is quite understandable that Nedick's clerks, and even seasoned store managers, do strange things under the constant hammering of the eat-and-run brigade. In one busy store one noon, clerks and customers stood gaping as the manager, who had been feeding faces and ringing up dimes for hours, suddenly paused halfway from grill to counter with a hot dog in his hand. He went to the cash register, banged it open, deposited the hot dog in it, took out a dime and gave it to the customer.

The manager of another merry-go-round got derailed in similar fashion. He ripped the top off a package of coffee, emptied the coffee into a waste can, and put the empty container into the coffee maker.

Nedick's stores range in size from the spacious, renovated show place in the Madison Square Garden entrance to little white-tiled stores in other parts of New York which haven't changed much in 30 years, although they will all soon get the new Nedick's look. The new stores being added to the chain are impressive. An elegant example is the one recently opened in famed Carnegie Hall.

However, Nedick's old-timers shake their heads in disapproval of the tendency to put stools at the counters of the new stores. "You can't make the customers too comfortable," one of them warned recently. "Treat them with the greatest politeness, of course. That we have always done. But don't let them sit down. Give a woman a seat and she'll start smoking—and there goes your turnover."

The history of Nedick's from its first basement stand to its present position has not been marked by steady progress. It's more the roller-coaster-type story.

First, let it be noted that there never was anyone by the name of Nedick, despite the fanciful yarns of The Family Nedick which New York youngsters used to invent for self-amusement as they lunched in the Orange Room. The Nedicks, according to the kids' fable, were a trio like the Three Bears—Papa Nedick, Mama Nedick and Little Nedick. They had worked up this orange-drink boon to mankind by raising their own oranges in Orange, New Jersey, squeezing them with their bare feet and diluting the squeezin's with the proper amount of water.

Actually, the Nedick's handle is synthetic. It was formed by combining the first few letters of the last names of Robert T. Neely, Sr., and Orville A. Dickinson, founders of the Nedick's chain. Strangely, the man who originated the drink which started the business had a name somewhat akin to Nedick. He was Benjamin Natkins of Mendham Township, New Jersey.

Three Form a Partnership

In 1913, Natkins rented a basement store under the old Bartholdi Hotel at Twenty-third Street and Broadway and started to sell an orange drink of his own invention. Neely, who had come to New York from Coatesville, Pennsylvania, and his associate Dickinson, a real-estate man, became interested in the orange-drink possibilities and decided to explore them with Natkins and Willard S. Burrows, another real-estate man. They formed the Nedick Company.

The business had tough going at the outset. It added four more stands to the original one in 1914 at a total outlay of $1,400. In 1915, the operation showed a loss of $2,586. Dickinson gave away his stock in payment of a debt, but Neely and Burrows, with Natkins acting as vice-president and general manager, stuck it out. The results were spectacular.

From 1915 until 1921, the chain did a gross of $2,000,000 and from 1921 until 1927, it grossed $10,000,000. At first, the white-tiled stands sold only orange drink and candy kisses. One which did a smashing business was located on Madison Avenue near the old Madison Square Garden.

"The fighters and gamblers who filled the Garden were crazy about the orange drink and the candy kisses," a Nedick's veteran recalled recently. "We also rented out space in the store to a ticket speculator."

Soon frankfurters were added to the menu, and the combination of hot dog and cold orange drink proved irresistible. It was carnival day every day in New York if you were near a Nedick's.

The ingredients of the drink of 30 years ago are still secret, just as are the ingredients of Mack's new superdrink. Neely, now retired and living in a plush hotel on New York's East Side, refuses to talk about it. Even venerable employees won't recall it.

"But I do know," says Ed Monez, long with Nedick's, "that the chain did buy a lot of oranges in those days. I remember they had 40 girls peeling oranges which came in by the carload to the plant at Broadway near Twenty-seventh Street. The store there—old No. 6—is still going. Well, these girls used to peel the oranges with one stroke of a wide knife, leaving the rind at both ends. From then on, I don't know what happened."

Nedick's expanded wildly during the 1920s, and its stores dotted the Great White Way. In more recent years, as glamorous Broadway deteriorated into a midway, some of the blame was placed on Nedick's because it was the first chain to operate orange drink stands on the Main Stem. "Nedick's," critics said, "changed Broadway into Orange Juice Gulch."

Actually, the Nedick's stands were a boon to the territory during prohibition, because many a sucker staggering out of a clip joint ready to blow up with all the queer booze he had been drinking would get resuscitated at the Nedick's lifesaving station on the corner. The chumps would down a beaker of the orange drink, and save their throats from burning out.

Nedick's filled another important need during prohibition. The orange drink was a wonderful solvent for fiery bathtub gin. It was sold for home consumption in quart

COLLIER'S

"George says I have to learn the value of money . . . and I feel the only way I can do that is by spending some!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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and half-gallon bottles and made elegant orange blossoms, a staple of the times.

Interested in real estate almost as much as the orange-drink business during the boom of 25 years ago, the Nedick's operators gobbled up high-rent leases with scant regard for consequences, according to experts who have studied the chain's history. At one time, Nedick's had as many as 180 leaseholds from New York to Chicago.

Then came the crash of 1929, and Nedick's felt the impact with countless other business interests.

"The corporation was very successful from 1921 until 1929," Neely declared after it had been plunged into bankruptcy in 1931. "Its success was built up with 5-and-10-cent products. When we hit the depression, we had to reduce prices. Of course, the rentals the company had obligated itself to pay were based on 10-cent articles. When it was necessary to sell those articles for five cents, our problems of rent became prohibitive."

Natkins, who had started the whole orange-drink business in 1913, stayed on with the bankrupt chain at a salary of $12,000 a year until June, 1932. He then opened an orange-drink stand under his own name in New York. A month later, he committed suicide at his New Jersey home in a singular manner. He leaped headfirst into a four-foot-high crock full of vinegar and was drowned.

Nedick's hobbled along for the next two years and in April, 1934, was sold at auction for $48,000 to a group headed by the late Maurice Wertheim, Harvard '06, colorful New York investment banker, salmon fisherman, patron of the arts and amateur chess expert. His achievements to that date had included the sale of $150,000 worth of Liberty bonds to the Shah of Persia in 1919, and a role in the organization of companies as diverse as Paramount Pictures, Underwood Typewriters, Fisher Body and Gotham Hosiery. He had also been a founder of the Theatre Guild.

Wertheim brought in Abraham M. Rosenthal to pump life into the chain, which had dwindled to 23 small stores. A native of Canada, Rosenthal had come to New York in 1903 and had made his mark with the Whelan Drug Company and United Cigar.

A Serious Thing to Forget

"Right at the start," Rosenthal, a small, vigorous man, recalls, "we made a slight error. We paid $48,000 for Nedick's—but forgot to buy the name. It cost us $3,000 more."

The limitations of the Nedick's business quickly irked Rosenthal, who had been a top executive in a $100,000,000-a-year enterprise.

"The chain was selling mainly orange drink, frankfurters, coffee and donuts when we took over," Rosenthal says. "It was primarily a summer business. We had to find spots where volume would stand up all year, and we had to enlarge our menu to make it sell all day."

His first important step was the invention of Nedick's traditional Special Breakfast. It consisted of an orange drink, donuts and coffee, all for 10 cents. It caught on at once, and in a few years, as the chain added new stores (at the rate of one a week in 1937), between 30,000 and 40,000 Special Breakfasts were sold each morning.

In nine months of operation in 1934, the 23 Nedick's stores did $800,000 business. In 1948, when Rosenthal retired (temporarily, as it has turned out), the chain's 85 stores did $9,500,000.

During the 1930s, many experimental items were tried on the Nedick's menu. Among the most unusual were "patiwurst" and "grilliver." The former was grilled beef and the latter grilled liver, each cooked in an individual container.

It was Rosenthal who instituted the Nedick's No Tipping policy in 1934. "We found," he explains, "that we couldn't tell the difference between the customers' money in payment of food on the counter and the tips they were leaving for the clerks, because the average sale was so small. So, to avoid misunderstanding, we abolished tipping. Clerks were instructed to ring up sales as fast as the money is collected. This rule is still in effect. Strangely, customers do most of the kicking about the no-tip rule. They feel there's no way they can show appreciation for good service."

In 1935, vitamin B_1 was added to the Nedick's orange drink and the fruit content raised considerably. Later, for a time, B_1 became an integral part of the Nedick's radio jingle. It wound up with, "Nedick's . . . B_1 . . . B_1 . . ." The jingle puzzled some youngsters. They thought it meant, "Nedick's . . . Be one . . . Be one . . ." and it had them wondering what a Nedick's was.

Shortly before World War II, Nedick's, which had limited operations to the New York area since 1934, branched out to other important Eastern cities. Not without qualms, stores were opened in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. Thomas J. O'Connor, who had started with the chain on a part-time basis during the depression, was placed in charge.

"We weren't sure how a conservative city like Boston would take to a chain based on the eat-and-run policy," he says. "As a matter of fact, they still don't eat as fast in other cities as they do in New York, and the stores at first had to have counter stools. But they like our stuff."

Rosenthal continued in command of Nedick's until 1948, when his wife died after 41 years of marriage. "I was heartsick," he says, "and I didn't want to go on. I retired from active management of the business. Looking back, it seems to me I had done pretty well with a firm we had bought for $48,000 14 years before. We had paid out $2,000,000 in dividends and we had another $2,000,000 in the bank."

After Rosenthal's retirement, George D. Hanby, also a chain-store executive, became president of Nedick's. Veterans of the chain frowned when items like a 29-cent salad were put on the menu. They said it was too much for Nedick's customers to pay for one dish. It finally was discontinued. Another frill which troubled them was a store sign which said: "We pay your check if the clerk fails to say, 'Thank You.' "

"It was good to emphasize politeness," a Nedick's 15-year-man said, "but the trouble was that chiselers tried to trick the clerks. They'd deliberately steam you up so that saying thank you was furthest from your mind. Or they'd ask you a fast question just when they paid you, so you'd forget to say the magic words."

Wertheim died in May, 1950, and a year later his estate sold Nedick's to the Mack group. Payment for the chain was completed last November 16th.

The new Nedick's orange drink which replaced the old one a few months ago was the product of experiments which had been going on under Mack's direction for some time before he acquired the chain. He says, "We were trying to get an orange drink that would retain vitamin C and would keep without refrigeration. Our technologists finally hit on the secret—'flash' pasteurization plus a combination of three fruits. Two of the fruits are orange and lemon. The third, plus our blending process, are the things that do the trick."

Until a few months ago, the training of Nedick's clerks was based on the sink-or-swim principle. The trembling novice was hustled into a white uniform (now they're orange-and-green nylon) and shoved front and center into the maelstrom. It was, as an old Brooklyn pitcher once said, "every man for theirself."

But Mack and Rosenthal decided that Nedick's rated something better than this haphazard, if heroic, approach to the training of its rookies. So a training school was opened in Nedick's personnel office on the second floor of an old building opposite Radio City Music Hall. Downstairs is a Nedick's store (No. 128) where the alumni and alumnae get their first taste of work. We mention the number of the store because all Nedick's stores are numbered, and Henry Goldberger, a veteran executive in the chain, never refers to them by anything *but* a number. Say to him, "How about that store at Fulton and Church Streets?" and he'll come back with, "Ah, good old No. 191. What about it?" When a Nedick's store is closed, its number is retired, just like Joe DiMaggio's No. 5.

The curriculum of the school doesn't take too much time, and the students get paid while studying, which is more than you can say for Yale. Two days of lectures, theory and practice upstairs, and one day in the store below. Then it's a regular job, or else.

Stanley Olender, a 15-year-man at Nedick's and former store manager, is the one-man faculty at Nedick's Coed College for Counter Clerks. He is a smallish, steady-eyed veteran of uncounted hot-dog stampedes in the Broadway stands where he earned his spurs.

Professor Olender usually has eight candidates in a class, augmented by old-timers designated for refresher courses by inspectors who may suggest they can use same to George Garrett, personnel manager. The professor opens his course with a quick riffle through the history of Nedick's, plows through an indoctrinization routine, and then gets down to business—how to work behind the counter. He has a small Nedick's stand in the lecture hall, complete with grill, drink dispenser, cash register, coffee urn, and pastry racks. Everything but food. He also has a blackboard for skull practice.

Taming the Nasty Customer

On a recent typical college day, Professor Olender had spent the morning pep-talking his class and part of the afternoon explaining the intricacies of taking orders, filling them, and asking for the money without sounding fresh. The students, four girls and four men, took turns back of the counter. Then came the *pièce de résistance* of the program. Professor Olender cleared his throat and announced: "I will now be the Nasty Customer."

He designated one of his coeds to work behind the counter. "May I have your order, sir?" she asked. (Nedick's clerks never ask: "What'll you have?" Olender says it's an opening for a comical customer to make a crack.)

The Nasty Customer growled: "Gimme that orange junk."

"Large glass, sir?" the girl asked.

"You talk too much," the Nasty Customer snarled. "Small."

She gave him a phantom glass. "Take it back," the Nasty Customer snapped. "It's dirty."

"I'm sorry, sir," the clerk murmured. She gave him another glass that wasn't there.

"Pie," the Nasty Customer croaked. "That cream junk."

He got a spook slice of spook pastry. "Take it back," he howled. "You call that a piece of pie? Gimme one I can see!"

The student was properly sorry again and replaced it.

"Coffee," the Nasty Customer croaked. He got it. "It's cold!" he screamed. "Gimme a hot one." The student went through the motions.

"That will be 25 cents, sir," the student said.

"Robbery," the Nasty Customer said, and threw down two bits.

"Thank you, sir," the coed said, and rang it up.

"That was fine," Professor Olender said warmly. "You took it very good. You didn't blow your top once."

Other students went back of the counter for practice, with their mates acting the Nasty Customer. Professor Olender then went to the blackboard and gave a stick of chalk a workout, just like Notre Dame coach Frank Leahy. He drew a diagram of the store below where the students of Nedick's Coed College for Counter Clerks would first don the orange and green. He pointed out the strategic spots and drew circles and squares to denote the disposition of his forces.

Finally, Professor Olender dusted his hands and said: "Well, that's it. Remember, the customer is always right; but don't forget to ask for the money as soon as he's served. Tomorrow is the big day. Class dismissed."

The counter clerks who make up the bulk of the 1,000 store employees of Nedick's don't give the managers much trouble. Nice kids, Garrett and Olender agreed, a number of them working their way through college. Once in a while, even the managers, who share in the profits of their stores and thus are prone to worrying about how things are going, get a discreet laugh out of the kids.

A few weeks ago, one manager got a telephone call from a girl clerk. "I can't come in to work today," she said sadly. "I haven't got a dime for carfare."

"Where are you calling from?" the manager asked sympathetically.

"From a telephone booth, where else?" the girl said. THE END

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S **"I let it run through that trough. Grampaw likes his corn aged in the wood"** REAMER KELLER

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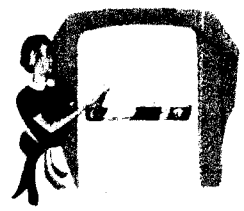

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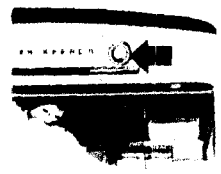

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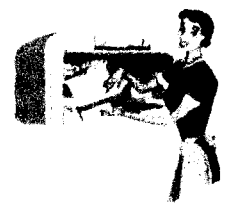

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Jet Genius

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

recognition as this goes to men of considerable scientific training. Heinemann, now forty-four years old, has plenty of scientific training, but he got most of it at the workbench. His approach is practical rather than theoretical; a man with an engineering degree undoubtedly would be amazed at the methods Heinemann employs to achieve such spectacularly complicated machines as the Skystreak and Skyrocket.

One day at Douglas, he came upon a pair of freshmen engineers locked in titanic struggle over the problem of how to test a certain piece of metal for strength. "Jump on it," he said, and walked off. Over his shoulder, he added: "If it breaks, it's too weak."

Another time, when some of his engineers turned off the room lights for a proud demonstration of a new night fighter cockpit, aglow with newly developed "red" lighting, there suddenly came a splintering crash and the new cockpit lights disappeared. Someone flipped the room lights back on—and revealed Heinemann hitting the new type of installation with his fist. "If I can bust 'em with my bare hand," he told his assembled engineers, "what do you suppose would happen when the pilot bangs the plane down on a carrier in a heavy sea?"

Tested Padding the Hard Way

Again, some of his engineers were trying to figure out how to test a new type of padding installed along the edge of a cockpit to protect the pilot's head in case of a crash. They asked Heinemann. He climbed into the cockpit and began banging his head against the side. Then he woozily climbed out and ordered more padding.

Despite such hard-headed practicality, Heinemann is before all else a thorough engineering analyst. His staff shapes up the same way. Not long ago a new radar device was needed. To get it through the usual channels, Heinemann was gravely told, would take a year and cost nearly $1,000,000 to develop. Heinemann said nonsense. He put his own shopmen to work on it, and in six weeks the device was on a plane being tested (which helps explain why Douglas makes it a practice to design its own landing gear, exhaust systems, bomb racks and many other things usually handled by subcontractors).

Once he makes up his mind about anything, particularly anything to do with airplanes, Heinemann becomes an immovable object. And it makes no difference who tries to do the moving.

During the war, an urgent order arrived from Washington to change from aluminum to magnesium skins for the planes; aluminum, supposedly, was running short. Almost on the heels of the first order came a second, commanding a return to aluminum. A third decreed a switch, wherever possible, to *wood*. A fourth, soon after, said to go back to aluminum.

Aircraft makers who tried to do a dutiful rumba to all this fell behind in production; at Douglas El Segundo, not a rivet was delayed. Heinemann, first informing himself to his own satisfaction that there were shortages in all materials and that changing would not solve the problem, had therefore gone right on using aluminum as if he had never heard of the directives, convinced that he was acting in the best interests of the country. Heinemann tells his men: "Follow the rules when you can; when you can't, break them. Just be sure you're right."

This approach may help explain how Douglas El Segundo manages to juggle so many diversified projects at once. It's probably the only plant in the world building and testing airplanes with all four forms of modern power: jet, rocket, turbo-prop, and conventional piston-engine-and-propeller. The planes range from jet night fighters with the utmost in electronic equipment, through "bread-and-butter" utility bombers, to futuristic supersonic interceptors like the new Skyray, which somewhat resembles the ocean-dwelling manta ray.

Eric Springer, vice-president and general manager of Douglas El Segundo, who was Douglas' first test pilot, sometimes shakes his head over the kaleidoscopic program of winged wonders imposed on his shop by the second-floor engineering office. "I don't know where Ed and his talent up there are going to take us next," he says.

His occasional bewilderment is not surprising, in view of some of the things Heinemann has done in the past. Like the way he got the Navy contract for the Skyraider.

To appreciate the Skyraider's story, you must first understand the importance of keeping down excess poundage in an airplane, particularly a warplane. Every extra ounce built into a plane means one ounce less that it can carry in fuel, bullets or bombs. Heinemann has so impressed this on the men who design the components of his aircraft that some of the resultant conference wrangles would be very funny if they weren't so deadly serious.

"If I give *him* three pounds," an engineer will suddenly cry in anguish, "who's going to give *me* three pounds?"

Heinemann can tell, just by glancing at the performance specifications, what a projected new plane will weigh. Thus it was that, during World War II, when the Navy came to him with specifications for a new dive bomber, Heinemann could say briefly, "That plane will be at least 1,200 pounds heavier than you've allowed for."

So the Navy gave the job to another company—at a time when things were so slack around El Segundo that workers were being laid off. The other company made the dive bomber, all right; but it was almost *2,000 pounds over the mark*. Its career with the fleet was short, and ignominious.

The Navy quietly arranged with two other aircraft manufacturers to work out something better. That was in the summer of 1944, and Heinemann heard about it while on a trip to Washington with two of his men, Leo Devlin and Gene Root, seeking new business for Douglas. He promptly decided to invite himself in on the competition for the new plane.

All that night, the three Douglas engineers toiled over drawing boards and scratch pads in their room at the Hotel Statler, fueling themselves with coffee. By morning they had a new plane roughed out. They showed their figures to the Navy, and were admitted to the competition for the dive bomber.

COLLIER'S **"I used to shoot in the low seventies until all my boyfriends started avoiding me"** KATE OSANN

Heinemann flew back to California and started things humming at El Segundo. Among other considerations, the jobs of hundreds of workers depended on what his engineers could produce. The Navy wanted a lot—an attack plane which would combine the functions of the scout, dive and torpedo bomber, which would fly over longer distances than similar planes had ever undertaken, and would fly faster and with a more lethal load than ever before. And it had to be light.

Heinemann established a target weight 700 pounds below that specified by the Navy, keeping the stipulated figure secret even from his own engineers. A target time of five and one half months was established in which to complete the engineering of the airplane. Engineering time for two previous planes of a similar type had run 20 months each. If El Segundo could complete this plane in as few as eight and one half months, it would set an all-time record.

Red tape was cut; informality was encouraged. Engineering, planning, tooling and matériel departments attacked the problem as a single team. "Flying wedge" committees devised unheard-of short cuts. Sequence operations were trimmed and work was overlapped. The airplane was in actual construction while many of its units hadn't been thought up yet.

"Don't put anything in you have to stop and argue about," Heinemann told his people. "And if you ask for a pound you don't need, I'll demand a pound off your hide."

Fancy wing brakes used on a previous model were tossed out for simple dive flaps on the sides and bottom of the fuselage, saving 70 pounds. The engineers went back to the old tail wheel, instead of tricycle landing gear, to save another hundred pounds.

By designing a one-piece, continuous wing instead of making it in two pieces, they picked up another hundred. Even the bombs went outside, in the old-fashioned way, to save the 200 pounds of a heavy internal bomb bay.

Engineers at the plant still wince when they talk about their weight-saving sessions with Heinemann during those hectic days. C. H. Stevenson, chief of the strength and stress section, who bore much of the brunt of the antiweight campaign, recalls one time when Heinemann pounded on the desk demanding a cut in poundage.

"I told him that if we made it that light, it wouldn't stand up," Stevenson recalls.

"It's your job to make it stand up," declared Heinemann. As Stevenson backed out of the office, his boss yelled after him: "All you have to do is add lightness!"

In January, 1945, the engineers completed their job on the airplane. It had taken them just five and one half months, and instead of being 700 pounds underweight, it was *1,800 pounds* below the weight guaranteed the Navy.

Douglas got the contract, and full plant production was soon under way on the Skyraider.

The plane had originally been planned to carry a 2,000-pound munitions load. Heinemann's weight thrift upped the pay load to 4,000 pounds. Then, after trying her out, the Navy discovered she could actually carry 6,000 pounds. And in the Korean war—where she first tasted combat on July 29, 1950, operating from the carrier Valley Forge—the Skyraider has taken off flattops with *8,000 pounds of bombs, rockets and torpedoes under her wings.*

Skyraider Useful in Jet Era

With the advent of the jet era, the Skyraider should have become obsolete. But the Navy, after World War II, was short of funds to buy brand-new types and Navy airmen knew they had, in the Skyraider, what Heinemann modestly calls "an extremely fortunate design."

In the next few years Heinemann and his ingenious craftsmen designed around the Skyraider's simple, rugged frame an entire series of tactical airplanes capable of dozens of combat uses. In all, there are more than 22 types, including antisub hunter-killer pairs, countermeasure craft to jam the enemy's radar, target-towing utility planes and night-attack radar planes—thus making the basic Skyraider one of the most versatile airplanes ever built.

And that's not all. Heinemann also made the Skyraider—and practically every other plane which carries external bombs—faster, by developing and passing on to the rest of the industry a streamlined bomb of secret design to replace the blunt-nosed, thick-waisted, aerodynamically poor missiles which had been used for years.

Heinemann's versatility as a designer traces back to the days before he got into the aircraft industry. While awaiting a job in aviation, he spent some time working for a maker of truck bodies. And long before that, as a child, his hobby had been model boats; one of his early triumphs was a little steamboat with a working engine that used 250 pounds of pressure, and gave

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the craft a speed of 10 knots and a 25-minute cruising time.

Heinemann was born in Saginaw, Michigan, where his father was an undertaker and furniture dealer, but the family moved to California when young Ed was six. He attended Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles and did so well there that after graduation his teacher, August Flam, unhesitatingly gave him a note describing him as a "capable draftsman" whom the instructor could "recommend highly." Heinemann was just seventeen.

Job-Hunting at Douglas Plant

The world in which Ed Heinemann, job hunter, found himself was one in which aviation was playing a small, but increasingly significant, role. Most important, it was a role highly appealing to the imagination of a young man. At about that time, a group of Army planes was making headlines with the first flight around the world. The planes had been built by Donald W. Douglas, and Heinemann wasted no time in presenting himself as a job applicant to J. L. (Dutch) Kindelberger, then Douglas' chief engineer. Kindelberger told the gangling young job seeker that if the company landed a contract to build some airplanes, he might be called.

After trying just about everyone else who might use a "capable draftsman," Heinemann finally found a taker in Jim Yankee, a builder of tailor-made truck-trailer and fire-engine bodies. Yankee put on the lad from Manual Arts High at $18 a week, and soon raised him to $25. "He could draw anything," Yankee remembers.

Then, one day in April, 1926, came the call from Dutch Kindelberger. The new job paid $4 less a week, but Heinemann figured it was worth the salary sacrifice to be with the six or eight men who made up Douglas' engineering department. This group, working in a 30-by-50 room, was the cell from which a large part of today's great aviation industry grew.

Douglas himself, sitting over his own drawing board, became the world's aerial transport king. Dutch Kindelberger went on to the board chairmanship of North American Aviation, builders of the last war's deadly P-51 Mustang fighter and today's slashing F-86 Sabre. John Northrop became known as the ranking innovator of the business, and heads the company bearing his name. The other two members of this remarkable assemblage were Arthur E. Raymond, who today is vice-president in charge of engineering for all five Douglas divisions, at Santa Monica, El Segundo, Long Beach, Chicago and Tulsa; and Edward F. Burton, chief engineer at Santa Monica, where most of the company's transports are made.

These men left a lasting impression on Heinemann. "Even today when I have a problem," he comments, "I say to myself, 'This is how Doug would do it,' or 'This is how Dutch would do it.' "

While he was gaining experience through the years (at one time or another, he has worked for just about everyone in the business), Heinemann improved himself in other ways. He learned to fly. This cost him $20 an hour, which was almost his salary for a week at the time, but he felt that if you draw 'em you ought to be able to fly 'em. In the same spirit of self-improvement, he made three Sunday parachute jumps at the airfield where he was flying, after the owner, anxious to attract customers, had called for volunteers.

Heinemann also expanded his book learning by taking special night-school courses in aerodynamics and stress analysis and attending Aeronautics seminars regularly at the California Institute of Technology. In addition, he read whole shelves of books relating to his trade.

Today, at the top of his profession, Heinemann still maintains these voracious reading habits. In fact, he has changed remarkably little over the years. He lives in a gabled two-story provincial house, in the Baldwin Hills section of Los Angeles' south side, which he built when he was making $75 a week. And, because Mrs. Heinemann has long been in ill health, it is not an uncommon sight to see Ed lending his two daughters—Joan, twenty, and Jean, sixteen—a hand in the kitchen or with polishing the floors.

The Heinemanns do belong to the swank Jonathan Club in Los Angeles, but aside from using it once in a while as a place to take guests for dinner, Ed spends little time there. He finds his best relaxation in work.

Heinemann believes that idleness hastens old age. "Do you realize that once you stop you're like a locomotive standing still?" he queries, getting out his ever-present slide rule. "A 500-ton locomotive standing still has to exert 25 per cent more energy to overcome inertia and get going again, besides what it takes once it's rolling. Momentum helps to carry it along, saving fuel and wear and tear."

Having kinship with the locomotive, he shuns the after-dinner easy chair, which he considers one of the worst of mankind's traps. He has an antidote for its insidious dangers, however, when he does use it: "If you feel yourself bogging into a stupor, get up and do something."

The family's favorite diversion is to pile into the car and head for their two-story rustic retreat at southern California's mile-high Lake Arrowhead. With them go Susie, the cocker, and Linda, the Heinemann cat, who likes grapes.

Heinemann mildly enjoys water skiing and, like his daughters, who have won several trophies at the sport, does it well. But whereas these interludes take him away from problems of aerodynamics, they plague him with those of hydrodynamics. Everyone else scooting around the lake is happy with store skis, but not Heinemann. He makes his own.

Heinemann has few personal peculiarities. His associates do point out that his capacity for argument is astounding. But about the only real eccentricity they can think of is his penchant for blue—not cobalt blue, nor ultramarine, but a certain particular blue. Booklets enclosing reports to the Navy, the drawings and printing of new design studies, artist-engineer Bob Smith's paintings of Douglas airplanes, the edges of the frames holding the paintings, company match folders—all are the same shade of blue.

The Labels on the Ink Cans

One day recently, a neophyte innocently asked Heinemann if they should use the regular "Heinemann blue" for a particular drawing. Startled, Heinemann looked at the employee in wonder. When the young man embarrassedly explained to the chief engineer that his penchant for this particular color was an accepted part of the Douglas vocabulary elsewhere in the plant, Heinemann refused to believe it until led to the lithograph department. There, stacked on a shelf, were four cans of ink neatly labeled "Heinemann Blue."

Recently he showed up at a lunch, where a group of engineers were praising automatic drives on the new car models. Heinemann, who thrives on healthy opposition whether at conference or lunch table, declared, "Automatic drive! Why spend all that money? What's wrong with a gearshift? You can do a lot of shifting for two dollars a week."

A few weeks later at the noon table, someone else spoke up against automatic drives, and Heinemann stepped right up to bat: "You don't mean you want to fight that old-fashioned gearshift hanging there like a panhandle, do you?" he asked in amazement. "Did you ever drive with an automatic shift? Just put your foot on the gas and relax. Who wants to fight that old gear handle in traffic . . . back and forth . . . this way and that . . . up and down . . ." He demonstrated, flailing his arms.

The fact is, he's had an automatic shift ever since they first came out.

Heinemann has a prodigious memory—he calls literally hundreds of the men in his department by their first names—and a most helpful sense of anticipation. Often when the military comes in to ask him to start thinking about some new plane or other, he reaches into his desk and pulls out a good start on the plans for it; he's been working on it for months. Occasionally he boards naval carriers as an observer, to keep abreast of requirements. He is also, unlike many engineers, a good salesman, which can often be helpful in the helter-skelter of the aircraft industry.

What of the future of aviation? he often is asked. "We're just getting started," he replies, a little wearily. But he expects no sudden spurt forward. He points out on a chart he has made that official speed records have advanced at an average rate of only 14 miles per hour per year since the first flight at Kitty Hawk, and he doubts that this rate is likely to increase.

One reason is the power problem. Beyond 500 miles an hour, there is a sharp upturn in what is needed to go faster. An airplane that will do 600 miles an hour on 11,000 horsepower demands 67,000 horsepower to do 1,000 miles an hour.

"Heat Wall" a Grave Problem

Also, while the old "sonic wall" is gone, there is a "heat wall" in its place, erected by friction. At 750 miles an hour at sea level, an airplane picks up 100 degrees of heat merely from the air rushing past. Add to this the heat of the sun, and the radiation from the 2,500-degree fire in the jet engine, and the ship itself grows structurally weak. (Also, the pilot would roast if a way hadn't been found to cool the cockpit.)

By going up to 35,000 feet or better, where the temperature is 67 below zero, the heat wall is delayed a little. "But even at that altitude," Heinemann says, "a thousand miles an hour is about the best we can expect for some time to come. At sea level it will be around 750 for a while. Of course, short bursts of speed can be expected beyond those figures, but not continuous operation."

One way to beat the heat is to go above 100,000 feet, where there is little or no atmosphere and therefore no friction. But internal combustion engines, like the jet, won't work without air. So power would have to be by rockets. These don't demand air, but they take an astounding amount of fuel; the Skyrocket gulps its fuel at the rate of a ton a minute.

To these natural vexations of higher and faster flight is added the matter of cost. To appreciate this item, one needs only to look at what is involved in building a new model of one of today's "ordinary" airplanes. Each new model of a modern plane entails some 10,000 drawings, and 25,000 new tools, ranging from $5 patterns to $20,000 main wing jigs.

The job involves the help of some 2,000 subcontractors, and the labors of specialists in literally hundreds of trades. Among these, of whom there are 777 represented at El Segundo, are experts in a growing list of sciences which already includes chemistry, electricity, metallurgy, ceramics, aerodynamics, thermodynamics, dynamics of structures, acoustics, hydraulics, electronics, ballistics, physiology, aeromedicine and many more, some not yet named. Progress in speed rests in great part on parallel progress in these supporting sciences.

"When I started 25 years ago," Heinemann says, "a new experimental model military airplane cost $20 a pound. Today it costs up to $1,000 a pound." In some models, the electronic gadgets alone cost as much as a whole airplane did in 1939.

From the time the first sketch is made until 100 of the planes are in the air normally takes five years, with the period lengthening as the ships grow ever more complex. By then the new plane is obsolescent, made so by the newer designs blossoming behind it on the drawing board. "This is why you can't stockpile airplanes like paving stones," Heinemann points out. "The ones we'll need tomorrow aren't ready yet." THE END

"Ung-ng-ng...that awful guk in my car?"

—says Bert Lahr, star of the hit musical, "TWO ON THE AISLE"

YES, BERT, IN YOUR OIL FILTER —OVER 2 POUNDS OF DANGER-OUS SLUDGE AND ABRASIVES!
HOW COME?
YOU SEE — ALL THIS ENGINE-WRECKING STUFF HAS BEEN FILTERED OUT OF YOUR ENGINE OIL. BUT NOW, THIS FILTER IS ALL CHOKED UP. IT CAN'T KEEP UP ITS IMPORTANT, MONEY SAVING WORK.
YOU DON'T SAY!
WELL THEN— LET ME HAVE A NEW ONE!
RIGHT AWAY, BERT. WE'LL PUT IN A NEW PUROLATOR REFILL. IT'LL KEEP YOUR ENGINE CLEANER, SWEETER-RUNNING... SAVE YOU COSTLY ENGINE REPAIRS.

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Micronic OIL FILTER

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Socialite Dollie has drink with owner Louise Tuttle

Feathered virtuoso starts practice at a toy piano

Shown her reflection, egotistical Dollie approves

Hospitalized Ann Buchan, 8, watches Dollie take a gay whirl upon miniature merry-go-round

Watch the Birdie

A smart canary with a superiority complex, Dollie delights hundreds of shut-in kids with her unique shenanigans. She's a little spoiled, but lovable

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED LYON

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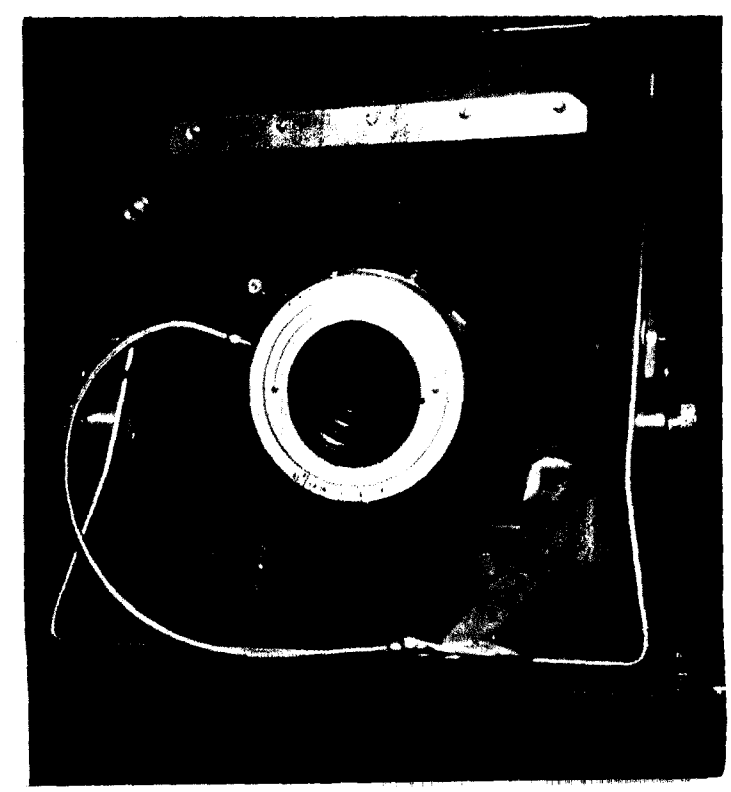
Trick canary Dollie displays a chic bonnet (it's this year's, of course) made by her mistress

Bird gets fine abstract effects painting with tail

She's really a no-hands rider. Gloves are taped on

Dollie pulls a switch on "watch the birdie" routine



DOLLIE is a highly versatile female of six years. She sings, acts, models and rides tricycles. She is, possibly, the most extraordinary canary that ever jumped through hoops upon request.

Dollie's greatest shortcoming is her unpopularity with other canaries. (Parakeets, too, think little of her.) Because Dollie is a snob: she prefers humans.

This is due largely to the patient work of her red-haired mistress, Mrs. Louise Tuttle, of San Francisco, California. A former art teacher, Mrs. Tuttle has been busy humanizing Dollie since her small charge was two weeks old. Among her other neat accomplishments, Dollie has learned to wear clothes without clawing them, to sing upon command and to accept food from strangers' lips (she particularly enjoys working this trick with men). She plays the piano—not too well, but her posture is perfect on the bench; she rides miniature merry-go-rounds; she paints—again, not professionally, but good enough for an armless bird.

All this is enhanced by an extensive wardrobe, fashioned for her by Mrs. Tuttle, which would turn the head of a pigeon.

When she noted how the neighborhood kids took to Dollie, Mrs. Tuttle began entertaining at local children's hospitals. Nurses report that nothing gets a lethargic kid's head off his pillow quicker than the sight of five-inch-long Dollie, in her plumed matron's bonnet, taking a sedate turn about the ward on her tricycle.

A cool performer by now, Dollie loves—as is apparent here—to have her picture taken. Obviously, her talents are going to her head.

Mrs. Tuttle, wondering how egotistical a canary can get, looks forward with some apprehension to the day when Dollie will turn up her beak at people.

MARTHA WEINMAN

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The American Who Knows Stalin Best

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

Nations Charter Conference as a love feast. Some publications promptly denounced him as a reactionary, a boat-rocker and a Red-baiter. Five years before the Communists drove across the 38th parallel, Harriman warned of trouble ahead in Korea because Stalin would want to gain control of the entire country.

From his frequent contacts with Stalin, Harriman was able to get the Russian Premier's appraisal of his wartime contemporaries. "Stalin had contempt for Hitler," says Harriman. "He respected Churchill's fighting qualities. He feared only one man —Roosevelt. He listened attentively to all that the President said because he knew that Roosevelt was a great symbol internationally of democratic progress; that he spoke over the heads of governments to the people of the world."

F.D.R.'s Russian Policy

Harriman is certain that Roosevelt was aware, before he died, that the honeymoon with Russia was ending. He is equally certain that F.D.R. would have adopted a get-tough policy toward Russia. In his view, the great tragedy of Roosevelt's death is that F.D.R. did not live long enough to apply this policy. Had Roosevelt been the one to do it, Harriman believes the Russians might not have become aggressive so soon and would not have dared to denounce F.D.R. because they knew of Roosevelt's great prestige with the people of the world.

Even so, Harriman doubts that you can do business with Uncle Joe on a footing of equality, except from strength. "Stalin," he says, "doesn't recognize friendship with anybody or with any country he doesn't dominate. With him, there's no equality—there must be domination, even with his own Politburo. I think the Politburo members have very free and open discussions in which all, including Stalin, listen. But I think that when Stalin makes up his mind, he says, 'This is it, boys.' And then it *is* 'it.' Stalin is the boss."

Nor does Harriman hold out any hope of an anti-Communist revolution in Russia.

"Stalin and the other Communist leaders have such control of Russia," he says, "that there is no opportunity for revolution. As I went around Russia, I could find no love for the Communist party, but there is no way that an uprising can begin because Stalin has the most effective police state ever devised."

Harriman, though an outstanding athlete in his youth, gives the appearance of being physically fragile. But he was no pushover to Stalin. During the war, Stalin, in a rare and modest gesture of good will, made a gift of two horses to Harriman.

The gift came about at a Kremlin dinner, in the summer of 1945, at which Stalin showed movies of the Victory Day Parade in Red Square. One shot showed units of the Red cavalry. Harriman expressed admiration for two chargers that appeared in the scene. "You like them?" Stalin inquired through an interpreter.

Harriman, an expert on horses, said he did. "I'll give them to you," Stalin said. Harriman and his daughter Kathleen rode them in Moscow. When Harriman's ambassadorial tour of duty ended, Uncle Joe shipped the steeds to the United States. One has since died. The other is on Harriman's New York farm and he still rides it whenever he gets a chance to spend a few days there, which is seldom.

But the spirit that occasioned Stalin's gesture scarcely lasted out the wartime alliance. Once, in October, 1945, Harriman visited Stalin at his country retreat in the Caucasus. They argued two long nights over disagreements that were popping up in the first weeks of peace. Harriman refused to give ground. Stalin fumed. It was then, Harriman recalls, that Stalin "as much as told me in a moment of anger that he had decided to go his own way."

Harriman's relations with Stalin were businesslike and diplomatically correct. There was none of the easy informality and warm friendliness that developed between Harriman and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, who calls him "Averell."

In one of his first meetings with Churchill, "Averell" got his handsome ears pinned back and learned a Churchillian lesson on politics. Harriman made a since-forgotten remark about British politics. Churchill bridled and cut Harriman down with these words: "Few men are so gifted as to understand the politics of their own country; no man can understand the politics of another country."

Harriman is a multimillionaire by birth. His father, Edward H. Harriman, the fabulous railroad titan, left a vast fortune. Harriman, now sixty, could have retired long ago with all the great luxuries available to a wealthy man. Instead—at middle age—he chose to put aside a successful career as railroad magnate and Wall Street banker to answer an inner urge for government service that has meant harrowing nights of the London "blitz"; grueling hours of tough give-and-take with Joe Stalin; the hard knocks of Washington bureaucracy; the frustrations of international diplomacy; long, grim hours of work; dangerous travel.

For all this, he chooses to work without pay—except when the law specifies that he must be compensated, as in the case of the Mutual Security Act. Which accounts for the fact that he is getting $22,500 as Mutual Security Director. That he can afford to serve without pay is quite beside the point. The point is—why does he do it, anyway? The simplest answer is that he has dedicated himself to the monumental task of building for peace in the world and for the betterment of mankind. If it means —and it has meant—going off to London or Moscow, Belgrade or Bogotá, Tokyo or Tehran, Rome or Rotterdam, he's always ready.

When Harriman took the oath as boss of the U.S. foreign aid program at the White House last October, President Truman was moved to make a speech.

Appraisals by Two Presidents

"He is an outstanding example of what a public servant should be," said the President of Harriman. "He is a good soldier. He has been willing to take on any job I've asked him to take . . . You don't find them like that very often."

This represented a 180-degree turn in White House appraisal of a Harriman. Fifty years earlier another President—Teddy Roosevelt—had, in a burst of political petulance, publicly denounced Harriman's father (a stanch Republican) as a "malefactor of great wealth" and an "undesirable citizen." The old man's sin was not that he had built a $1,500,000,000 railroad empire with only a pencil and a brilliant brain as starting capital, but that he had dared to accuse Roosevelt of political double-dealing.

Today, William Averell Harriman is always in a hurry. He has to be. He has so many jobs to tend to. At the moment, he's director of the Mutual Security Program and, as such, is charged with parceling out more than $7,000,000,000 in military, economic and Point Four aid to our allies and friends. (Handling big sums ceased to be a novelty to him by the time he was nineteen, when acting for his mother he gave $2,000,000 of the family fortune to New York for the establishment and maintenance of a state park now called Harriman Park.)

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He's also been chairman of the Temporary Council Committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, one of the so-called "wise men" whose job it was to determine how much each of the NATO powers could contribute to mutual defense without wrecking its economy. He and his colleagues drew up a plan of action that was placed before the North Atlantic nations at Lisbon recently. The NATO countries approved the Harriman Plan unanimously. On the basis of the Harriman study, they agreed that they could muster a Western European force of about 50 divisions and 4,000 planes in 1952.

In his dual capacity, Harriman is, next to General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the biggest wheel in NATO. One critical observer recently said: "Eisenhower and Harriman are a terrific team. Ike can say what is the least contribution we can expect from our allies. Harriman can say how much more we must give them to make their contribution possible." Helping the allies to make their contribution is, in fact, part of Harriman's present job. The big task is to achieve co-operation among the allies. A fat checkbook helps. But it means knocking some heads together, too. All of which calls for fancy footwork because, as Harriman puts it, "we want their respect and confidence—not their gratitude."

As diplomats go, Harriman is a rare creature. He is more an economic than a political statesman. He wasn't schooled in diplomacy. He was dropped into it, much like a nonswimmer tossed into a pool and told: "Now swim!"

Harriman took his first big dive into diplomacy in 1941. President Franklin D. Roosevelt shoved him, sending him off to bomb-battered London with a blunt directive: "Keep Britain's head above water by all measures short of war." (That was when Britain was demanding only the "tools," and it was this phase that Harriman's mission involved.) It was a large order for a diplomatic rookie. But Harriman acquitted himself well, and has since.

Successively, he's gone hop-scotching around the globe as America's number one lend-lease man abroad; ambassador first to Moscow and then to London; after a brief interlude as Secretary of Commerce, Marshall Plan roving ambassador; diplomatic trouble shooter for Truman. And now, custodian of the foreign aid billions—director of a vast enterprise that may mean the difference between peace and World War III.

His critics call Harriman a visionary. More accurately, he is a practical visionary, a man who brims with ideas and then sets out to give them substance. He is the kind of visionary who, as head of the Union Pacific Railroad, gave the nation its first streamlined train and converted an isolated, undeveloped valley into America's most popular winter resort—Sun Valley. The streamliner was born during the depression as a promotional stunt which at once became a profitable venture.

Cost of Rail Travel Reduced

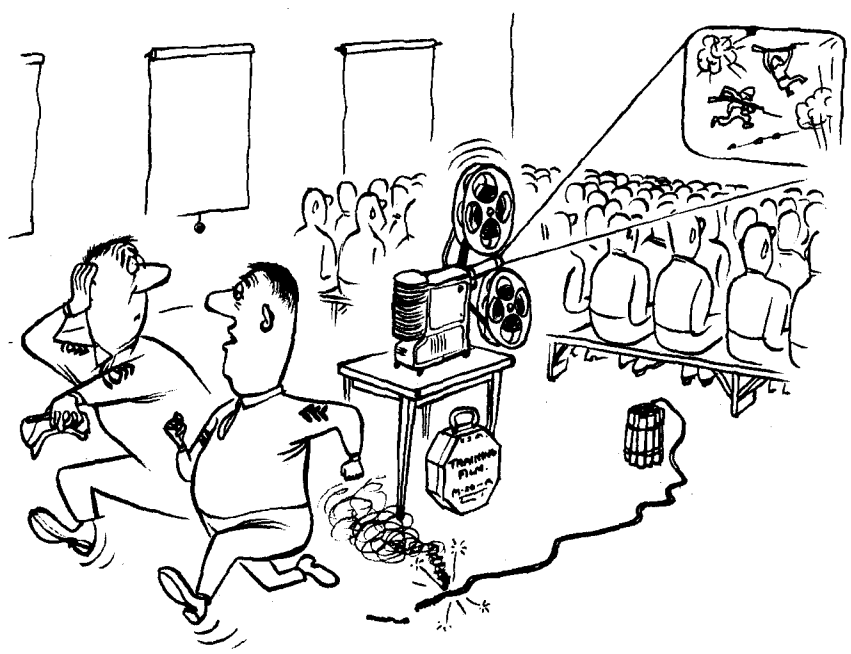
Harriman also pioneered low-fare, all-coach and Pullman trains with low-cost dining service. But he didn't stop there. Once he flew to Denver. As soon as his plane landed, he telephoned U.P. headquarters with another idea, borrowed from the air lines—hostesses for trains. Competitors for transcontinental rail patronage countered with a publicity campaign extolling the comforts and beauties of riding the Southern or so-called sunshine route to California. This cut into the Union Pacific's winter traffic, which operated over a Northern route. Harriman came up with a quick answer to this.

Traveling over his own railroad, he found a magnificent snow-covered valley in Idaho. On the spot, he gave orders to build a $1,000,000 lodge there and set in motion a nation-wide publicity campaign. Within a year, the resort he established, Sun Valley, became the St. Moritz of the United States.

Harriman showed vision on an international level when he became one of the first to express the philosophy of the Marshall Plan, which represented the combined thoughts of many government officials and military men. In a cable to Washington on April 4, 1945, when he was ambassador to Moscow, Harriman warned that the Communist party was exploiting economic difficulties in areas of Western Allied responsibility to advance Soviet concepts and undermine Western influence. "We should, through such aid as we can give our Western allies, including Greece as well as Italy, re-establish a reasonable life for the people of these countries," Harriman cabled. "We must clearly realize that the Soviet program is the establishment of totalitarianism . . . The only hope of stopping Soviet penetration is the development of sound economic conditions" in the Western European countries.

For years, Harriman lived in the shadow

VIP'S WAR



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Movieland in person! Take home memories of movie star homes, famous cafes, radio and television shows.

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of his father's reputation. And a mighty shadow it was. For Edward H. Harriman was a titan of his times—successively the "Little Giant of Wall Street" and the "Colossus of Transportation." He was a walrus-mustached man, whose genius outfoxed the great J. P. Morgan; whose vivid, practical imagination awed even John (Bet-a-Million) Gates. He was a doer and great builder with a dynamic, bold, creative mind.

Averell Harriman has rubbed elbows with all the great statesmen of modern times. But, to him, none approaches the heroic stature of his father; none influenced him more. The elder Harriman had boundless talent and a "nose for money" (although he once insisted he "never cared for money except as a power for constructive and creative work").

He started from scratch at the age of fourteen as a $5-a-week Wall Street "pad-shover"—writing down stock quotations for a brokerage house. By the time he was twenty-one, he had bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. Before he was twenty-six, he netted $150,000 in a single stock transaction. At thirty-one, he married Mary Williamson Averell, daughter of an Ogdensburg, New York, banker and owner of a small railroad (the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain) of which he soon became a director.

Parlaying a Broken-Down Line

The elder Harriman's first real venture into railroading on his own came when he bought a broken-down line—the Sodus Bay & Southern—which ran from Lake Ontario to Stanley, New York, 34 miles of dilapidated track and creaking rolling stock. But the line included the best harbor on Lake Ontario. He improved the equipment, then got the Pennsylvania and the New York Central Railroads into spirited bidding for the little railroad. He sold it to the Pennsylvania at a handsome profit, which he promptly invested in the Illinois Central.

Gradually he acquired other railroad interests, but his biggest venture was taking over the bankrupt Union Pacific—"a streak of rusted iron"—and, after persuading banking interests to invest $25,000,000, built it into a fine railroad.

Before he died, the "Harriman Lines" mushroomed into a 75,000-mile system that crisscrossed the continent and branched out into ocean-going transportation. He dreamed of a global transportation system and almost achieved it.

In 1905, four years before he died, he went to Japan to try to get control of the South Manchurian, the Chinese Eastern and the Trans-Siberian railways in the hope of realizing his dream of a world-girdling transportation system. But, though he got a conditional agreement from the Japanese government, the deal for the South Manchurian never came off. E. H. never gave up the dream until he died.

W. Averell Harriman, who was born November 15, 1891, in a brownstone house near Manhattan's Saint Patrick's Cathedral, was one of five children. There was another boy—E. Roland, now president of the American National Red Cross—and three girls, only one of whom, Mrs. Robert L. Gerry, is still living.

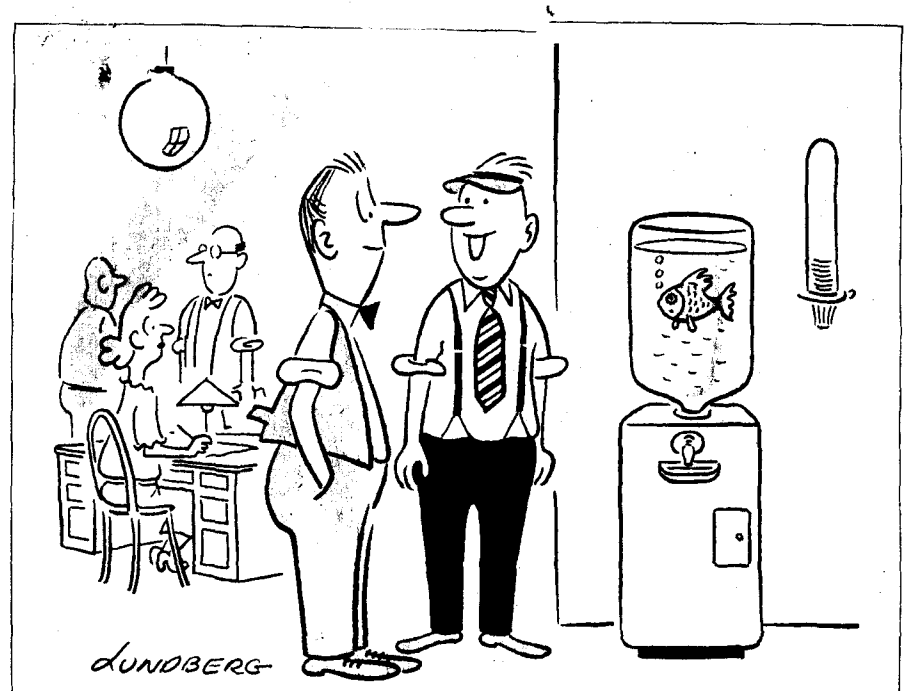
The children were raised in what Averell calls "a simple way." They roughed it in the country, living in a substantial farmhouse. Then, just before he died, the father built a 100-room mountaintop château called Arden House 1,300 feet above the Hudson River overlooking the Ramapo Valley near West Point. Their back yard was a 20,000-acre estate with 40 miles of bridle paths and roads, a polo field, stables, a trotting track and three lakes.

(In 1910, the year after his father died, Harriman, acting on behalf of his mother, gave 10,000 acres of the estate plus $2,000,000 to the state for Harriman Park. And, last year, the Harriman boys donated Arden House to Columbia University.)

The elder Harriman provided the best in living, education and training for his children. The summer before young Averell entered Groton, his father hired Syracuse University crew coach Jim Ten Eyck to give the lad a month's instructions in single-sculling. The boy learned well. He made the Groton crew, then went on to an athletic career at Yale. Averell rowed on the freshman and sophomore crews. Too light (165 pounds) to make the varsity, he coached the freshman crew in his junior year and the varsity in his senior year.

In 1899, the elder Harriman took the children on a cruise to Alaska. He hired a steamship and took along 30 scientists, a taxidermist, a chaplain and a photographer. They stopped at Kodiak long enough for the elder Harriman to shoot a Kodiak bear. Then they cut across the Bering Sea for a few hours at Plover Bay, Siberia.

This was Averell's first contact with Russian soil. He was only eight then. Years later, when he went to Moscow as ambassador, he told Stalin that the first time he visited Russia he entered without a passport. Stalin was puzzled that his police



"That ought to remind the boss to make up the vacation schedule"

COLLIER'S — GUSTAV LUNDBERG

state should be so imperfect as to let a stranger slip through without a passport. Then Harriman explained the circumstances of the 1899 cruise. Stalin, perhaps reflecting on the inefficiency of the czarists, allowed a smile to cross his face.

On the inspection trips, Harriman learned much about railroading from his father. He also learned some rules which he applies to his government tasks today: "Whatever you have anything to do with," his father had told him, "try to make it better." Another was: "Wealth is a responsibility; use it constructively and creatively." The elder Harriman had followed the rules so well that when he died he was able to leave a $70,000,000 fortune, the entire amount bequeathed to his "beloved wife Mary" in perhaps the shortest will on record—one sentence. (The fortune was divided among the five children when Mrs. Harriman died in 1932.)

Averell entered Yale the same year his father died. Summers he worked for the Union Pacific as a roadman on a branch line "survey party." When he was graduated in 1913, he went to work on the railroad full time. In no time at all—a matter of months—he was promoted to vice-president of the U.P., the first trackwalker ever to make the grade so fast.

After two years as veep, restiveness got the better of Averell and, with some of the Harriman millions, he set out on a new venture. Just before the United States entered World War I, he organized the Merchant Shipbuilding Corporation and built ships for the government. Then, fired by his father's dream of a global transportation system, he became head of the American Ship & Commerce Corporation, which operated vessels in international trade.

One venture at a time was not enough for young Harriman. About the time he became vice-president of the U.P., he also became director of the Illinois Central. And, while he was knee-deep in the shipbuilding business, he organized in 1919 W. A. Harriman & Company, Inc., Investment Bankers (which was consolidated in 1931 with Brown Brothers and became Brown Brothers Harriman & Company, and in which he still has a limited partnership).

As a banker, Harriman was bold and brash by the standards of his conservative Wall Street colleagues. He decided in 1925 that he could do business with Russia—Bolshevik Russia, which then was auctioning to the highest bidder 20-year concessions on manganese deposits.

Harriman's banking house obtained a concession for $3,000,000 and then set out to extract ore from the mines of Georgia, in the south of Russia. He went to Russia and, while there, had a long conference with Trotsky. "From this trip," Harriman recalls, "I became aware that the Bolshevik Revolution was no passing political phenomenon as so many believed then. I also became aware that a Bolshevik named Joseph Stalin was a rising power in the Communist party and that, with Stalin's rise, the so-called 'New Economic Policy of Lenin' would be abandoned and the concessions would become worthless." So Harriman pulled his business out of Russia. Just in time, too, he says, for "other concessionaires who waited a year lost heavily."

By now, Harriman was cutting a handsome figure in the polo world. He had acquired an eight-goal handicap (10 is tops) and in 1928 rode with the U.S. team in the international matches against Argentina. He also became skilled at bowling and croquet. In 1930, he married a second time. His first wife, now dead, bore him two daughters—Mary Averell (now Mrs. Shirley Carter Fisk) and Kathleen Lanier (now Mrs. Stanley G. Mortimer, Jr.).

Harriman's present wife, the former Marie Norton, has a son and a daughter—both married—by her first husband (Cornelius Vanderbilt "Sonny" Whitney). She's a grandmother—a handsome, dark-haired vivacious one with a wry sense of humor. She has a charming, individualistic manner of speech—slangy, but gracious.

Chic also is the word for Mrs. Harriman. Her name appears on many of the "10 best-dressed women" lists. She buys her clothes in Paris where she and Harriman maintain a home. Mrs. Harriman wears dark glasses, not for a Hollywood touch but of necessity. An eye ailment once nearly cost her her sight.

She has a wide circle of acquaintances in the literary and artistic world and sees to it that her husband meets persons outside of government—authors, playwrights, artists. She frequently is hostess at small dinner parties where the food and wine and conversation are excellent.

Mrs. Harriman is an authority on art; in fact, she once operated an art gallery in New York and published limited editions of art publications that sold for as much as $200 a copy. When Harriman became chairman of the Union Pacific and introduced the streamliner, he gave his wife a free hand in working out the color scheme for the new trains—from Diesel to observation car. She decreed bright colors.

She doesn't make friends easily, but she has many close ones, among them Mrs. Truman. Of her husband's globe-trotting, Mrs. Harriman says she of course wishes he could be home more. But she realizes that he feels this is what he must do.

In 1932, after his mother had died, Harriman returned to the Union Pacific as board chairman and settled down to railroading in earnest. Also in 1932, Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President of the United States, with the help of a vote from W. Averell Harriman. Harriman was born and raised a Republican, but switched parties in 1928. It was in the 1930s that he began to emerge from the shadow of his father's greatness. He made it with an assist from a sister, Mrs. Mary Rumsey (who was killed in a hunting accident in 1934), and from a tribesman of the Roosevelt who sought to destroy his father—F.D.R.

Coaxed into Government Work

Not long after F.D.R. and the New Deal arrived on the Washington scene, sister Mary took Averell aside one day and pleaded with him to apply his talents to government work. She was a close friend of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Harriman himself had been a classmate of Mrs. Roosevelt's brother. Besides, Harriman was no stranger to F.D.R. So it was that Harriman got into government, first as New York State committee chairman of the old NRA. Then he came to Washington as special assistant to the late General Hugh Johnson, NRA boss. When Johnson resigned, he himself became administrative officer, a post which he had for a year. Afterward, he got an assortment of pre-World War II production-mobilization jobs that led to his selection by F.D.R. in March, 1941, as special Presidential representative in London.

One of the famed New Dealers with whom Harriman formed a close and enduring friendship was Harry Hopkins. A photograph of Hopkins shares, on Harriman's library table, an honored position with photographs of F.D.R. and Truman, and bronze busts of Roosevelt (F.D.R., not Teddy) and General Eisenhower.

It has been said, and the inaccurate parallel has been perpetuated through the years, that Harriman is Truman's "Harry Hopkins." The parallel applies only to the extent that Harriman is Truman's trouble shooter, just as Hopkins was Roosevelt's. Between Truman and Harriman, there is deep respect and a loyal friendship. But there is not the chummy comradeship that existed between Roosevelt and Hopkins. Hopkins was F.D.R.'s alter ego. Harriman doesn't have that role with Truman. Hopkins shared the President's most intimate secrets. Harriman doesn't. He is a trusted adviser, but he is not a member of Truman's Palace Guard or one of his poker-playing buddies.

For the most part, Harriman stays aloof from partisan politics, but he got himself into a red-hot political scrap in the 1950 Congressional election campaign when he made a speech before the American Federation of Labor convention at Houston, Texas. Harriman charged that Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio followed policies in line with "Communist objectives" and

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1827–DIXON'S 125TH ANNIVERSARY CONTEST–1952

$25,000.00 in Cash Prizes

Leadfast MADE IN U.S.A. DIXON TICONDEROGA 1388 №2

A writer once said to his mate,
"My TICONDEROGAS are great.
The lead is much stronger,
The point lasts much longer,
_____"

Last line should rhyme with "great"

Sample: Their quality, dear, is innate!"

It's Fun! It's Easy!

Just complete this Dixon Jingle!

Easy Contest Rules!

1. Mail entries to Dixon 125th Anniversary Contest, P. O. Box 8110, Chicago (Zone 77), Ill. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. Use enough postage.

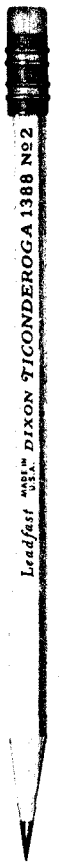
2. Send as many entries as you wish. Enclose the section showing the soldier from the one dozen Ticonderoga box with each entry. You can also enter this contest by sending in a section of the box, on which the name Dixon appears, from any of the following Dixon products:

1. **Eldorado Drawing Pencils (1 doz. box)**
2. **Thinex Colored Pencils (any size)**
3. **"Best" Colored Pencils (any size)**
4. **Anadel Colored Pencils (any size)**
5. **Enduro Pencil Sharpener**

3. All entries must be postmarked not later than June 3 and received by June 19th, 1952. Everyone may enter the contest except employees of Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, their subsidiary companies, their advertising agencies and members of their families, and the employees and families of the organization judging the contest.

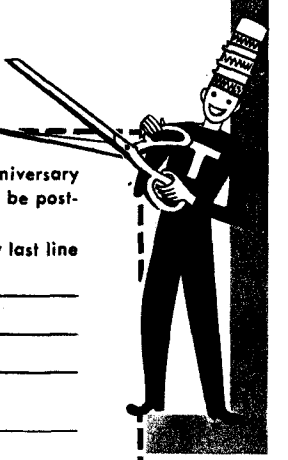
4. Entries will be judged for originality and aptness of thought. Competent judges will be selected by the organization handling this contest.

5. No entries returned. All entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., for any and all purposes. This contest is subject to all state and federal regulations.



Here are a few pointers about Ticonderoga Pencils that may help you complete the jingle

- *Ticonderoga Pencils* have a *Leadfast* construction that unites lead and wood... prevents splitting and burring in sharpening.
- *Ticonderoga Pencils* have a hexagonal shape with rounded edges... makes them easier to grip, more comfortable to write with.
- *Ticonderoga Pencils* are made of the finest cedar from California. Imported clay and graphite make them the smoothest writing of all pencils.
- *Ticonderoga Pencils* have a "quick-sweep" eraser... whisks the paper clean instantly.
- *Ticonderoga is the nation's first pencil!*



ENTRY BLANK Mail to Dixon 125th Anniversary Contest, P.O. Box 8110, Chicago (Zone 77), Ill. Entry must be postmarked not later than June 3, 1952.

I am enclosing a Dixon box or carton section. This is my last line for the Dixon Jingle: _____

_____

_____

(Please Print with Your Ticonderoga Pencil)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

NAME OF STATIONER _____

Dixon **TICONDEROGA**

The Nation's First Pencils... Get them at Your Stationer's

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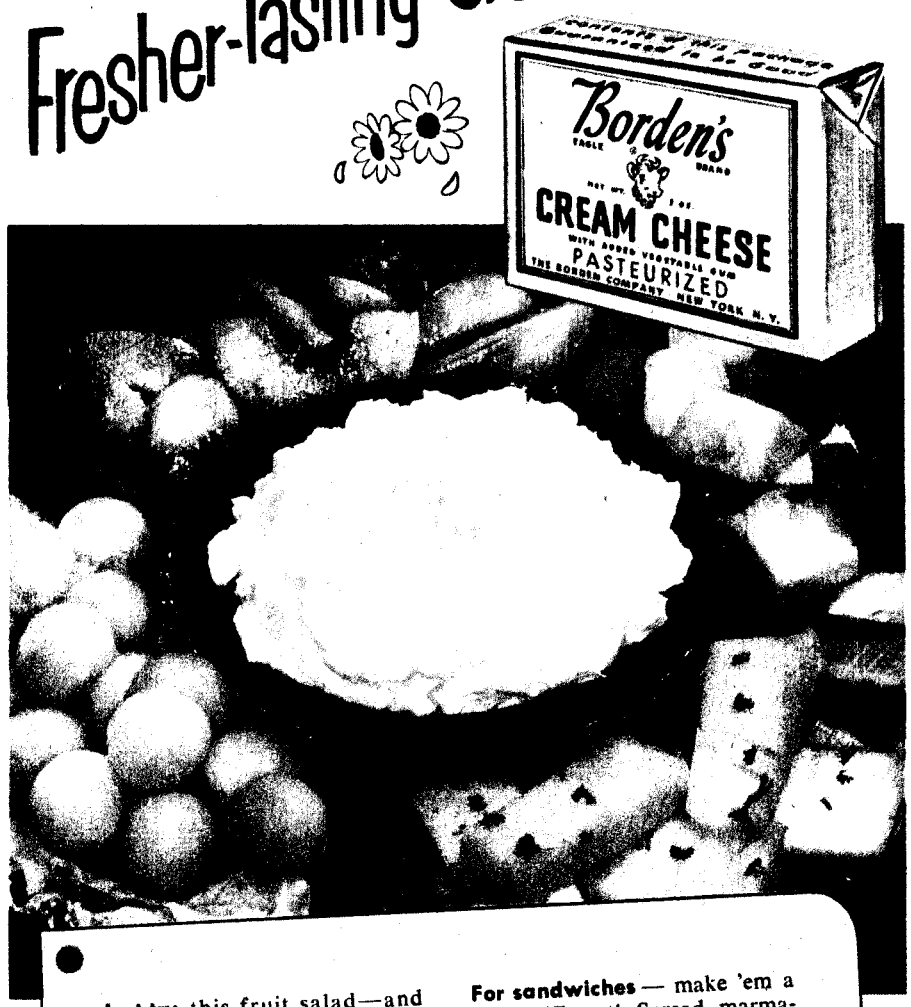
Pass your plate! Here's a

Fresher-Tasting Cream Cheese!



Just try this fruit salad—and you'll never *ever* use any other cream cheese but *Borden's* for all your salads, sandwiches, snacks, desserts!

Oh, lady, here's a family salad that has everything! (Makes a swell summer dessert, too!) Lots of assorted fruits, melon balls, and a big portion of Borden's Cream Cheese—whipped fluffy-light by adding a little milk!

Once you taste this *new, fresher-tasting* Borden's Cream Cheese, you won't stop with this salad—we guarantee! You'll *know* this is the *only* cream cheese you'll ever want:

For sandwiches — make 'em a little different! Spread marmalade and Borden's Cream Cheese on assorted breads.

For snacks—mix onion salt with Borden's Cream Cheese that's been softened with a little milk.

For desserts—Borden's Cream Cheese makes a grand topping for hot gingerbread. And because the new Borden's Cream Cheese is lighter, fluffier, it's the *perfect* one for cake frostings.

Borden's Cream Cheese comes in the handy 3-oz. foil package and the thrifty 8-oz. package. Look for them in the dairy case of your favorite food store.

©The Borden Company

Get the chive-ier cheese . . .

Borden's Chive Cream Cheese!

Here's a new cheese that's bound to please you—and put pep in your menus! It's so much livelier, chive-ier—because the chives are picked while young and oh-so-tender—right from Borden's own chive gardens. Get it today in the foil-wrapped 3-oz. package or 6-oz. Wej-Cut.

Bordens Fine Cheeses

Folks who know cheese say "BORDEN'S, PLEASE!"

singled out the Republican, then seeking re-election as senator, as one of "many" in Congress who should be defeated.

Republicans complained loudly, calling the speech a threat to the bipartisan conduct of foreign policy. Harriman made two more political speeches shortly thereafter, endorsing the senatorial bids of Herbert H. Lehman of New York and Helen Gahagan Douglas of California. But in his present job Harriman has left politics to the professionals.

Harriman goes out of his way to keep members of Congress informed on matters of foreign policy. He invites small groups of legislators to private luncheons, dinners—sometimes breakfasts—at the big, red-brick, rented mansion on Foxhall Road where Mrs. Perle Mesta once reigned as Washington's "hostess with the mostest."

Portrait of a Diplomat

With his well-groomed, gray-streaked brown hair and expensively tailored suits, Harriman looks every inch the diplomat. But he is no glamor boy, no showman. He's deadly serious, sincere and shy, almost to the point of being timid. He talks with a cultured Groton accent.

But, for a man who's been around, he was for many years after he entered public life no great shakes as a public speaker. He would fidget, fumble and stammer and otherwise act self-conscious and ill at ease. He kept plugging away, trying to improve his delivery, and has achieved results. He still doesn't read speeches very well—and admits it. However, when he throws away the script and talks off the cuff, he's a different man—more poised, more sure of himself. He can be persuasive and effective. Invariably, his father's influence reveals itself in his thinking and his planning.

Just as his father sought to fashion a global transportation system, so is Harriman striving to achieve a global system of greater production among all the free nations through the Point Four program of aid to backward nations. In his view, expanded productivity is the key to peace.

"The hope of a better life for ourselves and the peoples of the world," he says, "is to open up and expand the sources of raw materials. The Point Four program is absolutely essential in achieving this goal. If this plan is aggressively administered and supported it can give hope to people in misery by showing them how to grow more food. It can give us and our friends a greatly expanded economy.

"We can remain strong and free and, in the process, thwart the Kremlin's hopes by expanding our productivity. To do this, we need increased raw materials. This increased supply of raw materials can be provided by other free countries of the world through economic and technical assistance from us. In that way we benefit each other. If we are to achieve our aspirations for peace, decent living standards and freedom, we must continue our efforts to promote the economic recovery of the free world as an essential to the stability and strength of the free nations."

Harriman's father was the first to adopt the slogan "safety first" in railroading. The son has been, and is, applying it to the quest for peace—first there must be strength (safety). "Basically," Harriman says, "we must have military strength that will make it dangerous for an aggressor to attack. I don't think Stalin wants to risk a major war. He won't risk it as long as we build and maintain defensive strength and not talk about a preventive war. The Kremlin mostly fears our industrial capacity. Stalin once told me that Hitler would be beaten by America's industrial capacity. The Russians were convinced that we would go into an industrial crisis after the war. They were disappointed that we didn't. It was one of their miscalculations."

You ask Harriman: Are we getting our money's worth out of the billions we have spent in aiding our allies?

"Certainly," he snaps, almost in anger. "We got our money's worth out of the Marshall Plan. It saved Europe from going Communist and kept the industrial power of Western Europe—particularly the Ruhr—out of Russian hands. Italy and France doubtless would have gone under without our help."

You ask him: Are our allies carrying their share of the load?

"Their budgets for defense relative to their gross national product are less than ours," he says. "But their gross national product per capita is scarcely one third ours. So their margin is thinner. Furthermore, you can't equate it in terms of money. France, for example, pays her troops about three cents a day. We pay ours a great deal more, and this is reflected in the size of our military budget. You must remember, too, that Britain and France suffered enormous damage to their manpower and economies in the first World War and had not recovered from the effects of that conflict when they were thrown into the even more devastating second World War. Over all, if you analyze the economic and political situation of our allies, you will find that they are doing what they can to help carry their share of the load.

"By and large, there is a feeling of pride among those we have helped. They don't want to be looked upon as poor relatives seeking a handout. They want to be self-sustaining. In any country, there are some slackers. But most people want to do their share."

How much will it cost us and how long must we continue to help?

"There is no way of determining that. If we can develop substantial forces and Western Germany is brought into the security arrangement with the West, I believe that we shall be able to help our allies achieve economic and political stability much earlier than now appears. The more effectively and more thoroughly we do the job, the less time it will take and the less it will cost. The same applies to the Point Four program. If we go at it vigorously, it will be cheaper for us in the long run. If we try false economies, we won't be able to do the job as it should be done and it would be wasteful."

A New Call to Public Service

However long it takes to accomplish the monumental task, Harriman is prepared to devote all his energies to it just as long as his government asks him to. In the spring of 1948, he made plans to return to private life and enjoy some of the tranquillity that has eluded him since he made himself available for government service. But the President beckoned him to another task—Marshall Plan roving ambassador—and Harriman responded to this call, as he has to many others before and since.

He'd like to get in some skiing at Sun Valley, some relaxation at his Hobe Sound, Florida, winter home—but these will have to wait. He'd like to spend more time with Mrs. Harriman, visiting art galleries and looking after their collection of paintings, which include oils by two rather well-known "Sunday" painters—a still life (two brandy bottles) by Winston Churchill and a panoramic scene (from a post card) of Sun Valley by General Eisenhower.

Recently New York State Democratic Committee officials hoisted a political trial balloon for Harriman as senator from New York or possibly as Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee. But if Harriman has any political ambitions, he hasn't even confided them to his closest friends. He talks only about the job at hand—the job of helping to make the free world stronger and trying to assure peace for the world.

"If free men stay united, we need not have fear," he says. "The overwhelming preponderance of moral and physical strength is on the side of the free world."

If Harriman's optimism materializes, then he will have fulfilled the mission embodied in the challenge laid down by his father: "Whatever you have anything to do with, try to make it better." THE END

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A Man of Peace

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

striding across the gravel courtyard of the old château which was now the school. I didn't know who he was—I was one of those unlucky ones protected from the alien notion of swordplay—but I don't think anybody could have seen him once without looking again.

He was in his early fifties then, I suppose, lean and wiry and about middle-sized. He wore a little pointed dark imperial and a waxed mustache, and there was a genially diabolical upcurve to his eyebrows. He had on a black Homburg hat, buff linen spats, and a slightly seedy black overcoat with a white rose in the buttonhole. He wore the coat thrown across his shoulders like a cape and he carried a Malacca cane, which rumor later assured me was a sword cane.

He strode across the courtyard toward the gymnasium, jauntily swinging his stick, and disappeared around a corner. I sneaked into the gym that day to see what went on there, and afterward rushed off to my room to explain to my mother in a letter all about why fencing was an absolutely indispensable part of my education.

I WAS twelve, and while I didn't know anything about anything useful, I knew all about the everyday advantages of bang-up swordsmanship from reading all the Dumas and Sabatini books I could get hold of. In my mind I had already been the fourth musketeer for some time, and Lafleur looked like an answer to a dream.

I must have done quite a selling job in my letter home because I managed to get back a kind of dubious okay—wedged in between wistful panegyrics to tennis and soccer.

The school provided the equipment, and there I was in the gymnasium a half hour ahead of time the next Friday. Lafleur made his entrance exactly on the hour, dressed in slim black trousers and a spotless white canvas fencing jacket with a scarlet heart embroidered on it. His mask was tucked under his left arm, his foil held loosely in his right hand.

"Messieurs," he said, and snapped his foil up in front of his face, then let it swing gracefully downward and outward toward his right side as he bowed from the waist.

We were a polyglot crew he was addressing so elegantly. There were about fifteen of us, ranging in age between eleven and nineteen, from everywhere under the sun. Three or four of us were Americans; the others were French, Spanish, Dutch, Czech, South American, Greek, English, Cuban, everything—there was even one Egyptian kid. Language wasn't—or wasn't supposed to be—any barrier between us. French was the language of the school and we were meant to speak it twenty-four hours a day under threat of fairly severe punishment.

A few of us, myself included, made a stab at returning Lafleur's fancy salute, but even *I* know most of us loused it up pretty much. Only one of us didn't. He was a boy I'd never seen before, a tall, athletically built young Latin of eighteen or nineteen, with a startlingly handsome dark face and beautiful teeth. He imitated Lafleur's salute exactly, or almost exactly. It had equal precision and equal grace but it contained an element of mockery in the depth of the bow, in the almost girlish delicacy with which the weapon was handled, which subtly changed the courtesy to a discourtesy.

Lafleur seemed to see only the signs of a practiced hand. He smiled appreciatively and went up to the young man, who apparently was a newcomer to the class, too, because Lafleur asked him his name.

"De Parma, monsieur," he said. He stood very straight, speaking distinctly. "Don Ramón Jesús Sebastian Miguel de Parma y Malaga."

"You seem to have some knowledge of your weapon, Monsieur de Parma."

"On my eighth birthday my father engaged a private fencing master for me, monsieur," De Parma said. "I have studied with him ever since." De Parma's French was very good, almost completely unaccented by his native tongue.

Lafleur's eyes brightened with pleasure. "When you were eight," he said. "Ah, that's the time to begin—when the foil is heavy. Your fencing master, was he a Frenchman?"

"French, monsieur, like yourself."

"They are certainly among the finest," Lafleur said, smiling, "but you mistake me. I am a Swiss."

De Parma bowed his head slightly in acknowledgment, and Lafleur returned to the front of his class.

"Your attention, messieurs," he said. "I must run the risk of wearying our friend De Parma by speaking about fundamental things to those of you who are less experienced than he. First of all, we should agree about why you are here. A sword is a weapon. Yet in these days, you will say, surely men no longer need to defend themselves with a sword. Just so. You are right. Then why, you will ask me, should modern young men waste several hours a week learning skill in the art of swordsmanship?"

Lafleur paused and looked at each of us as though somebody had really asked his question. Nobody said anything. De Parma stood listening silently with the trace of a smile on his face.

"You will perhaps see that I have answered my own question," Lafleur continued. "I have said the *art* of swordsmanship. If you will permit the prejudiced declaration of a man who has studied it humbly for fifty years, it is the noblest in the noble company of arts."

As he talked, his face gradually grew solemn, his voice more intense, and you could see that it was his heart talking—making a statement of his faith.

"I would be the last man alive," he went on, "to speak meanly of the art of Mozart or of Michelangelo or of Shakespeare or of Pavlova. I cannot presume to speak of them at all with any authority because I am too ignorant. I can only be awed into reverent silence by their greatness. But of the art of swordsmanship I know the very little a lifetime can teach. And, for me, because I have learned just enough to understand how little I know, it is capable of being the most profound art that civilization has yet produced. Why, you ask, should young men study this thing? Ask instead why a man should train his voice to sing or his fingers to play on a violin. But, in the end, is the mastery of a fine art worth the trouble? I can only say to you that I deeply believe that it is. To understand with humility how near to perfection human beings dare to reach is worth any trouble. I believe that a man who understands this will be a better man than he was. And surely, messieurs, that is the object of life."

His creed stated, Lafleur began to act on it. It was amazing to watch the enthusiasm and concentrated care he put into teaching a bunch of kids, not one in a hundred of whom, he must have known, would ever become even a competent swordsman. He put us in an *en garde* position, then walked down the line. He finally got to me. It was perfectly clear that I didn't know my foil from my elbow, but he had an additional jolt in store for me.

HE LOOKED down at me for a while, thoughtfully. I was gripping my foil like a life line and glaring threateningly at the opposite wall. Finally he touched his imperial with the hilt of his foil and said, "I see you are left-handed, young man. That can be an advantage to a skilled swordsman."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Although a disadvantage to a beginner." He looked at my stance, and then, rather apologetically: "I would not say you seem to be cut out for—ah, you should perhaps consider, my young friend—being left-handed in fencing is sometimes considered a serious disadvantage. There are many fine sports provided here at the school—tennis, rowing, soccer . . ."

He sounded just like my mother. I guess my face must have shown he had cut my heart out and stamped on it. I couldn't answer. If you're left-handed, you're left-handed. I'm afraid I couldn't keep my lip still, looking back at him.

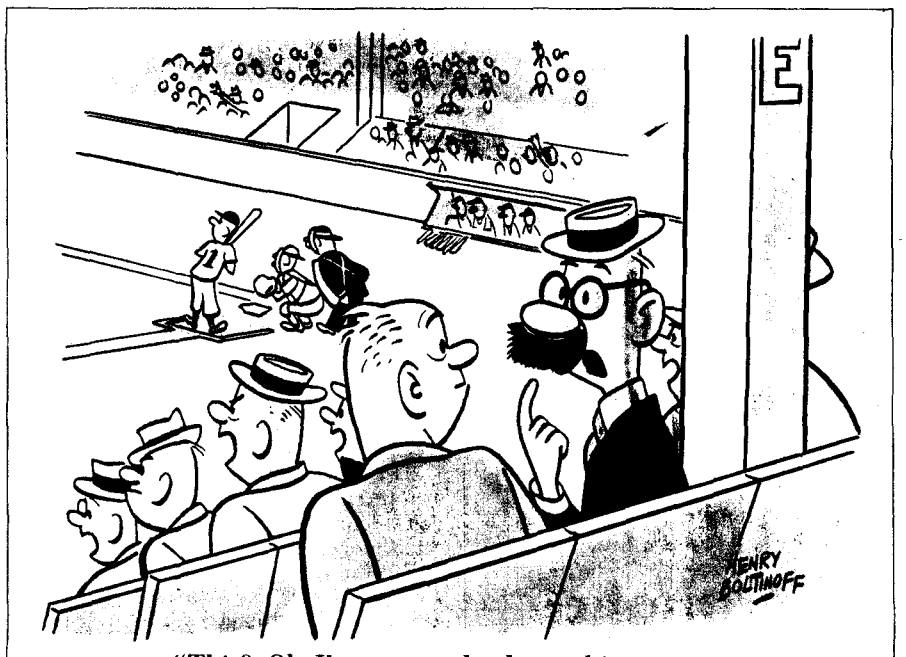
He didn't even hesitate. "Well, well," he said briskly, "no need to decide at once. We will see. Perhaps hard work can turn your left-handedness into an advantage."

After he had pulled me back to life again, he examined my stance gravely. Finally, in a gentle voice, he said, "You do not mean to chop wood, I suppose?"

"No, monsieur."

"Then grasp your foil lightly so that you may use it. Like this." He demonstrated. "Hold your weapon always as you would hold a captive bird," he said, "so that it cannot escape you, but so you will not crush it."

Lafleur moved on till he got to De



"This? Oh, I'm supposed to be working —and you never can tell when a television camera will pick you up!"

COLLIER'S — HENRY BOLTINOFF

RUGGED AND RIGHT
Sundial Shoes
Lasting comfort and smartness are yours in this Cush-N-Crepe soled moccasin for casual town and country wear.
THERE'S A
Sundial Shoe
FOR EVERYONE IN YOUR FAMILY!
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CHECKS
IN WEIGHTLESS WOOLENS

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Cricketeer
The greatest name in sport coats

Cricketeer Checks are the leading sport-coat candidate for '52's top style honors. Exclusive new feature: "Crisscross Checks" merging traditional checks against a bolder crisscross weave. They're doubly smart in *soft grays* . . . doubly comfortable in *weightless woolens* tailored with locked-in "Shoulder Control" for armhole ease. Cricketeer sportcoats from $25 to $35.

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Parma. "And you, monsieur, I need not tell you how to hold your weapon," he said, smiling. "Perhaps you would care to show me some parries. Shall we try seconde, tierce, carte and septime? In that order, eh?"

De Parma nodded slightly and put himself on guard. "Thrust, monsieur."

Then I saw Lafleur in action for the first time, and in that instant he became my hero, superseding all my cape-and-buskin braves at one swoop. I would have died for him. He had whatever it is the few people have who can do something better than most people. Authority, I guess, sureness, poise, confidence. Anyway, Lafleur had it.

The moment he raised his foil, you could tell. Each movement had a purpose, and there were no movements without purpose. And he had enough left over to do everything with the precise grace of a dancer. If you don't know much about fencing, maybe all good fencers look pretty much alike. But they're not. There can be as many different styles as there are men, and Lafleur's was perfect.

"Seconde, monsieur," Lafleur said, and made the thrust. De Parma executed the second parry expertly. "Excellent, excellent, your hand is strong. Now, tierce."

Together they went through the four commonest thrusts and parries, Lafleur commenting with pleasure as they went. "Nice, very nice. Fingernails down, elbow close to the body. Up, up a little. Carte. The wrist bent exactly so. Ah, lovely!"

De Parma was good. He lacked some of Lafleur's grace but he was extremely skillful, and young and strong and agile as a cat. He was absolutely out of the class of anybody else in the room, even the few good ones. As he parried Lafleur's thrusts, I noticed that he was smiling a little, smiling with the faintest edge of condescension, as though he were doing what he was doing to humor a clever child.

With the final thrust, Lafleur said, "No riposte, if you please. I congratulate you." He started to drop his foil to his side.

But De Parma did riposte. He returned with a quick lunge, darted his foil under Lafleur's from the side (called technically a flanconade), snapped his wrist hard, and sent the fencing master's foil clattering across the wooden floor of the gymnasium. Then he touched Lafleur's heart carefully with the end of his blade.

"Your bird has flown away, monsieur," he said.

Somebody snickered.

"I asked you not to riposte," Lafleur said, looking at him. "I dropped my guard."

"I must have misunderstood. I offer a hundred pardons, monsieur." De Parma still had the half smile on his face. He walked over and picked up Lafleur's foil and returned it to him with his mocking, too-elegant bow. "The fencing master's sword," he said.

Lafleur took it, silently, a mixture of bewilderment and chagrin on his face, and a few moments later dismissed the class.

AS THE weeks went on, it became more obvious that I was a hopeless prospect as a fencer. The harder I worked, the worse I got. And I did work desperately hard. Lafleur never gave up. He seemed to respect my devotion to his art—left-handedness, ineptness and all. Given that, he could embrace a hopeless cause with enthusiasm. His patience was unbelievable. The worse I got, the more I loved him. For me, there was nothing he couldn't do.

I took to following him around, lying in wait for him behind trees. One day, after class, he caught me peering at him as he walked down the drive away from school. He beckoned to me, and I came out, shamefaced and foolish. But he was a kind man and didn't ask me how I happened to be behind a tree.

"You would like to walk a little, Mitchell?" he said.

I fell in beside him blissfully, and we walked on toward the village of Brisac. I wanted to tell him I was going to work harder to overcome being such a terrible parrier, but he asked me a question. He asked me what part of the United States I was from. I told him New Jersey. He'd never been there, he said, but he knew Trenton was the capital. Then he asked a lot of questions, like what political party did my parents belong to and did we have a good senator. He knew a lot about America.

I was trying to get the conversation around to fencing again, when he said, "I think we have found the best way to live in this world, have we not, Mitchell—in our two republics, our two democracies, yours and mine? Your new one and my old one."

"Oh, ours isn't new," I said. "It's old—since 1776."

"Well, yes. I only meant relatively new," Lafleur said pleasantly. Then he added, with a touch of quiet pride in his voice, "Switzerland, you see, is the oldest democracy on the earth. We Swiss chose to rule ourselves in 1499. It's not perfect, of course, but the principle seems to be the one that works the best. In Switzerland, for example, we have not been involved in a war for almost a hundred and fifty years." He made a flourish with his sword cane and pointed with it to a little stone cottage we were approaching. "My home," he said. "I hope you will want to have a cup of tea with us, Mitchell."

I said I would like to.

When we got inside, it struck me for the first time that perhaps Lafleur didn't have an easy time making ends meet as a fencing master. While he was officially a member of the school faculty, he held only two classes a week there and was no doubt paid accordingly less. He had two other classes in the middle of the week at a girls' school up the lake at Lausanne, and that was it. I don't mean that there was anything dilapidated about the Lafleurs' place. It was immensely, almost frighteningly, clean, the way a lot of Swiss houses are, but it was very small, and there were the little signs of worn things made to stretch beyond their normal life span.

Madame Lafleur, a short, jolly, healthy-looking woman, met us at the door, kissed her husband, and led us into her parlor.

"I have brought a young man, my dear," Lafleur said. "One of my pupils, who will have tea with us. His name is Mitchell."

"Mitchell," repeated Madame Lafleur, beaming at me interestedly, as though she didn't have many visitors. "I know that you are an American. My husband likes very much to collect Americans." She went after the tea.

"My wife, too, is a democrat," Lafleur said, smiling after her. He motioned me to a chair. "She is a Frenchwoman. And my daughter— But here is my daughter."

A GIRL had come into the parlor from another room, and stood just inside the door. Lafleur's face lighted up with wonder and love, although he tried not to let it show so much. The girl was about sixteen, the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. She had a lovely oval face with great big dark eyes and unbelievable skin. Her rich, chestnut-colored hair was long and fell down to her shoulders, because the time and the place considered her still a girl.

"Come in, Claudine," Lafleur said, "and meet my young friend, Mitchell. Perhaps he will let you practice your English on him."

She came up to me and held out her hand, smiling a little shyly. "Ow deu you deu, Meetchelle?" she said. "Ow air yeu?"

"Fine, thank you," I said. I started to tremble. I'd never seen anything like Claudine, and so I fell in love with her.

She sat down with us and we talked for a while—rather Lafleur talked most, Claudine a little, and I sat in dumb contentment. It didn't make much difference what they talked about; I was content. Out of politeness, Lafleur slipped into English too—a lot better English than his daughter's—and showed me the little prizes of his domestic life. He let me handle an *épée* and a light saber which had been given to him years before by a famous French fencing master, and he took me to the window and showed me the best points of his little garden, neat and bright as a Persian carpet.

Claudine sat there, smiling at us with her beautiful mouth. Whenever she said anything, Lafleur tried desperately to look as though what she'd said wasn't the cleverest thing he'd ever heard. He loved her as much as I did. It was a peaceful scene, and I must say Lafleur—this gentle, middle-aged man who made his living with a sword—seemed a man of peace, sitting there in his home, waiting for his tea. I must say, too, that this picture of Lafleur was vaguely disappointing to me.

This artist business was all very well up to a point, but for my hero who, I was convinced, could match rapiers with anybody on earth, to be primarily a man of peace struck me as an awful waste. I didn't love him less; I just thought he was misguided.

Presently, Lafleur got up. "Entertain our guest for a few moments, Claudine," he said. "I'll help your mother in the kitchen. You should speak English. Mitchell will help you."

He went out, and Claudine prepared to be a hostess. "My Eenglees ees so—so *formidable*," she said, smiling across at me.

"Oh, no. It's as good as my French," I said. It wasn't true, but love will make you say anything.

"Yeu air a great fencair, I supposse?"

I took a quick look at the kitchen door. "Well, *naturally* I'm *not as good* as your father," I said. God knows that was true.

Claudine looked at the door, then back at me with a new expression. She lowered her voice, not much, but enough to show me she was going to say something particular. She spoke casually, but in French again. "Tell me, do you happen to know a student named De Parma?" she said.

I nodded, badly disappointed.

"You like him, Meetchelle?"

"He's all right, I guess. I don't know him very well. He's a senior."

"I know." Claudine's face flushed suddenly, and for a moment she looked flustered and very young. "Do the others like him, do you think?"

"I guess some of them like him and some don't. He's a pretty good fencer," I said dismally.

"And my father, does he like him?"

"Who am I to like?" Lafleur asked with a smile, coming back into the room. He was carrying a tea tray. "Some friend of ours, Mitchell?"

I WASN'T exactly sure why I hesitated, but I didn't answer him. It was Claudine who came out with it.

"Meetchelle was just telling me about a pupil of yours, Papa," she said, phrasing things pretty loosely, it seemed to me. "His name is De Parma—a good fencer, Meetchelle says."

Lafleur stiffened. "De Parma," he repeated quietly. "Yes, he is a good fencer, a very expert fencer for so young a man." He looked suddenly at his daughter. "Claudine, you do not know De Parma?"

"I've only happened to meet him a few times in the village with the other boys, Papa," she said. "On Saturdays sometimes, when the boys come into town. They always come, you know."

"But—but you do not know him—especially?"

Claudine didn't look quite at her father. "Oh, we have only spoken once or twice on the street, Papa. He asked me once, I think, to show him the way to the boat landing, nothing more."

Lafleur looked at her, just stood looking at her for a long time, as though he'd forgotten where he was. His face was sick with love for her. But, standing there with the tea tray still in his hands, there was more in his face, something more which I couldn't come close to really understanding then. I could only recognize it and wonder at it. It was fear, plain, naked, and paralyzing.

After a while, Lafleur set down the tray, and his wife came in, and, although nobody said any more about De Parma, the afternoon was no good any more. . . .

The school term hadn't got very far along before De Parma's personality made itself felt around the place in an increasingly wide range. Somehow, nobody could just feel neutral about him. It was characteristic of De Parma that he made absolutely no effort to make friends; yet there gathered about him a clique of passionate partisans. It wasn't a big clique numerically—maybe ten or twelve boys—and it didn't seem to have any particular national coloration. There were a couple of De Parma's coun-

Next Week

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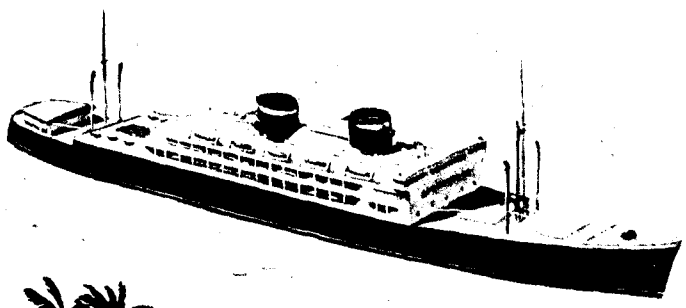

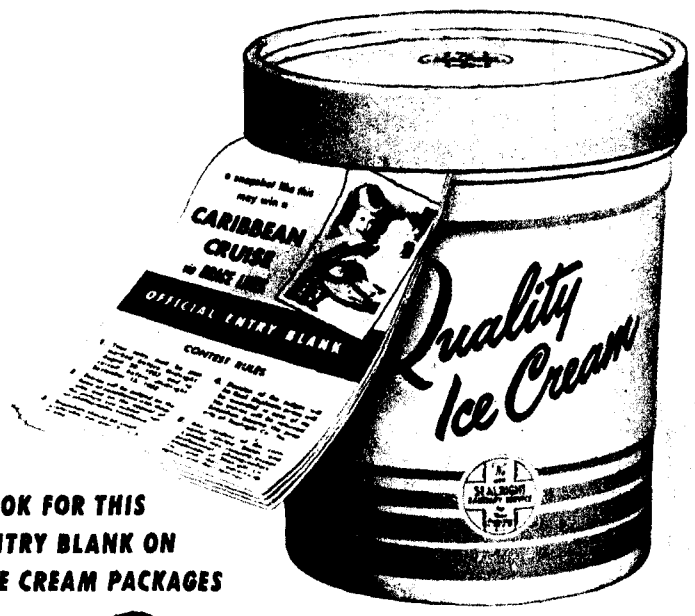

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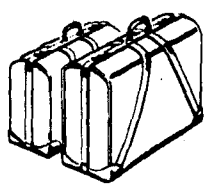

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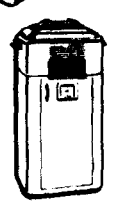

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trymen in it, but then there were also a boy from Michigan and an Albanian and a German baron.

Whatever they all had in common seemed to transcend nationality and crystallize in a devotion to De Parma's attitude toward the world in general. They followed him around like a sovereign's court, eager for his favor and apparently immune to his insult. Most of them joined Lafleur's fencing class in order to watch their idol where he so plainly excelled. Or that seemed to be their only reason in the beginning.

On the other side were the rest of us, numerically superior but with no rallying point other than a shared opinion that De Parma was an impossibly arrogant louse who regarded us all as scum. It's funny, but when you know somebody regards you as an inferior you can hate him and wish he were dead and all that, but you somehow partake of a little of his belief yourself. Maybe you don't actually believe you're his inferior, but you wish he would hate you actively so you could hate him back on an even footing. As it was, a lot of us went around hating De Parma rather unsatisfactorily because we knew all our best hate was beneath his contempt.

Then, one day, I saw De Parma and Claudine Lafleur together. I was out behind the school buildings, in a clearing in a field, fixing up a horseshoe-pitching court with which I planned to amaze and instruct some of these neglected Europeans. I'd got the stakes hammered in place the day before and was down on my hands and knees, pulling up some long grass, when I heard their voices. I didn't hear them say anything in particular, and it was only a second before they caught sight of me, but what I saw made me remember the look of fear I'd seen on Lafleur's face the day I had tea with him.

Claudine was sitting up in the grass, and De Parma was stretched out with his head in her lap. I could see her better than I could him, and I won't forget her. Probably I'd never seen a girl in love before, a girl I knew a little. She was watching him silently with the look you can't buy—gentle, adoring, prideful. She seemed to be smiling, only not really smiling with her mouth, and she leaned down and kissed De Parma's handsome, dark head.

I MADE a noise, and he jerked upright. He elbowed Claudine aside and stared around, looking like an infuriated bull. He saw me, and shouted, "Hey, you, spy! What do you think you're doing? Come over here!"

I didn't go much closer.

"Over here!" he repeated, pointing to the ground in front of him the way you do with a dog.

"I wasn't spying," I said, staying about where I was. "I was doing something. I didn't know you were here."

De Parma wasn't listening. He was furious. *"Salaud!"* he shouted. *"Petit saligaud!* Do as I tell you!" He started out after me.

Claudine grabbed his arm. He wrenched it free, but only took a couple of steps. She spoke to him very rapidly and quietly for a few seconds, looking frightened. He sort of half listened to her, mostly watching me, but suddenly he laughed in his lordly, laughing-at-you way.

"So this is Papa's pet," he said to me, "Papa's pet American. Well, we mustn't offend the fencing master, must we? Mademoiselle has just saved you a broken head, little spy. Thank her."

I hesitated.

"Go on, thank her!" He took another step in my direction.

Claudine turned away from me in painful embarrassment and tried to murmur something to De Parma to get him away.

"Thank you, mademoiselle," I said. My heart was broken. I couldn't believe it. She'd betrayed both of us—her father and me. I got ready for a quick getaway, and hollered bitterly, "You'd better be careful, De Parma! He may kill you someday! He can fence rings around you and he could make a mistake in class someday. I hope he does! So look out."

But De Parma was back to his imperious self, way out of my reach. He strolled over toward me, where Claudine couldn't hear him. "Any time our friend the country fencing master wants to try to kill me," he said quietly, smiling to himself over my head, "he's welcome, always welcome, to try." He made a gesture with his chin without looking around and spoke out loud. "Come along, Claudine. I didn't come here to talk with Papa's little trained American."

He walked away, and she went shyly after him, not looking at me again, loving him for her own reasons.

AT FENCING class the next day, I knew right away that Lafleur had found out about Claudine seeing De Parma. I suppose they'd had a scene about it at home. Lafleur was absent-minded and distracted as I'd never seen him, and to De Parma he was cold, ice cold.

He went through the motions of teaching, but you could tell in everything he did that he was sick with worry—and behind it was fear. That's what got me, that he should be afraid. What was there to be afraid of? To me it was simple. Challenge De Parma to a duel and maybe not kill him exactly but show him up in front of everyone for the louse he was. I couldn't understand Lafleur at all; how could he love his daughter so, and freedom and decency, and let somebody like De Parma walk all over him? I ached with the courage I feared he didn't have.

Lafleur left immediately after class, forgetting his customary fancy salute. Some of us hung around the gymnasium afterward, including most of the De Parma clique. They often held a sort of extra session with De Parma in charge. He'd let them slash away at him for a while, playing with them, only parrying their uncomplicated lunges, then suddenly let them have it—and hard, too. A quick riposte to the heart, the button of his foil exactly on its target, the foil itself bent halfway back on itself from the force of the lunge. That can hurt, you know. Then he'd laugh at them. They seemed to love it.

But this time, De Parma, as he polished off one after the other of his clique, was doing what was meant to be an imitation of Lafleur. It was a vicious parody, and the clique delighted in it. As he danced expertly around one boy, he was saying, "No, no, monsieur, you must not thrust so hard! Remember that the thing you hold in your hand is not a sword. It only looks like a sword to you. It is really a little bird. You are not practicing *fighting,* monsieur. Heaven help us, no! This is a peaceful nation. You are practicing ornithology." As a sort of accent on the last syllable, he lunged through to the boy's heart.

He minced up to another one and made a deep court bow. "Shall we dance, monsieur?" he said. "I mean fence. Ah, well, to me it's all one; dancing, fencing—what's the difference? Art, art." He parried a couple of thrusts, pointing out his toes as though he were doing a minuet.

"You know, my daughter dances," he went on. "She has been dancing lately with a fellow named De Parma, a bad, bad fel-

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low. I've forbidden her to see him, you know. Of course, if she should see him anyhow, I don't know *what* I'll do because, the truth is, I'm scared to death of this fellow De Parma. I'm afraid he's the kind of fellow who takes what he wants—whatever it is. If I should make him angry, he might try to hurt me or even take my sword away from me—like this." In a movement so quick your eye could hardly follow it, De Parma's foil darted in from the side and out again, and the other fellow stood there with nothing in his hand.

AFTER the clique's laughter had died down, I managed to make myself heard. "That's a lie, De Parma!" I hollered at him. "He's not afraid of you and he could beat you fencing left-handed if he wanted to! He couldn't be bothered, that's all."

De Parma spun around when I first called him a liar; then he saw it was me and he started walking slowly toward me, his foil still in his hand.

I got set to run again, but he said, "Wait a minute, you. I'm not going to hurt you. I just want you to deliver a message for me, little trained American. Listen to me. Listen, all of you."

He turned back to his clique for a second, and they quieted down at once, listening eagerly, sensing that something interesting was going to happen. I should have known that sassing De Parma about Lafleur in front of his own clique was not the same as it was in front of Claudine. Not at all the same. But it was too late now.

"Tell the fencing master," he said slowly, so that nobody would miss it, "that De Parma would like to meet him in a match, a match without time limit—to a finish. Tell him I suggest next Friday afternoon, here in the gymnasium. If he refuses, we will all understand, won't we?" He turned around to the clique again, looking at them significantly. They grinned back at him. Suddenly he slashed me hard across the backside with his foil. "Go on, hurry!" he said.

I went right to Lafleur's, half elated and half worried over what I'd started, but he wasn't there. His wife told me he'd already left on the train for Lausanne for his classes the next day. So I didn't see him until Thursday evening. By that time, everybody in the place knew about De Parma's challenge, and partisan lines were clearly drawn. I found Lafleur down on his hands and knees in his little garden, fussing absently with some bulbs. He couldn't believe I was serious.

"But, Mitchell, a challenge?" he said. "It's too absurd. I am an instructor; De Parma is my pupil. We cannot fight, fight a match. It would be—be ridiculous. The school doesn't want its instructors fighting matches with the boys. No, no."

"But everybody expects it now, monsieur," I said. "They'll all think—"

"Why should they expect it?" Lafleur demanded hotly. "I have told you all a hundred times that I am a fencing master, an artist, not a duelist. I am a peaceful man, not a warrior. Fighting is stupid; it solves nothing. I—I don't believe in it."

After he'd said this, Lafleur bent down at once to his flower bed without looking at me. A new idea—really a brand-new idea—occurred to me.

"You could beat De Parma, all right," I said. "You could beat him without any trouble, couldn't you?"

He jabbed into the flower bed with a trowel. The back of his neck and the one cheek I could see turned red. "That has nothing to do with it!" he said irritably. "It is a matter of principle."

I began to have a tight, sick feeling in my stomach. He poked apologetically in the dirt for a while. Then he said quietly, staring into the bed, "I think you should try to understand—if you are not still too young to understand it—that my living, my family's food and their safety depend upon my being a fencing master. I'm not such a young man, Mitchell. I must try to earn—to keep the respect of my students and of the school. I cannot afford to risk, for something that is against my principles . . ." He let the sentence dangle and made a laughing sound. But when he looked up at me, his face was pitifully eager. I wished he'd get up off his knees.

I couldn't make myself look right at him. "But they'll all say you're afraid of him!" I shouted. "If I tell them you won't fight De Parma, they'll say he won, they'll say he's better! He'll say if he wants to see Claudine you won't dare stop him! He'll tell everybody she—"

"Mitchell!" He rapped out my name like an explosion, but he still couldn't entirely wipe the confusion off his face. He started shouting back, letting the trowel shake out of his hand. "Let them say I'm afraid! I don't care what they say, you understand? I have my own responsibilities. You should never have started this, never, never! You don't know what you're doing. You don't have to tell them anything. I'll tell them myself. Do you understand me?"

I could feel the hot, bitter choking in my throat, and I knew I was going to cry, so I just ran out of the yard. I didn't slow down until I was way out of sight of Lafleur's house.

The De Parma clique sent a delegation to my room in the dormitory that night to get Lafleur's answer. The spokesman was the boy from Michigan, I remember, and he spoke to me in English, which was forbidden. For some reason, that seemed to make it more serious to both of us.

"How should I know what he's going to do?" I said nastily. "Why should he tell me? He's going to answer De Parma himself in class tomorrow."

They didn't think that was a very good answer, but there wasn't anything much they could do about it.

I felt cheated and deserted. I had made Lafleur invincible, and he was not invincible. It was an exquisitely bitter lesson that taught me absolutely nothing. He had betrayed me by not being invincible, the way a lover betrays by not being perfect.

AT FIVE minutes before two the next afternoon, Lafleur strode across the gravel courtyard toward the gymnasium, as usual. There was a fresh white rose in the buttonhole of his seedy-looking black overcoat, and he swung his sword cane as jauntily as ever. This was to be, his manner said to us all, just any old day like a hundred others. Nothing special about today. He did it very well, except that he may have walked a little faster than he generally did, and he never looked once to one side or the other.

He changed promptly into his immaculate fencing clothes and came into the gym on the dot of two. On three sides of the gymnasium were shallow banks of seats. Usually during fencing class they were empty. Today about fifty kids were jammed into them, looking sheepish and expectant, and very quiet for fifty kids. There was no possible way for Lafleur to ignore them.

He saluted us as usual. "Messieurs," he said, with the stylish flourish of his foil. We flourished back. "For some reason, our little class seems unusually popular today. Although I don't understand it, I confess I'm flattered by it." He turned toward the mob, speaking lightly. "I think, all the same, it's only fair to warn our fencing enthusiasts that practicing the art of fencing, like practicing scales on a piano, can be tiresome for the observer. But, of course, you are all welcome to watch if it amuses you."

The boys in the bleachers only gawked at him, as though they hadn't quite understood what he'd said. Lafleur turned back to us busily. "Now, then, in a line, if you please. Just as usual. A straight line, here in front of me. Quickly, please."

He planned to bluff it out. I couldn't believe it, couldn't believe that even he thought he would get away with it. He made a gallant try. He walked down the line, where we all stood in the second position, criticizing, complimenting. I took a quick look around for De Parma. He had stationed himself at the extreme end of the line, where he stood erect, with the point of his foil on the floor in front of him, both hands resting on its hilt. He waited with an expression of infinite patience.

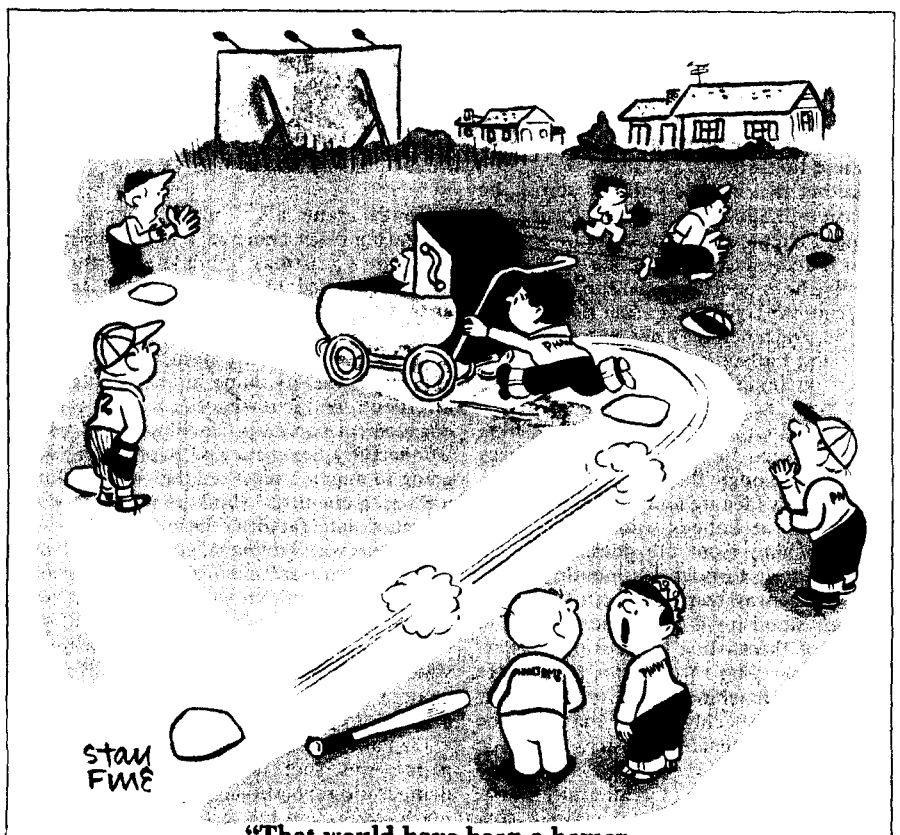
Lafleur reached him at last, as he had to. "Now, Monsieur de Parma," he said briskly, "in seconde, if you please."

De Parma didn't move. "I have asked you a question, monsieur," he said. He looked directly into Lafleur's face with his beautiful, sadist's eyes. "Will you be good enough to answer it?"

"A question?" Lafleur tinkered busily with his foil. "Oh, you mean that nonsense about some sort of match? It's out of the question, of course. In seconde, if you—"

"You refuse my offer, then?"

"It's not a question of refusing or accepting an offer, as you call it," Lafleur



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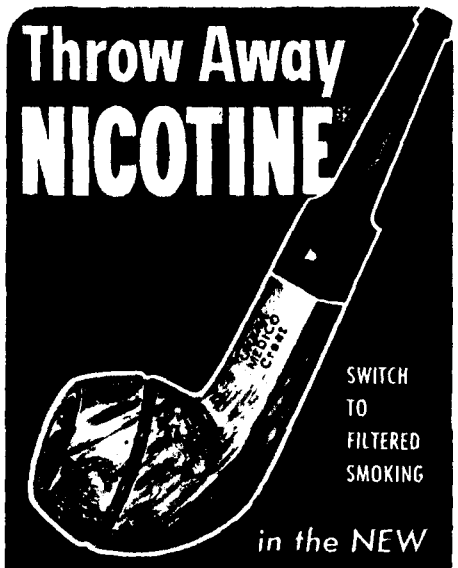

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said steadily. "This is a class. I am an instructor and you are my pupil. I—"

De Parma's voice cut in like steel cutting butter. "But you *do* refuse a match?"

Lafleur got very red in the face. For the first time in all the months I had watched him so closely, he looked awkward, standing there facing De Parma. "You're putting me in a very unfair position," he said finally, "very unfair."

From the De Parma clique, and even from some of the seats, there came a quiet sound as he said this, a muttering, miscellaneous sound of derision that swelled and died in a moment.

LAFLEUR'S face grew tight. He didn't turn around to where the sound had come from. "You have created a ludicrous situation, Monsieur de Parma," he said, trying to keep his voice calm. "You had no right to lead others to expect that I would—"

"I took it to be my right," De Parma interrupted, watching him, smiling with careful insolence, "as a gentleman and as the son of a gentleman. Perhaps I was wrong in assuming that you would recognize—"

"I am your instructor!" Lafleur shouted. The fact that he had to shout it seemed to make the statement irrelevant.

De Parma still stood like a statue, with his hands resting on the hilt of his foil. "Then you want me to accept your refusal," he said softly, gently, "on that ground?"

Lafleur looked quickly around the room with the expression of a man trapped in a burning building. "Anything of the sort would be—would be against my principles."

"Ah yes, your *principles,*" De Parma repeated solemnly, but with his mocking laugh behind his voice. "In that case—"

The derisive sound started to grow again, and Lafleur leaped desperately in to stop it.

"However," he said quickly, "however, if you think it would instruct our visitors to watch us exchange a few conventional exercises, I have no objection. Just as you choose. Parry in seconde, if you will."

De Parma smiled with the barest flicker of a glance toward his clique, and said nothing. They put on their masks and assumed their positions. Lafleur thrust methodically; De Parma parried.

"Once again," said Lafleur, in his businesslike, instructor's voice. "Your blade a little higher, if you please. That's better. Again. Much better. Your left arm is well placed now. Again."

Suddenly De Parma returned in a different position. Lafleur just managed to deflect the thrust from his heart.

He swallowed. "And that we call carte, or the fourth position," he said, trying to make his voice sound like a man giving a lecture. "It is useful—"

De Parma switched again. His foil ticked Lafleur's sleeve.

"Octave, or the eighth position, which you have just seen, is less common," Lafleur said, clinging to his crumbling ledge. "For purposes of assault, octave is—"

"Octave seems also more difficult to parry among the Swiss," De Parma interrupted, an open taunt in his voice now. "Perhaps the same is true of sixte." He lunged viciously as he spoke. Lafleur barely turned the lunge aside.

"Your wrist bent a trifle more, monsieur. Your—your left palm—"

"It may be that the cows and the cheese in this country," De Parma continued, talking louder, pressing in more quickly, "keep the people too full to fight. Or is it that so much peace has made them forget how to fight? Does too much peace take away courage, or does it make fear? Which is it, do you suppose?"

Lafleur only clamped his jaws tight together. A couple of stifled, unpleasant sniggers came out of the quiet.

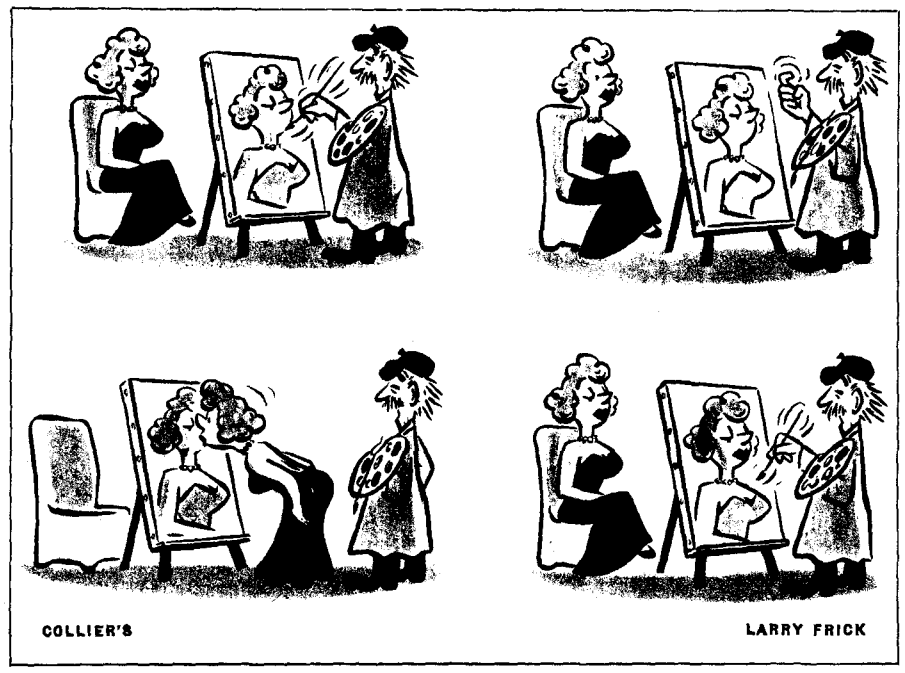
Then, as Lafleur defended himself, I could see that his harassed eyes behind his wire mask were flicking hurriedly from face to face around the gymnasium. I didn't understand what he was about, but mechanically my glance darted after his.

Every face in the room was a tense mask of concentration. But, beyond the common excitement, some faces—some few faces even outside of De Parma's clique—had in them an overlay of cruelty, a kind of merciless blood-cry for conquest of the weak by the strong. The faces were like a reproduction of De Parma's own—an insidiously spreading reproduction. They gave me an icy, wet feeling on my back, the faces watching Lafleur.

Then, very suddenly, everything changed. Lafleur jerked his eyes away from the faces and took two long fast strides backward out of range and dropped his foil. He took off his mask, and his face was deathly white. He stood stiff as a ramrod, his black eyes staring like gleaming lumps of coal. The foil in his right hand quivered just a little. Everybody stared at him. Nobody made a sound.

"We hold our foils for very different reasons, Monsieur de Parma," he said, very quietly. "I do not like your reason. I don't like it when I find it in you or in things larger than you. I am an artist and a peaceful man, but you despise peace. Fighting is against my principles, which makes it necessary for me to fight you. Unmask, if you please."

De Parma snapped off his mask and spun



COLLIER'S LARRY FRICK

it across the gymnasium floor. He had a wild look, a crazily cunning look about him now. He grinned around at his clique for a second and then fell on guard. "At the fencing master's convenience," he said.

Lafleur raised his foil with precision. Its tip, still quivering slightly, was the only outward sign of what he was feeling, but he was an entirely different man from the one I had known. Somehow he'd thrown everything out of himself but one thing. There wasn't an ounce of fear in him now. I gloried in him—and was aware of a jarring sense of danger for him. "Begin," he said.

THEIR blades rasped and hissed together. The sound, with the stamp of their feet and their heavy breathing, filled the gymnasium. Nearly half a minute passed, in which they felt their way, feinting, groping, testing, each weighing the other's anger through the touch of his hand.

I'd expected De Parma to charge in with the brazenness he showed in everything else. But he was holding back, circling round and round Lafleur, constantly changing his guard and his ground, never advancing. It was Lafleur's face, that finally told me what De Parma was up to. He knew Lafleur was spotting him thirty years and he meant to make use of every one of them. He had counted on those years, as I had not.

After three minutes, anybody could see that his tactics were working. Lafleur's face was already washed with sweat. His shoulders heaved very quickly. But there was no change in the perfect rhythm of his style. He was the fencing master still, a part of him still conscious of the beauty of his art. Watching him, holding in my breath, it occurred to me suddenly that Lafleur had probably never before in his life really thought of a fencing foil as a weapon of combat.

At last he seemed to realize that he must carry the fight to De Parma, or beat himself. He realized it late, and as though the discovery surprised him. He was the better fencer and he knew it, but he had let precious minutes pare away his advantage.

Now he opened his guard, almost carelessly, it seemed, offering a tempting target. De Parma bit, lunged forward violently and nearly lost his balance when his foil touched nothing. Lafleur's riposte came like lightning in two thrusts—one a feint, the other meant to go home—but De Parma was back on his left foot in time to judge the second one for what it was. He slashed out at it with the edge of his blade and touched it in time to move it a few inches before it landed. It caught the top of his shoulder and licked over it.

An expectant gasp went up in the place.

But instead of rushing in for a kill, Lafleur began to give ground. I couldn't understand what had happened to him. It was infuriating. He was letting himself be forced back and back, half step by half step. De Parma pushed forward eagerly now, trying by sheer speed and energy to get past Lafleur's expert guard. There was a tremendous waste of motion in De Parma's attacks and a lack of economy in his recoveries, but you could see that his stamina would allow him these luxuries.

Together they moved halfway across the gymnasium, Lafleur backing, De Parma advancing. They reached the wall. Lafleur felt for it and touched it with his heel. Then, suddenly, he made three dazzling flank attacks from the right. De Parma side-stepped each one, and when they had passed, he saw that he and Lafleur had changed places. Instead of pursuing, De Parma saw now that he had been led. He stood with his back to the wall, and Lafleur stood in front of him, his feet planted in a peculiarly stationary position, as though they had grown there.

De Parma's face tightened with rage, and he burst out at Lafleur with a furious assault, attacking from all sides, agile and swift, breathing through his mouth, his lips drawn back away from his teeth.

Lafleur stood his ground, the air around him full of the darting tongues of De Parma's foil, parrying thrust after thrust. He worked like a machine. There was certainly not much left of him as a man, as the dapper, gentle, fencing master. It made you want to cry. He looked a hundred years old. He couldn't breathe any more, but only panted like an exhausted dog, making a little gasping sound as he gulped in each mouthful of precious air. His imperial and his jaunty mustaches had drooped, and the sweat that dropped from them splotched and smeared across his canvas jacket. His face was the color of putty.

And still he fought on, twisting, darting, plunging, the experience of a devoted lifetime making him the master of his weapon. From first to last he made no movement, half dead as he was, that hadn't in it the memory of the expert's grace. No matter where or how fast or how often or in what sequence De Parma thrust, Lafleur's foil seemed always to be there an instant before, parrying, parrying. De Parma was like a maniac, slashing, charging, near the edge of control. His temper snapped, with a kind of guttural, growling sound in his throat, and he began to make mistakes.

You could tell it was nearly over then.

The more wildly De Parma lunged, the more easily Lafleur deflected his foil. With a sudden rush, De Parma, trying to finish it, made a huge thrust, lunging far forward from the waist, grunting with the effort. Like a striking snake, Lafleur's blade whipped under, parrying in prime, and, while De Parma was trying to get on guard again, darted upward and bent into a semicircle on De Parma's scarlet heart.

Seven minutes had passed since they had begun.

De Parma threw his foil down on the floor. We all began to shout like crazy people.

Lafleur turned and marched unsteadily off the floor toward his dressing room, using his foil every third step, the way an old man uses a cane.

ON TUESDAY, Lafleur came to his fencing class on the dot of two. I don't know what we expected, but he looked no different from the way he had always looked—neither better nor worse, but exactly the same. He had a fresh flower in his buttonhole; his mustache and imperial were spruce and jaunty again; his walk was springy. When he saw that the size of his class had almost doubled since the last one, he only smiled his grave smile. De Parma wasn't there, nor were many of his clique.

Lafleur formed us in a line as he always did. It took a minute to realize that everything was to be just as it had always been. He had fought for a moment like an inspired demon because he had felt he had to fight, but nothing had changed him. He was the same man before, the same man after. He would always be Lafleur the fencing master, instructor in a classic art.

He moved slowly down the line of his pupils, going about his real business in the world, smiling a little, his head cocked critically, his voice encouraging, warm with interest. "Elbow in, close to the waist. Better, that's better. Now, again. Excellent. Lightly, Mitchell, always lightly. Don't crush it. Hold your weapon always as you would hold a captive bird." . . .

That's about all, I guess. Except that De Parma never came back to the class, and after the Christmas holidays we heard he had transferred to another school farther down the lake at Geneva.

The last time I saw Lafleur was at the very end of the spring term the next year. He asked me to come to his house one afternoon, and it turned out to be a sort of engagement party for Claudine. She looked wonderfully beautiful and happy. She was going to marry a nice-looking young fellow, a Swiss, a chemist, I think he was, at one of the chocolate factories near Vevey.

Lafleur was having a great time at the party, passing around plates of cakes and listening to people praise his daughter, and taking me, and everybody who would go, out to the garden to see his narcissuses, which were just at their best then. He was anxious to see that everybody was having a good time.

De Parma, as I told you I saw in the newspaper, was shot through the head by a democratic revolutionary while he was having breakfast on his terrace the other day. It would have been more poetic if it had been a sword, but I suppose you can't expect everything to come out just so, even in a story. THE END

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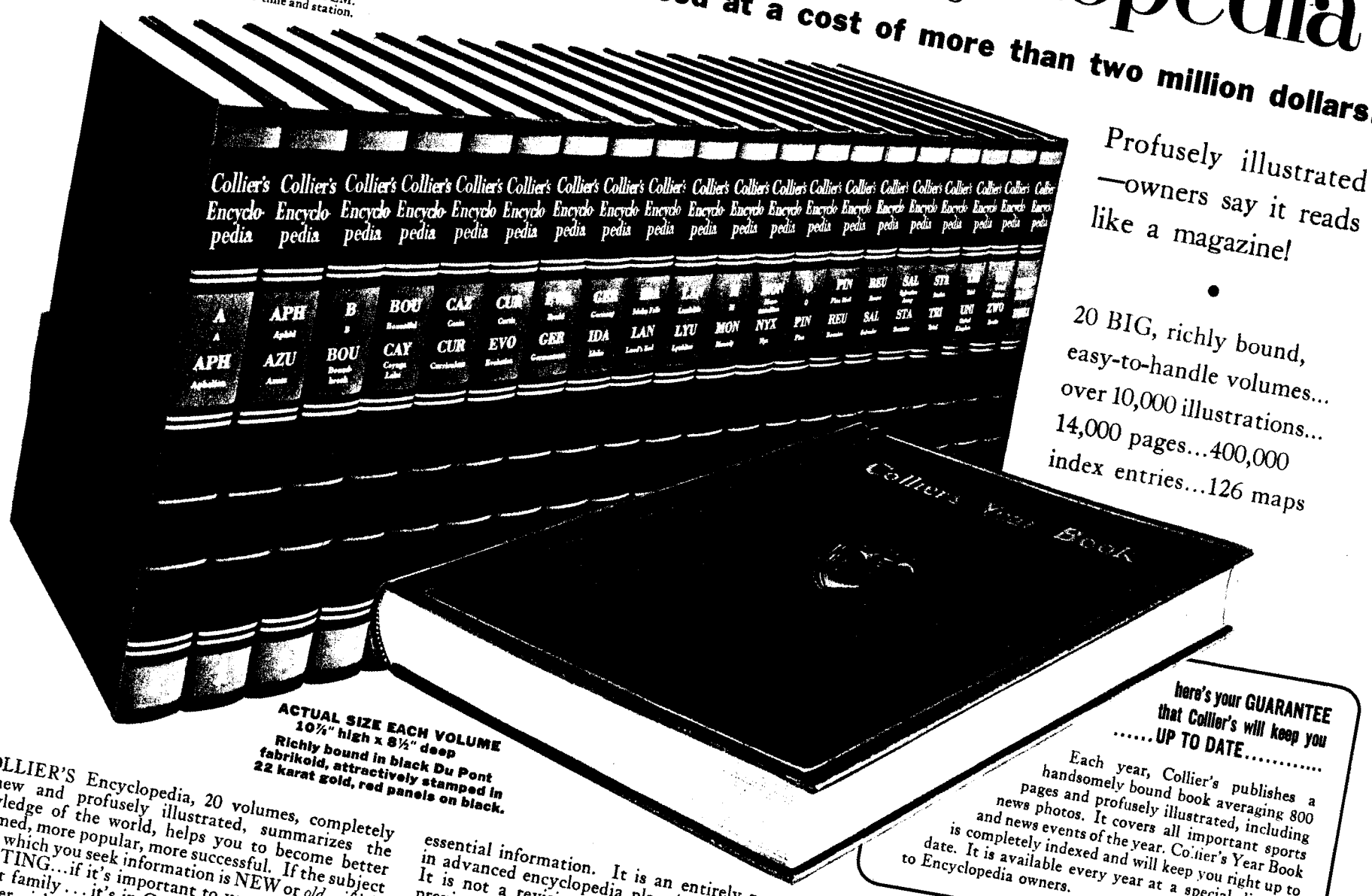

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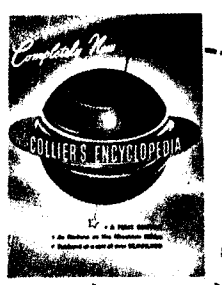

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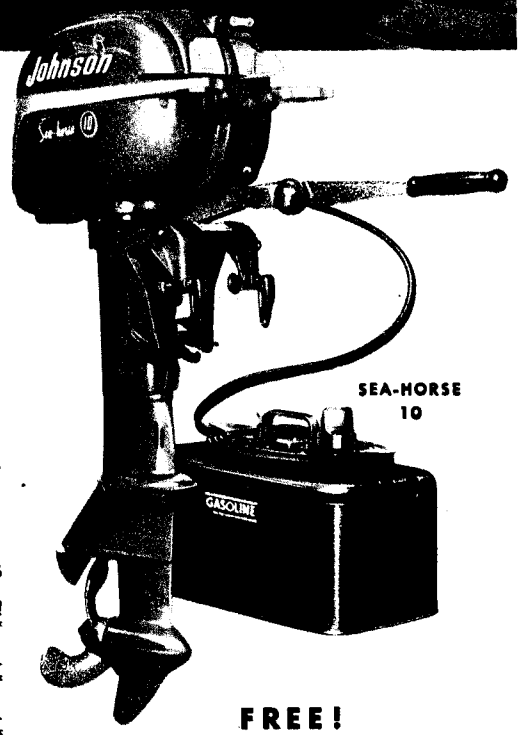

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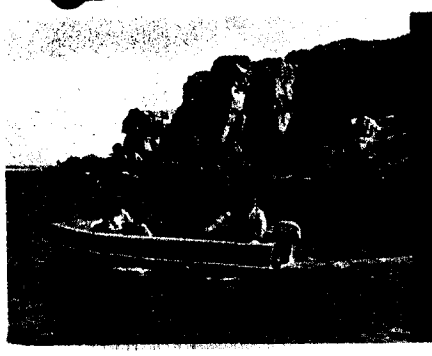


Johnson SEA-HORSES FOR DEPENDABILITY

Two of Us Together

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and I almost hit Cue with the bat. I almost did.

"Go on," I yelled, "get away from him," but she held on.

"No, not now," she said. "You'll ruin him."

I guess I went to pieces then. I guess I said a lot of things, only I'm not sure what. Cue was leading The Goose off to the stables and I got into my car and drove back to my room and slammed the door.

"So it got you," I said. "You. And you're supposed to be a timber rider." You kick things, and that doesn't help.

AFTER a while, my mother knocked on the door and asked if I didn't want something to eat, and I told her to go away. It was dark, finally, and there was another voice in the hall. It was Ben Cary.

"Open up, kid," he said. "What do you say?"

After you've trusted a guy for ten years, and turned to him, you do what he says. I unlocked the door and Ben Cary came in. He came in as if today were just any old day and nothing unusual had happened and he'd just dropped around. He took off his windbreaker, lighted a cigarette, and put his feet on the window sill. I watched him.

"Stretch sent you his regards," he said finally, blowing the smoke up, and I said, "How is he?"

Ben Cary shifted in his chair. "Well," he said very carefully, "he's got a real smashed shoulder and—and some other stuff. But—he was lucky." He looked at me. "He wants to see you, Tip," he said, and I said, "No!" sharply, emphatically.

"Why not, Tip?" Ben Cary said. I got up and moved around the room.

"Why not?" I said. "Why, because I did it to him, don't you see? Because I messed it up and came down on him and—and fixed him so that he can't ride, can't—" I stopped suddenly, and turned on Ben. "He will ride again, someday, won't he?" I demanded, and Ben Cary wouldn't look at me.

"Maybe," he said, and I threw something over against the wall, and it smashed, and Ben Cary came over to me. His eyes were warm and friendly, and his voice just told you things that were sure and certain.

"Tip," he said, "I've seen a lot of timber jocks in my day. I've seen them crack up, turn over, get jumped on. I've seen them lose their nerve, and I've seen the good ones get their nerve back. You're one of the good ones. I've known that since you were twelve. Guess I gave you your first job, didn't I—walking hots?"

He looked at me, and I nodded dumbly.

Yeah, he'd given me my first job, when my father died. He'd got my mother and me a place to live and kept us going and made a rider out of me, a coming timber rider, with a chance, eventually, at the best mounts, the toughest races. Ten long years.

"You had a rough one this morning, Tip," Ben Cary went on. "Stretch is a friend of yours. But—that's the kind of game it is. You know that. Stretch knew it. You take that chance, and you either quit or you don't. Nobody wants you to quit. Tomorrow'll be different. Come out first thing tomorrow morning. You got a race to ride, kid. A race to win. Let's not leave any unfinished business. Okay?"

He looked at me and grinned, and I tried to grin back. I tried awfully hard. "Okay, Ben," I said. "I can't go and see Stretch—not now—but I'll be out."

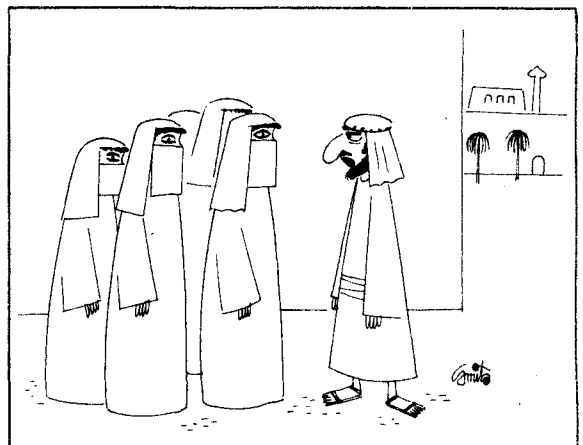
He gave me a slap on the back and stuck his old felt hat on his head and went on out the door and left me there—left me there with Stretch Corcoran's face in front of me, his hand up to protect himself.

It stayed there in front of me, too, and I'd close my eyes and try to wipe the image away. My mother made me eat some food, and it was sawdust. After a long time, the light went out in the street below my room, and then it was morning. Morning, and me with some unfinished business. Some important business.

"Okay," I said to myself now, "okay. All you got to do is go out and ride a horse over a few chestnut rails, and then come in and see Cue and have some coffee, and it's a day. Simple, isn't it?" I got in my car and went on out to Carmead, and there was Ben and there was Cue, and yesterday just hadn't happened.

"Hiya, Tip," Cue said. "Good day for it."

The boy brought The Goose out then, and I got up on and I made the first three jumps. Maybe I didn't make them good, but I made them. Only they were different jumps today. They were bigger, so much bigger, and they were so very solid and



COLLIER'S "Whoever's nagging me—stop it!" TON SMITS

maybe the take-off wasn't right, and maybe I kept looking for the thin panel, the one that would break easy, and then we came up to the fourth jump. And then I pulled him. I pulled The Goose.

I didn't mean to pull him. I really didn't. It was just that we were coming up fast, and maybe his stride wasn't right and maybe—oh, hell, I don't know. All I know is he stopped. And it was awful quiet out there in the big field, and I could see Ben Cary and Cue, the both of them, leaning on the fence and not saying anything, not making a move, but knowing—knowing everything and knowing I knew it too. I tried once more, frantic almost, but it wasn't any use.

I took The Goose over to the rail. "All right," I said, and my voice was harsh with the hate I had for myself, "all right, you'd better get yourself another boy."

BEN CARY stayed there, leaning on the fence, his hands under his chin, and his face didn't change a bit. He just shook his head slowly. "No," he said, "not for a week, Tip. Not till you're sure—one way or the other. Come back when you're sure, Tip," and he turned and walked on back to his little house.

I took The Goose down to the stable. I didn't look at the stableboy. I'd have hit him if I had. My car was parked down the lane, under the big trees, and I went over there. Cue was sitting in the front seat.

"Beat it," I said.

She shook her head, with just a little firm, determined smile. "No," she said.

I flew apart then. I said some things I never should have said, and she just sat there, and her smile got a little surer.

"Is that any way to talk to a lady?" she said. It was a phrase she'd used for years, when the going had got a little rough, and

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I looked at her, and suddenly she was a lady. She was grown up, with a strength, a dignity.

I got in the car.

"Let's go for a drive," she said.

We headed back into the hills. We drove for half an hour, maybe, back through the great, open fields of the horse country, the only country I had ever known. And suddenly, riding along, I could sense Cue there beside me, and she belonged there. It was a funny feeling, a wonderful feeling.

I HAD known her all the years I was growing up, and first she had been underfoot, and then she had been a freckle-faced kid who couldn't go swimming with us any more, and then she had been a lot prettier, and I'd noticed her and liked to have her around. And now she belonged. Now she was the most important person I could have beside me. And I started talking to her, telling her things that I never had said, never could say, to anyone else. It was that way.

"You take a kid grows up in one part of the country," I said, "with one crowd, and the big thing to him will be football or hockey maybe, or basketball. Me, I was brought up with horses. Always. Walkin' 'em first, when I could hold the shank. Then a swipe. Then ridin' 'em. The flat runners, the hunters, then the timber horses.

"I don't know why the timber horses were the real ones for me," I went on. "Maybe it's because the jumps are big and solid, and a horse has to be good. Maybe it's because I just figured it took more. You ride the timber horses and you've had the tops. And I got along with 'em. I can say that, can't I?" I looked at Cue, and she nodded.

"I don't know what it is that a real good rider has," I said. "Years of experience, sure. Judging pace and what your horse has. But there's a touch, a confidence, a sureness, that makes each fence, each other horse, a challenge that you can lick and that you are going to lick and no doubt about it—ever. Not ever any doubt. With every ride a thrill you can't keep away from." I stopped a second. Then I said bitterly, "I had that. And now I've lost it. Now, like they say, I've lost my nerve."

Cue moved on the seat beside me. "You haven't lost it, Tip," she said. "Something happened and it went away. Like—like a batter gone stale, in a slump. Something else will happen, and you'll get it back."

"Something else like what?" I demanded. She shook her head. "I don't know, Tip," she said. "I wish I did." She looked up at me. "And if—if it shouldn't, Tip, it wouldn't make any difference. Not to me." That was the grandest thing anyone ever had said to me, or ever could say. I wanted to stop the car right there and tell her so. Maybe she wanted me to stop it, too. But I didn't. You don't say those things when you're a bust. You say them when you're up, when you have something to offer, when there's no unfinished business hanging over you.

So I took her home after a while, and all I said was, "Thanks, kid, for sticking around." She hesitated, standing there on the grass beside the car, very serious. "Maybe if you and I went riding," she said, "just hacking through the country, maybe it would help."

She was trying so hard to come up with something, anything, and I said, "Well, all right, Cue. Give me a couple of days."

She smiled at me, and I went on back to the village. There were some guys around the drugstore, and they looked at me funny when I came by, and just said hello. So they knew about it too. Maybe, I thought, it will go away during the night—just go away. I wanted to see Stretch, but I couldn't face him now. Being a bust. Being scared. That he could never understand.

When I woke up in the morning, I was in a cold sweat, with my hands shaking just at the thought I might have to ride. I fought it all that day, and all the next, getting more frantic at the thought that now there were only five days left, now only four, before Ben Cary picked himself another rider. Once he did that, then I was through, really through. With three days left, I went out into the country, just hacking, with Cue.

She had on a turtle-neck sweater and jodhpurs. Her blonde hair was curled under her cap, and she talked about almost everything there was—everything except racing. I was on an old hunter who was wise and easy, and we just went through the fields, loafing. But as we passed the hunt jumps—stone walls and the like—I could feel myself measuring them, worrying about them, knowing that Cue would go over one soon. And she did. We were headed back, and there was a wall, a little wall, maybe three foot six, and Cue turned to me and said, very offhand, "Say we take this one," and I nodded, wetting my lips.

She put her horse over it, easy, flying, and my old campaigner headed for it. And he went over. Sure he went over. I couldn't have stopped him, not with hobbles. But me, I was pulling back every second. I was so far behind him that, when he jumped, I like to took his head off with the bit—the worst thing anyone could do. Cue saw it. She had stopped, watching. There wasn't anything I could say, or that she could say. We just rode on home. Ben Cary came in to see me that night. I'd never seen him so low.

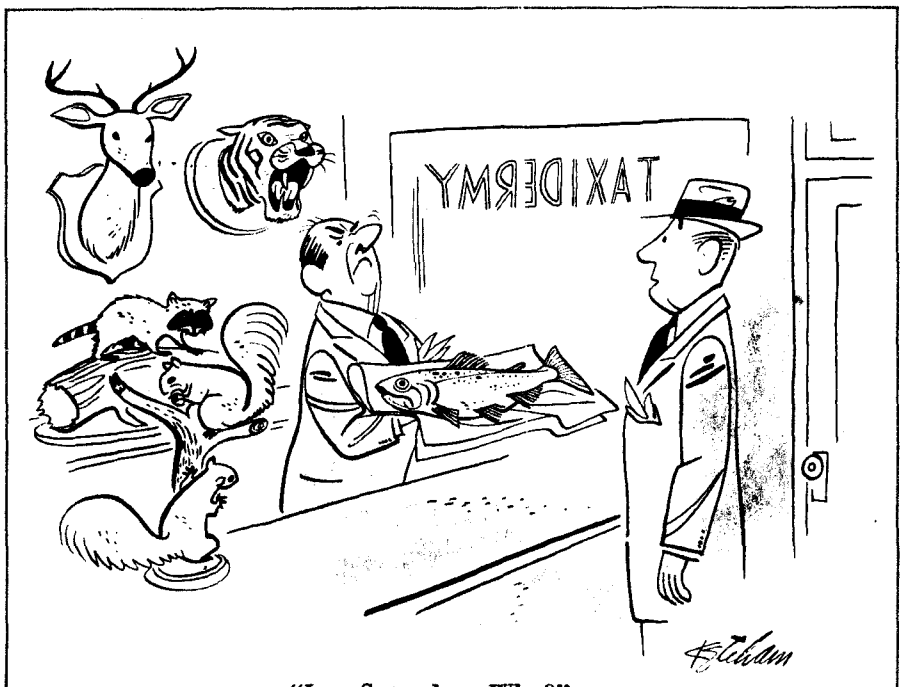
"No!" I said sharply—frantically, almost—and she said, "Yes, Tip," and the way she said it made it something that had to be done now. So I sat there and we drove in to the big town and up to the hospital.

The corridors were scrubbed and echoing, with that hospital smell, and we went on up to the second floor, me following, and into the big ward, flooded with sunlight, and over to a corner bed near a high window. Stretch was there, lying out flat, and his head didn't move, but his eyes followed me. His eyes were very big, and his face was small. "Hiya, bum," he said to me, "you're late."

I stood there and I couldn't say anything to him. I couldn't say a word, and he grinned at me.

"Well," he said, "I wasn't the hottest jock in the world, anyway. But"—and his eyes had that cocky look again, almost—"but I can pick a good one, and I got ten bucks I'd like to bet on you a week from Saturday, kid. I got ten bucks and you could win it for me. Think I ought to bet it, Tip?"

I looked at him. He wasn't going to ride



COLLIER'S "Last Saturday. Why?" HANK KETCHAM

He stood there by the window in my room, looking out at the few village lights, and then he turned around. "Tip," he said, "you know The Goose isn't my horse." I knew that. He belonged to Mr. Adamson, a banker. "I'm just the trainer. If he were my horse, I'd give you the ride and not care too much if you did well or not. Not if it would help to bring you out of this.

"But"—and he spread his big hands—"but the owner is in this to win. He's very keen. He knows he's got a top horse. I've told him so. And"—he hesitated again, for a second; it was hard for him—"and I've got a chance to sign Willie Oftring for the ride. I've got till five tomorrow afternoon."

He looked at me. It was up to me. Willie Oftring was a top racer. One of the best.

"Ben," I said, "will you give me till four tomorrow?"

He waited a long time. "All right, Tip," he said, "till four." He went on out. I should have released him then. I wouldn't.

AT NINE THIRTY the next morning, Cue called me. "Tip," she said, "I've got to see you. I'm coming right down."

"What for?" I said. I didn't have much time.

"It's important," she said. "I'll pick you up in twenty minutes."

Her car was out front in less than that.

"Look," I said, "I can't waste any—"

She cut me off. "It won't be a waste of time, Tip," she said, shifting gears, "no matter what happens, it won't be a waste of time," and she drove out through the village and onto the main pike, and then I knew where she was going.

again—for a long time, if ever. Then that grin went away from his eyes, and he said, "We're a pair, Tip. Remember? A pair in everything."

I remembered, and it hit me, suddenly, and everything was clear and sharp and certain as a bell. My part of the problem was simple, compared to his. I said, "Yeah, kid, I remember. And I think you ought to bet your ten bucks. I think you should. But I can tell you better in a little while. I'll let you know, Stretch. I'll be back." I started to rumple his hair and then I didn't, and he just grinned up at me. Cue and I went on out, and down the stairs. I was in a hurry now. I had a job to do, for two of us—an awful important job.

Ben Cary was at the farm when we drove in. He took one look at me, and then another, quick. "All right," he said, "take it easy. Take it easy." He brought The Goose out, and I had it, I knew I had it now. It was back. It was easy. And we had a round that was flying, fast and sure and certain, and I was way ahead of The Goose at every fence.

Ben Cary's eyes were bright when we came back. He snapped his stop watch. Then he looked at me carefully. "Tip," he said, "will it last? Are you sure? Because this horse is almost ready now. He's got his edge—with just some galloping for the next week to keep that edge. Do you think you can keep yours?"

I said, "I'll keep it, Ben. I know I can." Because I had a plan, a very simple plan.

This plan took part of those next ten days. And, on the ninth day, up in Stretch Corcoran's ward, where Cue and I spent an hour each afternoon, I said, "Stretch, you know what a timber race is—what a gamble it can be. A sod or a hole or a horseshoe nail can change it awful fast. But bet your ten bucks. Go ahead and bet it, kid."

Stretch grinned at Cue. "I already bet it," he said, "nine days ago."

THE Saturday morning of the Cup Race came up, and if you don't think I was strung tight you're crazy. This Cup Race may not have been the biggest in the country, but it was one of them, with top horses, top riders, and headline stuff all the way. This was it for me.

Ben and Cue and I went out that Saturday morning to walk the course, to make sure of our strategy.

It was a coolish day, but clear, and the turf was firm. We went over that four-mile run almost inch by inch, watching the grades, the angles, the take-offs, and the panels in those big timber fences. There were some twenty-two jumps in this race, all towering, heavy, solid chestnut rails that wouldn't break. Hit one and you were probably through—tough jumps to take in stride and at the pace we would be making.

At the sixteenth fence, Ben Cary stopped. "Tip," he said, looking at that four-foot-ten panel, one of the biggest, "Tip, this is the spot, I think, to make your move." He turned to me. "There'll be eight other horses in this race, and two, unless I'm wrong, that we'll have to beat. The Pirate, and the gray horse, Peter Bones. They're pacemakers, that pair; they don't run well behind. So let 'em make the pace. To here. This sixteenth leap. Move up here. Take the lead, if you can. I think The Goose can outsteady them from here in, particularly because they'll be pushing once you pass them."

I nodded, and we walked on back, not saying anything. The crowd was beginning to arrive, packing the hillsides that framed the course.

The start was set for two fifteen. Ben Cary put me up. And Cue was there. "Have a good ride," she whispered, and this time I could wink at her, the way I always had.

The Goose was up and really ready, and the other riders measured him, eyed him, and there was a bay horse that I didn't like the looks of, a crazy-headed thing. Then they lined us up and then we went.

You don't have much time before the first fence, and it was a roar, a scramble. I kept as clear as I could. We had a fair piece of run to the second leap, and things began to sort themselves out. I was fourth, and by the fifth fence things were getting in order and I could spot The Pirate and the gray Bones horse up ahead, with another one. The Goose was eating it up and jumping that big timber in his stride, and I felt good.

We took the eighth and ninth, with some challenge from two other horses, and I was riding fifth as we came over the eleventh and up to those extra-big leaps, twelve and thirteen. If The Goose could handle those two the way he had been going, then our plan could work. I let him go into them, and he stood off big and powerful, and we sailed. And now we really had to go to work.

Now we had picked up to third, just the way Ben had planned it, which doesn't always work out, and I began edging The Goose up as we took the fourteenth and made the swing to number fifteen. One more and I would really make my move. And then I heard that thud and pound behind me, right behind me, and it didn't sound good. It sounded funny, coming closer—right in my pocket, almost—and I didn't dare steal a glance. I just yelled a warning to keep off, and then it hit us.

It bumped us hard, just before the take-off. The Goose missed stride, and then tried very, very hard, and got himself up into the air and got us over. A loose horse—the thing that won't happen but does happen. And those two front runners had opened up their lead and I couldn't pass them at the sixteenth—I wouldn't be near

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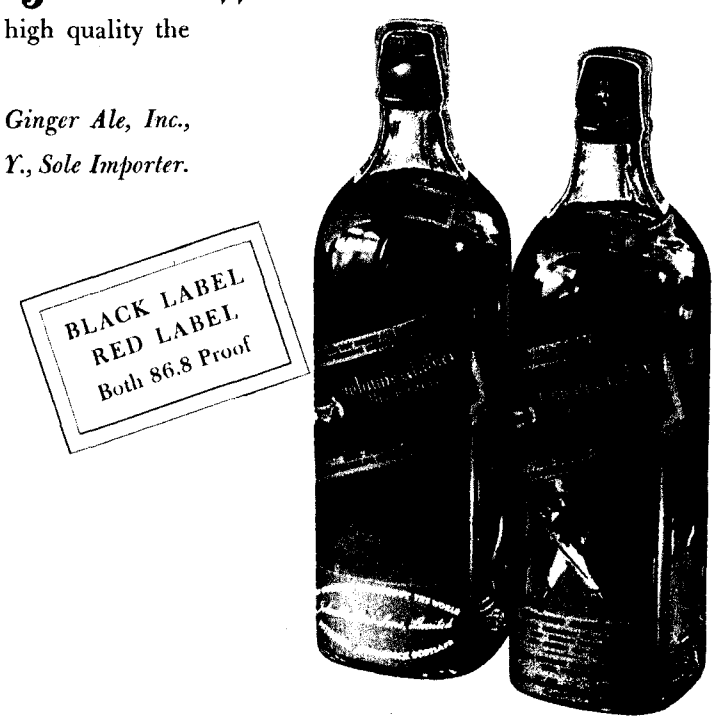

them—and there was our plan gone to hell.

So we'd have another plan. Strangely enough, or maybe not so strange, the picture of Stretch Corcoran flashed across my mind, and I grinned at him. The Goose and I went to work. You know how fast your horse can run and leap and still get over them. You know that, because it is a big part of your job, and now I was asking The Goose to run faster than he should, and to leap the biggest fences, running too fast. We flew down that stretch between the seventeenth and the eighteenth, and we were picking it up. We really were.

We had a fair stretch of straight before the nineteenth, and we gained there, and then there was the turn and we were only two lengths from Peter Bones and three lengths from The Pirate. I let The Goose really roll, and gave him everything I had.

We swung the curve to the twentieth, and it was a length now. The twenty-first was tricky, and we went into it wide open, and it was neck and neck on landing, all three of us, and then we were straightened out for the last and I knew they didn't have it and we did. We caught them both before the final leap and poured it past the paddock and the finish line. And that was it.

Cue was there, and Ben, of course, still very calm but with the grandest look I've ever seen. There were the pictures and the leading around and all that stuff, and finally, after much too long, there were just the three of us and Mr. Adamson, The Goose's owner.

He was a pretty good guy, this Mr. Adamson. He wore tweeds and carried binoculars in a case, and he had lost his hat. "Tip," he said trying to calm down, "Tip, it was the best ride I've ever seen. I've got plans for you, boy. A lot of plans. We'll—"

I stopped him. "That'll be swell, Mr. Adamson," I said. "Someday, I hope. But not right now. Right now I've got some unfinished business to take care of, for a friend."

He looked at me, not getting it. "Unfinished business? For a friend?" he said, puzzled. "Who?"

"Just a guy I know," I said, and then I made it plain. "I'm giving the Marines a whirl," I said, "for two of us."

He didn't get that "two of us," of course, but he was a very swell guy. "The Marines," he said, "of course." He put out his hand. "May I wish you luck, Tip," he said.

And there was Cue, over at one side, waiting for me. And that was some unfinished business that I hoped never would be finished. THE END

The Dusty Drawer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

hundred out of the drawer. No wonder it balanced!"

Tritt laid a restraining hand on Logan's arm. "Mr. Logan, I'm going a long, long way in the bank. I simply can't afford to make mistakes."

"You also can't afford to admit it when you do make one."

"Oh, come now," said Tritt, as though he were speaking to a child. "Do you think I'd jeopardize my entire career for two hundred dollars?"

"You didn't jeopardize your career," Logan snapped. "You knew you could get away with it. And you took my money to cover your error."

Tritt sat calmly and smiled a fat smile at Logan. "Well, that's your version, Mr. Logan. But I do wish you'd quit annoying me with your fairy tale." Leaving half his meat untouched, Tritt stood up and put on his hat. Then he came around the table and stood looming over Logan. "I will say, however, from a purely hypothetical point of view, that if I *had* stolen your money and then staked my reputation on the lie that I hadn't, the worst thing I could possibly do would be to return the money to you. I think you'd agree with that."

"I'll get you, Tritt," said Logan, sitting back in the chair. "I can't stand to be had."

"I know, I know. You've been saying that for ten months, too. Good-by, now."

Tritt walked out of the cafeteria. Norman Logan sat there motionless, watching the big teller cross the street and enter the bank. He felt no rage—only an increased sense of futility. Slowly, he finished his coffee.

A few minutes later, Logan entered the bank. Down in the safe-deposit vaults, he raised the lid of his long metal box and took out three twenty-five-dollar bonds. With a sigh, he began to fill them out for cashing. They would cover his government insurance premium for the year. In July, too, he'd taken three bonds from the box, when his father had overspent his pension money. And earlier in the summer, Logan had cashed some more of them, after slamming into a truck and damaging his Plymouth. Almost every month there was some reason to cash bonds, and Logan reflected that he hadn't bought one since his Navy days. There just wasn't enough money in botany.

With the bonds in his hand, he climbed the narrow flight of stairs to the street floor, then walked past the long row of tellers' cages to the rear of the bank. Here he opened an iron gate in a low marble fence and entered the green-carpeted area of the manager and assistant manager. The manager's desk was right inside the gate, and Mr. Pinkson looked up as Logan came in. He smiled, looking over the top of the glasses pinched on his nose.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Logan." Pinkson's quick eyes went to the bonds and then, with the professional neutrality of a branch bank manager, right back up to Logan's thin face. "If you'll just sit down, I'll buzz Mr. Tritt."

"Mr. Tritt?" said Logan, surprised.

"Yes. He's been moved up to the first cage now."

Pinkson indicated a large, heavy table set far over against the side wall in back of his desk, and Logan sat in a chair next to it.

"Have a good summer?" The little man had revolved in his squeaky executive's chair to face Logan.

"Not bad, thanks."

"Did you get out of the city?"

"Yes, I had a job upstate. I always work during my vacations."

Mr. Pinkson let out a controlled chuckle, a suitable reply when he wasn't sure whether or not the customer was trying to be funny. Then he revolved again; his chubby cue-ball head bobbed down, and he was back at his figures.

Logan put the bonds on the clean desk blotter and looked over at Tritt's cage. It was at the end of the row of cages, with a door opening directly into the manager's area. Tritt was talking on the telephone inside, and for a long, unpleasant minute Logan watched the fat, self-assured face through the greenish glass. I'll get him yet, Logan thought. But he didn't see how. Tritt had been standing firmly shielded behind his lie for nearly a year now, and Norman Logan didn't seem to know enough about vengeance to get him.

Restive, Logan sat back and tipped the chair onto its hind legs. He picked ineffectually at a gravy stain on his coat; then his eye was attracted to a drawer, hidden under the overhang of the tabletop. It was a difficult thing to see, for it had no handle, and its face was outlined by only a thin black crack in the dark-stained wood. Logan could see faintly the two putty-filled holes that marked the place where the handle had once been. Curious, he rocked forward a little and slipped his fingernails into the crack along the bottom of the drawer. He pulled gently, and the drawer slid smoothly and silently from the table.

The inside was a dirty, cluttered mess. Little mounds of grayish mold had formed on the furniture glue along the joints. A film of dust on the bottom covered the bits of faded yellow paper and rusted paper clips

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that were scattered about. Logan rocked the chair back farther, and the drawer came far out to reveal a delicate spider web. The spider was dead and flaky, resting on an old page from a desk calendar. The single calendar sheet read October 2, 1936. Logan pushed the drawer softly back into the table, wondering if it had actually remained closed since Alf Landon was running against Roosevelt.

THE door of Tritt's cage clicked open, and he came out, carrying a large yellow form. William Tritt moved smoothly across the carpet, holding his fat young body erect and making a clear effort to keep his stomach in.

"Why, hello, Mr. Logan," he said. "I'm sorry for the delay. The main office called me. I can't hang up on them, you know."

"I know," Logan said.

The teller smiled as he lowered himself into the chair opposite Logan. Logan slid the bonds across the table.

"It's nice to see you again," Tritt said pleasantly as he opened his fountain pen. "Preparing for the new semester, I suppose?" There was no indication of their meeting across the street. Logan said nothing in reply, so Tritt went to work, referring rapidly to the form for the amount to be paid on each bond. "Well, that comes to sixty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents," he said, finishing the addition quickly.

Logan filled out a deposit slip. "Will you put it in my checking account, please?" He handed his passbook across the table. "And will you please enter the right amount?"

"Certainly, Mr. Logan," Tritt said, smiling indulgently. Logan watched carefully as Tritt made the entry. Then the teller walked rapidly back to his cage, while Logan, feeling somehow compelled to do so, took another glance into the dusty drawer. He kept thinking about the drawer as he got on a bus and rode up to the university. It had surprised him to stumble upon a dirty, forgotten place like that in a bank that was always so tidy.

Back in the biology department, Logan sat down at his desk, planning to prepare some roll sheets for his new classes. He stayed there for a long time without moving. The September sun went low behind the New Jersey Palisades, but he did not prepare the sheets, for the unused drawer stayed unaccountably in his mind.

Suddenly he sat forward in his chair. In a surprising flash of creative thought, he had seen how he could make use of the drawer. He wasn't conscious of having tried to develop a plan. The entire plan simply burst upon him all at once, and with such clarity and precision that he hardly felt any responsibility for it. He would rob the bank and pin the robbery on Tritt. That would take care of Tritt. . . .

In the weeks that followed, Norman Logan remained surprisingly calm about his plan. Each time he went step by step over the mechanics of the robbery, it seemed more gemlike and more workable. He made his first move the day he got his November pay check.

Down on Fifty-first Street, Logan went into a novelty-and-trick store and bought a cigarette case. It was made of a dark, steel-blue plastic, and it looked like a trim thirty-eight automatic. When the trigger was pressed, a section of the top of the gun flipped up on a hinge, revealing the cigarettes inside the handle.

With this in his pocket, Logan took a bus way down to the lower part of Second Avenue and entered a grimy little shop displaying pistols and rifles in the window. The small shopkeeper shuffled forward, and Logan asked to see a thirty-eight.

"Can't sell you a thing until I see your permit," the man said. "The Sullivan Law."

"Oh, I don't want to buy a weapon," Logan explained. He took out his plastic gun. "I just want to see if the real thing looks like mine here."

The little man laughed a cackle laugh and brought up a thirty-eight from beneath the counter, placing it next to Logan's. "So you'll just be fooling around, eh?"

"That's right," said Logan, looking at the guns. They were almost identical.

"Oh, they look enough alike," said the man. "But lemme give you a little tip. Put some Scotch tape over that lid to keep it down. Friend of mine was using one of those things, mister. He'd just polished off a stick-up when he pulled the trigger and the lid flopped open. Well, he tried to offer the victim a cigarette, but the victim hauled off and beat the hell out of him."

"Thanks," Logan said with a smile. "I'll remember that."

"Here, you can put some Scotch tape on right now."

Logan walked over to the Lexington Avenue line and rode uptown on the subway. It was five minutes to three when he got to the bank. The old, gray-uniformed guard touched his cap as Logan came through the door. The stand-up desks were crowded, so it was natural enough for Logan to go through the little iron gate and cross to the table with the drawer. Mr. Pinkson and the new assistant manager had already left; their desks were clear. As Logan sat down, Tritt stuck his head out the door of his cage.

"More bonds, Mr. Logan?" he asked.

"No," said Logan. "Just a deposit."

Tritt closed the door and bent over his work. Logan took out his wallet, removed the pay check, then looked carefully the length of the bank. No one was looking in his direction. As he put the wallet back into his inside coat pocket, he withdrew the slim plastic gun and eased open the drawer. He dropped the gun in, shut the drawer, deposited the check, and went home to his apartment. In spite of the Sullivan Law, he was on his way.

Twice during November he used the table with the drawer. Each time he checked on the gun. It had not been moved. By the time he deposited his December check, Logan was completely certain that nobody ever looked in there. On the nineteenth of the month, he decided to take the big step.

NEXT morning, after his ten-o'clock class, Logan walked six blocks through the snow down the hill to the bank. He took four bonds out of his safe-deposit box and filled them out for cashing. The soothing sound of recorded Christmas carols floated down from the main floor.

Upstairs, he seated himself at the heavy table to wait for Tritt. Pinkson had nodded and returned to his figuring; the nervous assistant manager was not around. The carols were quite loud here, and Logan smiled at this unexpected advantage. He placed the bonds squarely on the blotter. Then he slipped open the drawer, took out the gun with his left hand, and held it below the table.

Tritt was coming toward him, carrying his bond chart. They said hello, and Tritt sat down and went to work. He totaled the sum twice and said carefully, still looking at the figures, "Well, Mr. Logan, that comes to eighty-three fifty."

"I'll want something in addition to the eighty-three fifty," said Logan, leaning forward and speaking in an even voice.

"What's that?" asked Tritt.

"Ten thousand dollars in twenty-dollar bills."

Tritt's pink face smiled. He started to look up into Logan's face, but his eyes froze on the muzzle of the gun poking over the edge of the table. He did not notice the Scotch tape.

"Now just go to your cage and get the money," Logan said.

It was William Tritt's first experience

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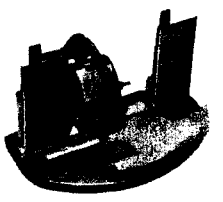

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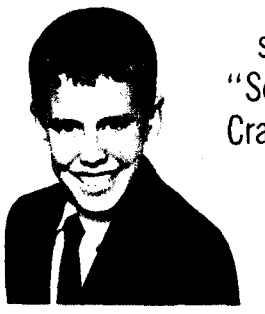

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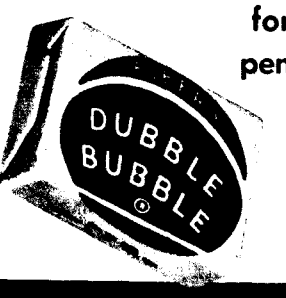

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with anything like this. "Mr. Logan. Come now, Mr. Logan . . ." He swallowed and tried to start again, but his self-assurance had deserted him. He turned toward Pinkson's back.

"Look at me," snapped Logan.

Tritt turned back. "Mr. Logan, you don't know what you're doing."

"Keep still."

"Couldn't we give you a loan or perhaps a—"

"Listen to me, Tritt." Logan's voice was just strong enough to carry above The First Noel. He was amazed at how authoritative he sounded. "Bring the money in a bag. Place it on the table here."

Tritt started to object, but Logan raised the gun slightly, and the last resistance drained from Tritt's fat body.

"All right, all right. I'll get it." As Tritt moved erratically toward his cage, Logan dropped the gun back into the drawer and closed it. Tritt shut the door of the cage, and his head disappeared below the frosted part of the glass. Immediately, Mr. Pinkson's telephone buzzed, and he picked it up. Logan watched his back, and, after a few seconds, Pinkson's body stiffened. Logan sighed, knowing then that he would not get the money on this try.

Nothing happened for several seconds; then suddenly the little old guard came rushing around the corner of the cages, his big pistol drawn and wobbling as he tried to hold it on Logan.

"Okay. Okay. Stay there! Put your hands up, now!"

Logan raised his hands, and the guard turned to Pinkson with a half-surprised face. "Okay, Mr. Pinkson. Okay, I've got him covered now."

Pinkson got up as Tritt came out of the cage. Behind the one gun, the three men came slowly toward Logan.

"Careful, Louie, he's armed," Tritt warned the guard.

"May I ask what this is all about?" Logan said, his hands held high.

"Mr. Logan," said Pinkson, "I'm sorry about this, but Mr. Tritt here tells me that—that—"

"That you tried to rob me of ten thousand dollars," said Tritt, his voice choppy.

"I—I *what?*"

"You just attempted an armed robbery of this bank," Tritt said slowly. "Don't try to deny it."

LOGAN'S face became the face of a man so completely incredulous that he cannot speak. He remembered not to overplay it, though. First he simply laughed at Tritt. Then he lowered his hands, regardless of the guard's gun, and stood up, the calm, indignant faculty member.

"All I can say, Mr. Tritt, is that I do deny it."

"Goodness," said Pinkson.

"Better take his gun, Louie," Tritt ordered the guard.

The guard stepped gingerly forward to Logan and frisked him, movie style. "Hasn't got a gun, Mr. Tritt," he said.

"Of course he's got a gun," snapped Tritt. He pushed the guard aside. "It's right in his coat." Tritt jammed his thick hand into Logan's left coat pocket and flailed it about. "It's not in that pocket," he said after a moment.

"It's not in any pocket," Logan said. "I don't have one."

"You do. You *do* have a gun. I saw it," Tritt answered, beginning to sound like a child in an argument. He spun Logan around and pulled the coat off him with a jerk. The sleeves turned inside out. Eagerly, the teller pulled the side pockets out, checked the inside pocket and the breast pocket, then ran his hands over the entire garment, crumpling it. "The—the gun's not in his coat," he said finally.

"It's not in his pants," the guard added.

Tritt stepped over to the table quickly. "It's around here somewhere," he said. "We were sitting right here." He stood directly in front of the closed drawer, and his hands began to move meaninglessly over the tabletop. He picked up the neat stack of deposit slips, put them down again, then looked under the desk blotter, as though it could have concealed a gun.

Logan knew he had to stop this. "Is there any place I can remove the rest of my clothes?" he asked loudly, slipping the suspenders from his shoulders. Several depositors had gathered on the other side of the marble fence to watch, and Mr. Pinkson had had enough.

"Oh, no, no," he said, almost shouting. "That won't be necessary, Mr. Logan. Louie said you were unarmed. Now, Louie, put *your* gun away, and for goodness' sake, request the customers to please move on."

"But Mr. Pinkson, you must believe me," Tritt said, coming over to the manager. "This man held a gun on me and—"

"It's hard to know what to believe," said Pinkson. "But no money was stolen, and I don't see how we can embarrass Mr. Logan further with this matter. Please, Mr. Logan, do pull up your suspenders."

It was a shattering moment for the teller—the first time his word had ever been doubted at the bank.

"But sir, I insist that this man—"

"I must ask you to return to your cage now, Mr. Tritt," Pinkson said, badly agitated. Tritt obeyed.

The manager helped Logan put on his coat, then steered him over to his desk. "This is all a terrible mistake, Mr. Logan. Please do sit down now, please." The friendly little man was breathing heavily. "Now I just want you to know that if you should press this complaint, it—it would go awfully bad for us down in the main office downtown, and I—"

"Please don't get so excited, Mr. Pinkson," Logan said with a smile. "I'm not going to make any complaint." Logan passed the whole thing off casually. Mr. Tritt imagined he saw a gun, that's all. It was simply one of those aberrations that perfectly normal people get occasionally. Now, could Mr. Pinkson finish cashing his bonds? The manager paid him the eighty-three fifty, continuing to apologize.

Logan left the bank and walked through the soft snowfall, whistling a Christmas carol. He'd handled himself perfectly.

IN THE weeks that followed, Logan continued to do business with Tritt, just as though nothing had happened. The teller tried to remain aloof and calm, but he added sums incorrectly, and his hands shook. One day late in January, Tritt stood up halfway through a transaction, his great body trembling. "Excuse me, Mr. Logan," he murmured, and rushed off into the corridor behind the cages. Pinkson followed him, and Logan took advantage of the moment to check on the gun. It lay untouched in the drawer. Then Pinkson came back alone. "I'm awfully sorry to delay you again, sir," he said. "Mr. Tritt doesn't feel too well."

"Did he imagine he saw another gun?" Logan asked quietly.

"No. He just upsets easily now. Ever since that incident with you last month, he's been like a cat on a hot stove."

"I've noticed he's changed."

"He's lost that old, calm banking touch, Mr. Logan. And of course, he's in constant fear of a new hallucination."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Logan said, looking genuinely concerned. "It's very sad when a person loses his grip."

"It's particularly disappointing to me," the manager said sadly. "I brought Tritt into the bank myself, you see. Had him earmarked for a big spot downtown someday. Fine man. Intelligent, steady, accurate—why, he's been right down the line on everything. But now—now he's—well, I *do* hope he gets over this."

"I can understand how you feel," Logan said sympathetically. He smiled inside at the precision of his planning. Fat William Tritt had been undermined just enough—not only in Pinkson's mind, but in his own.

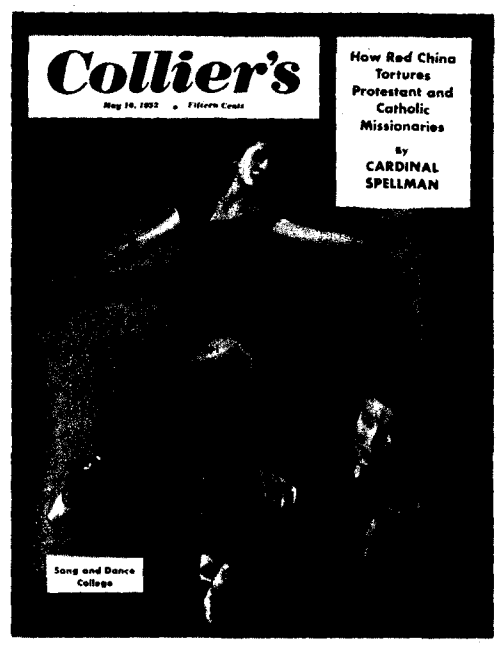
On the tenth of March, Norman Logan acted again. When Tritt was seated across the table from him, Logan said, "Well, here we go again, Mr. Tritt." Tritt's head came up, and once more he was looking into the barrel of the toy automatic. He did not try to speak. "Now go get the ten thousand," ordered Logan. "And this time, do it."

Without objecting, the teller moved quickly to his cage. Logan slipped the gun back into the drawer; then he took his brief case from the floor and stood it on the edge of the table. Pinkson's telephone didn't buzz, and the guard remained out of sight. After a few moments, Tritt came out of the cage, carrying a small cloth bag.

"All right, continue with the bonds," Logan said. "The bag goes on the table between us." Logan shifted forward and opened the bag, keeping the money out of sight behind the brief case. The clean new bills were wrapped in thousand-dollar units, each package bound with a bright yellow strip of paper. Logan counted through one package, and, with Tritt looking right at him, he placed the package of money carefully in the brief case.

"There," he said. "Now finish with the bonds." Tritt finished filling out the form and got Logan's signature. He was not as flustered as Logan had thought he'd be. "Now listen, Tritt," Logan went on, "my getaway is all set, of course, but if you give any signal before I'm out of the bank, I'll put a bullet into you—right here." Logan pointed to the bridge of his own nose. "Please don't think I'd hesitate to do it. Now get back to your cage."

Next Week



Song and Dance College

Who Will Rule The Senate In '53?

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Tritt returned to the cage. While his back was turned, Logan slipped the bag of money from his brief case and dropped it into the drawer, next to the gun. He eased the drawer into the table, took the brief case, and walked out of the bank.

Outside, he stood directly in front of the entrance, as though he were waiting for a bus. After just a few seconds, the burglar alarm went off with a tremendous electrical shriek, and the old guard came running out of the door after him.

He was followed immediately by Pinkson, the assistant manager, and Tritt.

"Well, gentlemen," said Logan, his hands raised again in front of the guard's gun, "here we are again, eh?"

A crowd was gathering, and Pinkson sent the assistant to turn off the alarm. "Come, let's all go inside," he said. "I don't want any fuss out here."

IT WAS the same kind of scene that they'd played before, only now Logan—the twice-wronged citizen—was irate, and now ten thousand dollars was missing from William Tritt's cage. Tritt was calm, though.

"I was ready for him this time," he said proudly to Pinkson. "I marked ten thousand worth of twenties. My initial is on the band. The money's in his brief case."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Tritt," Logan shouted suddenly, "who ever heard of making a getaway by waiting for a bus. I don't know what your game is, but—"

"Never mind my game," said Tritt. "Let's just take a look in your brief case."

He wrenched it from Logan's hand, clicked the lock, and turned the brief case upside down. A group of corrected examination books fell out. That was all.

"See?" said Logan. "Not a cent." The guard put away his gun as Pinkson began to pick up the scattered books.

Tritt wheeled, threw the brief case against the wall, and grabbed Logan by the lapels. "But I gave you the money. I did. I did!" His face was pasty gray, and his voice high. "You put it in the brief case. I saw you. I *saw* you do it!" He began to shake Logan in a kind of final attempt to shake the ten thousand dollars out of him.

Pinkson straightened up with the exam books and said, "For goodness' sake, Mr. Tritt. Stop it. Stop it."

Tritt stopped shaking Logan, then turned wildly to Pinkson. "You don't believe me!" he shouted. "You don't believe me!"

"It's not a question of—"

"I'll find that money. I'll show you who's lying." He rushed over to the big table and swept it completely clear with one wave of his heavy arm. The slips fluttered to the floor, and the inkwell broke, splattering black ink over the carpet. Tritt pulled the table in a wild, crashing arc across the green carpet, smashing it into Pinkson's desk. Logan saw the dusty drawer come open about a half-inch.

The big man dropped clumsily to his knees and began to pound on the carpet with his flattened hands as he kept muttering, "It's around here someplace—a cloth bag." He grabbed a corner of the carpet and flipped it back with a grunt. It made a puff of dust and revealed only a large triangle of empty, dirty floor. A dozen people had gathered outside the marble fence by now, and all the tellers were peering through the glass panes of the cages at Tritt.

"I'll find it! I'll find it!" he shouted. A film of sweat was on his forehead as he stood up, turned, and advanced again toward the table. The slightly opened drawer was in plain sight in front of him, but everyone's eyes were fixed on Tritt, and Tritt did not see the drawer under the overhang of the table.

Logan turned quickly to Pinkson and whispered, "He may be dangerous, Mr. Pinkson. You've got to calm him." He grabbed Pinkson by the arm and pushed him backward several feet, so that the manager came to rest on the edge of the table, directly over the drawer. The exam books were still in his hand.

"Mr. Tritt, you *must* stop this!" Mr. Pinkson said.

"Get out of my way, Pinkson," said Tritt, coming right at him, breathing like a bull. "You believe him, but I'll show you. I'll find it!" He placed his hands on Pinkson's shoulders. "Now get away, you fool."

"I won't take that from anyone," snapped Pinkson. He slapped Tritt's face with a loud, stinging blow. The teller stopped, stunned, and suddenly began to cry.

"Mr. Pinkson. Mr. Pinkson, you've *got* to trust me."

Pinkson was immediately ashamed of what he had done. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, my boy. I shouldn't have done that."

"I tell you he held a gun on me again. A real gun—it's not my imagination."

"But why didn't you call Louie?" Pinkson said. "That's the rule, you know."

"I wanted to catch him myself. He—he made such a fool of me last month."

"But that business last month was hallucination," said Pinkson, looking over at Logan. Logan nodded.

"It's no hallucination when ten thousand dollars is missing," Tritt shouted.

"That's precisely where the confusion arises in my mind," Mr. Pinkson said slowly. "We'll get it straight, but in the meantime, I must order your arrest, Mr. Tritt."

Logan came and stood next to Pinkson, and they both looked sympathetically at the teller as he walked slowly, still sobbing, back to the cage.

"I'm just sick about it," Pinkson said.

"I think you'll find he's not legally competent," said Logan, putting a comforting thought into Pinkson's head.

"Perhaps not."

Logan showed his concern by helping to clean up the mess that Tritt had made. He and the assistant manager placed the table back into its position against the far wall, Logan shoving the dusty drawer firmly closed with his fingertips as they lifted it.

NORMAN LOGAN returned to the bank late the next day. He sat at the table to make a deposit, and he felt a pleasantly victorious sensation surge through him as he slipped the gun and the ten thousand dollars out of the drawer and into his overcoat pocket. As he walked out the front door past the guard, he met Mr. Pinkson, who was rushing in.

"Terrible. Just terrible," the little man said, without even pausing to say hello.

"What's that?" Logan asked calmly.

"I've just been talking to the doctors at Bellevue about Tritt," Pinkson said. "He seems all right, and they've released him. Unfortunately, he can answer every question except 'Where's the money?'" Logan held firmly to the money in his pocket and continued to extend his sympathies.

Back at his apartment, Logan borrowed a portable typewriter from the man upstairs. Then he sat down and wrote a note:

Dear Mr. Pinkson:

I'm returning the money. I'm so sorry. I guess I didn't know what I was doing. I guess I haven't known for some time.

After looking up Tritt's initials on an old deposit slip, he forged a small tidy *W.T.* to the note.

Logan wiped his fingerprints from the bills and wrapped them, along with the note, in a neat package. For one delicious moment he considered how nice it would be to hang on to the money. He could resign from the university, go out West, and continue his research on his own. But that wasn't part of the plan, and the plan was working too well to tamper with it now. Logan drove to the post office nearest Tritt's apartment and mailed the money to Pinkson at the bank.

In the morning, Mr. Pinkson telephoned Logan at the university. "Well, it's all cleared up," he said, relieved but sad. "Tritt returned the money, so the bank is not going to press the charges. Needless to say, we're dropping Tritt. He not only denies having taken the money, he also denies having returned it."

"I guess he just doesn't know what he's doing," Logan said.

"Yes. That's what he said in the note. Anyway, Mr. Logan, I—I just wanted to call and apologize for the trouble we've caused you."

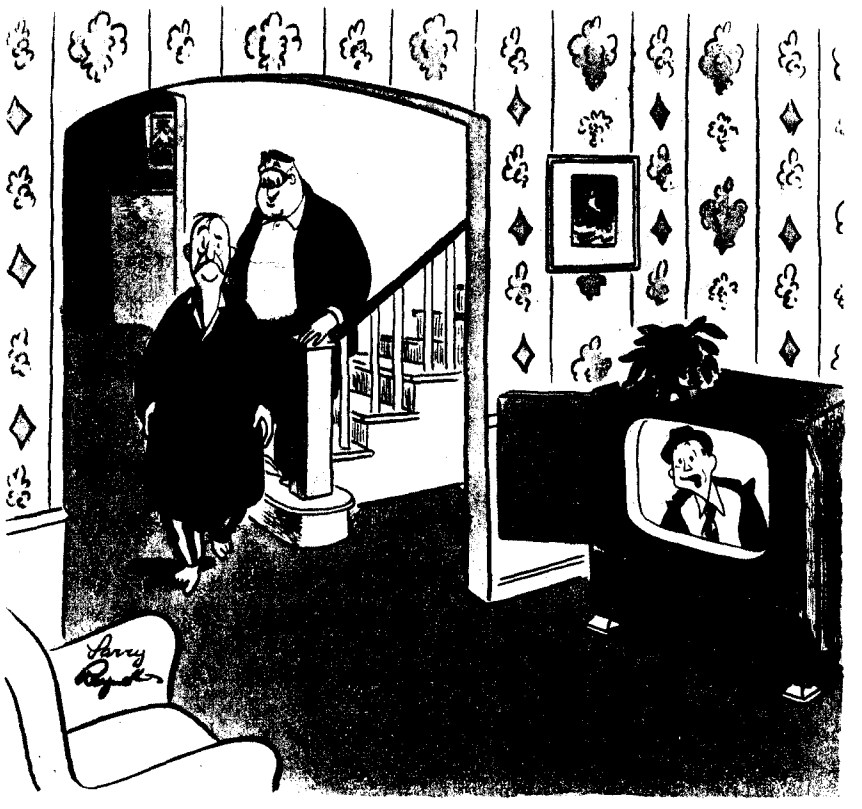
"Oh, it was no trouble for me," Logan replied, smiling.

"And you've been very helpful, too," Pinkson added.

"I was glad to be of help," Logan said quietly. "Delighted, in fact."

They said good-by then, and Logan walked across the hall to begin his ten-o'clock botany lecture. THE END

BUTCH



"I'm sorry I woke you up, but I always feel silly laughin' at comedians all by myself"

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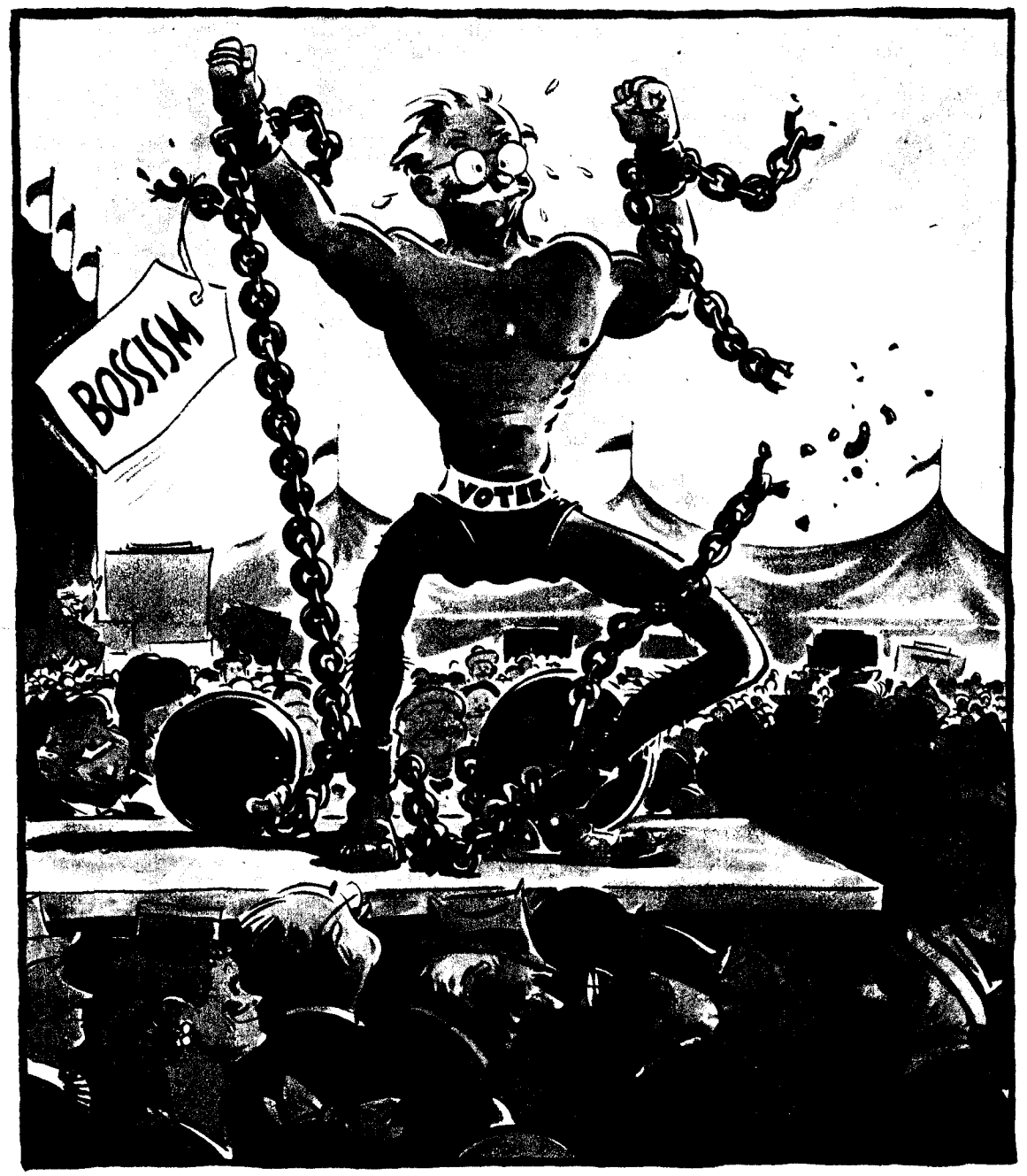

DORMAN H. SMITH

Throw Off Those Shackles

THE WRITE-IN VOTE for General Eisenhower in Minnesota's Republican primary has been called a "political miracle" and a "political explosion."

Neither term is extravagant. In spite of the fact that the general's name had been taken off the ballot through a technicality, in spite of the fact that write-in votes had been declared valid only five days before the election, in spite of discouragingly bad weather, 106,946 Eisenhower supporters out of some 283,000 Republican voters took the trouble to turn out and write in the name of their favorite.

The result was not only an impressive demonstration of General Eisenhower's popularity; it also served notice that the people of this country want a direct voice in the selection of Presidential nominees as well as in the election of Presidents.

Yet when the Minnesota Republican delegation goes to Chicago in July, at least 25 of its 28 members (three more will be chosen at the convention) will be pledged to vote for Harold Stassen, who received 128,605 votes as officially listed candidate and favorite son. Unless Mr. Stassen releases them, they are pledged to him for the first ballot at least.

Nevertheless, the Minnesota supporters of Eisenhower are luckier than most people in this country. They haven't any delegates to send to Chicago, but at least they have let the politicians know their preference. And that is something that the citizens in 33 of the 48 states cannot do. Only 15 states have compulsory Presidential primaries. And of those 15, five do not require the delegates to abide by the wishes of the people who elected them.

Thus, 693 of the 1,205 votes at the Republican National Convention will be cast by delegates who were picked at the state political conventions or appointed by state committees. And the situation at the Democratic convention will be even worse: only 476 of the 1,230 delegates will be chosen by popular vote.

The undemocratic evils of this system, and the dangers inherent in them, have long been recognized. And there have been suggestions from time to time that there should be a uniform national primary law. These suggestions have never got anywhere, and we are not sure that they should. Primaries are the states' business. It is up to the people in states without primaries to demand, through their legislatures, a method of selecting national convention delegates which will provide a positive expression of the popular will.

Adolf Berle, in reviewing the book Mr. President, for the New York Times, mentioned Mr. Truman's expressed affection for political bosses. Mr. Berle did not agree with the President. But he commented that political bosses would probably continue to exist so long as people would rather be governed than bothered.

Political bossism has a potent and sometimes a deciding influence in the choice of Presidential nominees and it will retain that influence so long as professional politicians in almost two thirds of our states are permitted to select and control the delegates who nominate Presidents.

Perhaps Mr. Berle's mildly cynical comment is true to a large extent. But at least there is evidence in the action of Minnesota's Republicans that they will go to the bother of indicating their choice of candidate, in the face of difficulties, once they are given the chance.

It is time that all American voters were allowed to speak in this matter. We believe that they want to. But before the people can speak they must first find their voice through their own efforts.

Reform Works Both Ways

WE WOULD LIKE TO call attention to a small but hopeful sign in the rather uneasy province of labor-management relations. It is a letter by George Snodgrass, an employee of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation in East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which appeared in the Union Generator, a publication of Local 601, International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers—CIO. It seems to us a remarkably sensible and encouraging letter. And no less sensible and encouraging was the union publication's decision to print it. Here are a few samples of Mr. Snodgrass' thinking:

"Why can't the union and the people who are in the union deal in a Christian manner with management? It seems to me that there is more to be gained by co-operating in every possible way to try to increase the company's profits rather than to drag our feet and cuss the company for making a profit by the sweat of our brows . . .

"The employee has a stake in the company even if he does not own a single share of stock. . . . Reform begins with self. If we do not deal fairly with the company, we cannot long expect them to deal fairly with us."

As we read this letter we got to thinking of Frank B. Rackley, whose story Collier's told in Young Man of Steel, in our April 5th issue. Mr. Rackley is on the management side of the fence, but he seems to think much as Mr. Snodgrass does. He took over a bankrupt steel mill three years ago and turned it into a money-maker largely through the wise and simple policy of giving first consideration to the plant's workers, and enlisting their co-operation and support.

Reform, as Mr. Snodgrass says, begins with self. And it is through men like George Snodgrass and Frank Rackley, with their enlightened, ethical view of human relations, that reform and improvement in labor-management relations will result. May their tribe and their influence increase.

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These baseball stars pick Camels

FOR FLAVOR

FOR MILDNESS

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Ed Lopat Yankee 21-game winner has tried different cigarettes. Says Ed, "I picked Camels for mildness and flavor. No other cigarette gives me so much smoking pleasure!" His team-mates, Hank Bauer, Vic Raschi, and Mickey Mantle agree!

Early Wynn 20-game winner for the Indians — like his team-mates, Bob Lemon, Jim Hegan, Ray Boone, and Mike Garcia — smokes Camels. Early reports: "For steady smoking, my choice is Camels! They're mild and they taste great!"

Allie Reynolds Yankee pitcher of double "no-hit" fame is one of the many stars who are Camel fans. Allie stated, "I've smoked Camels a long time and I know how mild a cigarette can be! And that Camel flavor sure is great!"

"Preacher" Roe (22-3 in 1951) and other Dodgers — Carl Furillo, Clem Labine, Clyde King and Billy Cox — are Camel smokers. "We all agree on Camels," says "Preach". "Camels taste great and they're really mild!"

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